



# SATURDAY NIGHT

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

VOL. 24, No. 44.

Printed and Published by  
Saturday Night, Limited, Toronto.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 12, 1911.

TERMS—Single Copies, 10c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$3.

Whole No. 1236

## FRONT PAGE

IN President Taft's study at the White House, Washington, on August third, a memorable scene was enacted, for it was then that the treaties binding Great Britain, France and the United States to arbitrate their differences, if any, were duly signed and witnessed; thus carrying the idea of international arbitration further than it has ever been carried before. It is true that these treaties do not cover all possible points of dispute, and there is still a possibility of appealing to force of arms, but this is remote indeed. So remote, in view of the treaty, that it is scarcely worthy of consideration.

The treaties provide for the arbitration of all disputes, including questions of national honor and vital interest, which have hitherto always been excepted in arbitration conventions.

The larger part of the text of the treaty is taken up with outlining the machinery. The treaties provide that all differences that are internationally justifiable shall be submitted to the Hague Tribunal unless by special agreement some other tribunal is created or selected. They provide that differences which either party to one of the treaties thinks are not internationally justifiable shall be referred to a commission of inquiry, with power to make recommendations for their settlement. In the event of this commission deciding that any difference referred to it should be arbitrated, this decision is to be binding upon the parties to the treaties.

Before arbitration is resorted to, however, even in cases where both countries agree that difference is one susceptible of arbitral decision, the Commission of Inquiry shall investigate the necessity of arbitration. The action of the Commission is not to have the effect of an arbitral award. The Commission at the request of either Government shall delay its findings one year to give opportunity for diplomatic settlement.

As the New York Sun says, there are two ways of promoting peace. One is to take a couple of belligerents by the scruffs of the necks, knock their heads together and compel them to make up. The other is to look after your own behavior and set a good example even in trying circumstances.

One of the chief points in favor of the present arbitration treaty lies in the fact that it provides sufficient time to think matters over; and when two countries can be brought to the point of discussing a question for any great length of time without in the interval resorting to force, there is usually a way out of the tangle. Nations like individuals, fight on the spur of the moment. A lengthy argument seldom ends in fist-cuffs in either case.

Much credit must be given to President Taft, who as representative of the United States, a country with few if any European entanglements, was in a unique position to extend the scope of the Hague Tribunal. Aside entirely from the direct benefits which are bound to accrue to all three nations interested in this treaty, the moral effect upon other European countries cannot be over-estimated.

The utter folly of a nation expending the greater portion of her wealth upon arms, armament and the maintenance of men in useless and non-productive employment is slowly but surely making ground.

The present arbitration treaty is not a cure-all, nor does it pretend to be, but at the same time there is every reason to believe that this era of good fellowship among nations will not stop here, but will continue to a point where "armed peace," with its attendant follies, will be a thing of the past.

THE more experience one has with the present system of taxation the clearer it becomes that we could not well do worse. So it comes about that the proposal to try out a new system in the State of Missouri is hailed with glee by many and with curiosity by a great many more.

For years, all over this continent, the tax gatherer has been after the man with money, but has so far failed to make him pay his fair and equitable share of the upkeep of the community. In the United States the income tax has failed signally. The more wealthy the citizen the easier it has been for him to avoid taxation; the upshot being that the poorer the man the greater his proportionate tax. In Canada, where an income tax exists, as in the Province of Ontario, the wealthy citizen with many and diverse interests has an easy time of it marking down his income to a point where he is willing to pay, whereas the man with one source of income, a salary for instance, not only pays his full share, but pays something in addition to make up for what his rich neighbor has failed to contribute.

But the iniquity of our present system does not stop here. If it did it would not be so bad. As it works out, however, we are doing our best to stamp out enterprise, to prevent the building of handsome structures, to squeeze the man who would beautify his premises and to pillage the man with ideas. While, on the other hand, the sloth, the greedy land owner, who is calmly sitting down waiting for his more enterprising neighbors to increase the value of HIS property by THEIR efforts and enterprise, is cuddled and cajoled.

I have no intention of advocating the theory that the land tax, to the exclusion of all other taxes, is going to cure all the ills that man is heir to, but at the same time I am of the opinion that it is well worthy of a trial on a large scale. And I am glad to see that Missouri is in a fair way to put it to the test. The difficulty has been that up to this time the system has never had a fair chance to prove what can be done with it. In the case of a large State in the American Union, however, where, if it is passed, all revenues, local as well as State, will be raised through the imposition of a tax upon real property only, the trial will be upon a proper basis.

In the Canadian West some centres of population now have the land or single-tax system under way, and, so far as can be learned, it is proving successful. However, not until an entire province undertakes and puts it into force will the theory rise above those who would discredit it, or else pass calmly away to its death and burial. It is only in the West, in the land of new things and new people—in the East here we are over-

ridden with conservatism—will the single tax be allowed to pass beyond the theoretical stage.

The chief difficulty with the Henry George theory of taxation is that it has been cursed with the support of a coterie of long haired cranks, who are never content with moderate views, the consequence being that the more conservative element feared that somehow or other the rights of property would be destroyed, whereas, as a matter of fact, there is, so far as can be seen, no real grounds for believing that it would do anything but strengthen these rights.

In any event it is worthy of a trial. We have progressed in many ways, but our system of taxation is no better now than in the days of the robber barons. They took what they could get hold of, and so does the tax

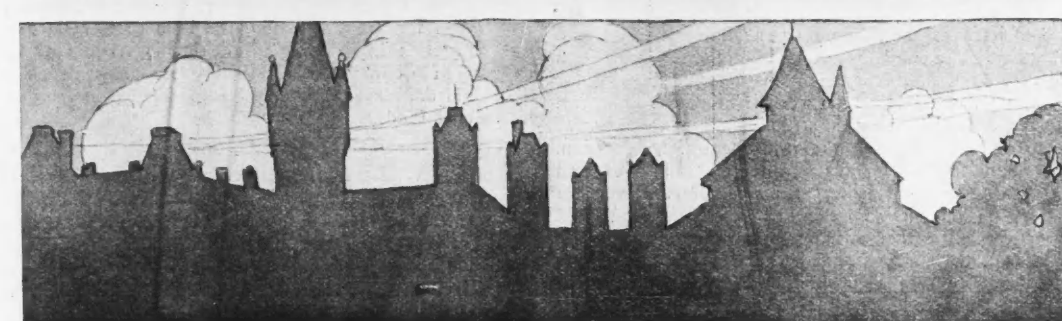
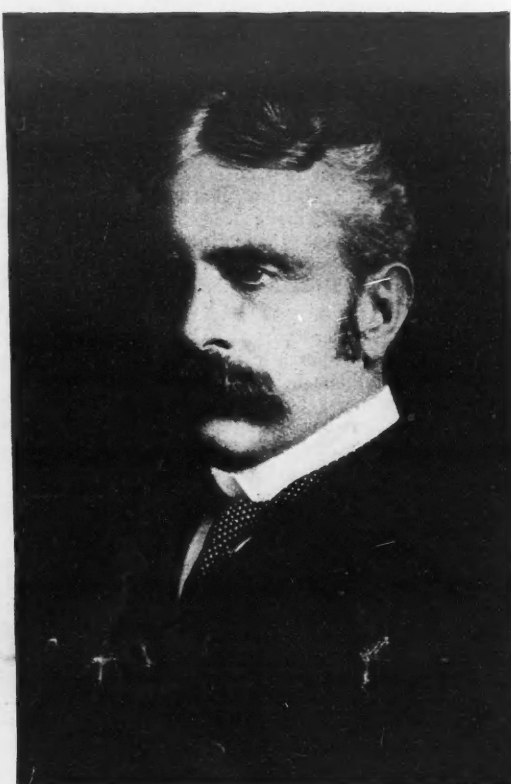
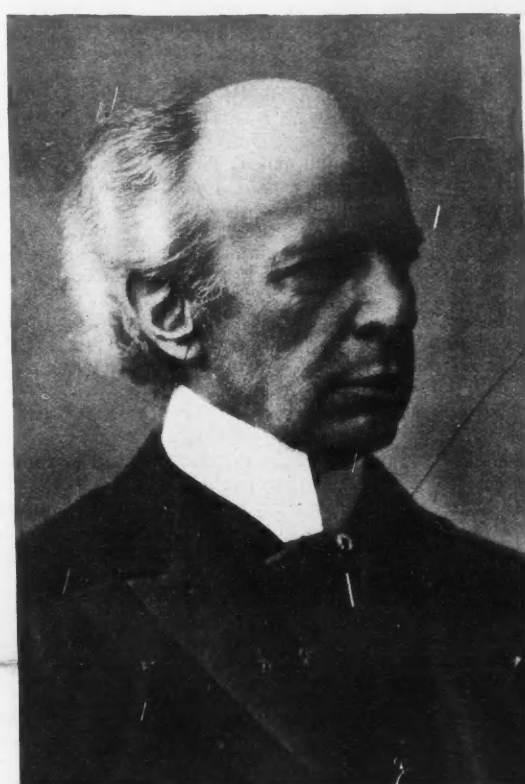
of oysters produced annually is derived from private culture. As the jurisdictional dispute now stands as a result of a decision by the Imperial Privy Council in 1898, the Provinces own the foreshore on which the oysters are grown, while the Dominion has the right to impose restrictive regulations such as close seasons and the kind of fishing gear that may be used, which could virtually render the privilege of the right to fish worthless. By the same decision it was held that both the Dominion and the Provinces concerned had the right to tax the oyster culturist. Unless the governments concerned can soon arrive at a compromise, definitely settling matters of jurisdiction so that the oyster farmer will be enabled to engage in artificial propagation, the oyster beds will be fished out. Unrestricted fishing stimulated by high prices will now

consumption of strong drink. To this assertion I begged to differ at the time, basing my conclusions on the experience of Toronto.

Chief of Police Campeau has now made a report which indicates that in place of a decrease in drunkenness there has been an actual increase of upward of fifty per cent. since the early closing by-law went into effect, comparing last year with this. Of course, a proportion of this increase would be accounted for by recently annexed territory which Montreal has taken over and the natural increase in population within the confines of the old city. But at the same time this abnormally long "drunk line" which appears in the Montreal police court on Monday mornings cannot be thus explained away. John H. Roberts, secretary of the Dominion Alliance, is of the opinion that this increase in drunkenness is largely due to the fact that the drinking population have turned from "glass" drinkers to "bottle" drinkers. In other words, that the man who wants to drink after seven o'clock on a Saturday evening buys a bottle to tide him over the dry hours, and having bought the bottle, is inclined to take more than he would in the saloon. Mr. Roberts might go still further and state that the very law, in the furtherance of which he has been the prime mover, has, and always had, a tendency to decrease the consumption of malt liquors and other bulky but light drinks, with no particular harm in them, and increase the sale of spirits heavy in alcohol. The reason for this is obvious—a question of bulk.

In the State of Maine and in other "dry" localities in the United States, this theory has unquestionably proved to be the correct one, and no one can contradict the assertion that in Maine, where prohibition has had a trial extending over a good many years, it is proving a lamentable failure.

When the Dominion Alliance and like bodies come to realize that alcoholism is a disease and not a crime, and begin to treat it from that point of view, they will make ground, but not before.



### AT THE POST.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, and Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Opposition, who are now appealing to the country on the question of Reciprocity with the United States—Sir Wilfrid for and Mr. Borden against.

collector of the present day. The people hid their wealth, in the old days, in cellars and other dark corners. Today we lie to the tax collector if we are able. If not, we pay up.

It's time for a trial of something new.

Ice cream may be sold in cones on Sunday, if the purchaser takes the precaution to eat a little mouthful before leaving the restaurant premises. Such is the effect of the latest interpretation of the Lord's Day Act by Magistrate Denison yesterday.—Daily paper.

A little bit off the top, gentle stranger, is all that is now required. Order a half dozen cones for yourself and friends, take a lick at each and every one of them and presto, you have complied with the latest interpretation of the Lord's Day Act. Of course, there is no guarantee that this decision will not be amended before the week is out. However, this is the latest from the seat of war.

THE vanishing oyster is the subject of a discourse in some of our Canadian departmental literature. It tells us that last year Canada paid some \$369,000 for foreign grown oysters that she could easily have produced herself; not to speak of \$43,000 in duties that the consumer paid in addition. All this because our own oyster supply is gradually getting down to the vanishing point, the result of mismanagement and misunderstandings.

Although the natural conditions for growing oysters in the Maritime Province are excellent, the annual production has been steadily decreasing. In 1882, there were 64,646 barrels harvested, while in 1907 the production was only 27,299 barrels. This decrease has taken place in the face of an increase in price of 240 per cent. in the past twenty years, which, needless to say, has greatly stimulated the efforts of the fishermen.

One may well ask why Canada is committing the economic blunder of importing a product that she could produce herself? The reason, in this case, is that a dispute over jurisdiction between the Dominion and Provincial Governments has left the fisherman in such a state of uncertainty that he does not care to invest his capital in the artificial cultivation of oysters. The experience of other countries goes to show that the oyster industry can only be put on a permanent basis by means of oyster farms maintained by private individuals. Indeed, in the United States \$10,000,000 worth of the \$18,000,000 worth

speedily complete the depletion of this valuable natural resource unless private cultivation can be induced.

TO-DAY in Canada baseball is more popular than ever before; while lacrosse, our national game, is dying a slow but sure death. The reason is not hard to find. In lacrosse we have established a happy-go-lucky method of maintaining order among players on the field. If a lacrosse player fails to agree with the rulings of the referee, he not only disputes the point, but upon occasions proceeds to "beat up" the said official with a lacrosse stick or with his fists. If the player in question happens to be an acquisition to the team and a hard man to replace, excuses are offered, and he gets off with a reprimand, to assault someone else later on.

In baseball they manage things differently. For instance, the other day the newspapers told us of an assault by outfielder Magee upon the umpire. It so happened that Sherwood Magee was the crack batsman and one of the most valued players of the Philadelphia team. Without him the club is said to be badly handicapped. This, however, was not considered in the decision of the President of the League, who found him guilty, and suspended the man for the rest of the season. Magee made an appeal to the board of directors of the National Baseball League, but they upheld the decision of President Lynch, the result being that the guilty man can play no more ball in the League until next year.

The baseball managers of both the major and minor leagues understand that thousands of people do not turn out daily to see players assault one another or the umpire. They realize that if baseball is to continue, and even increase, in popularity as it is now doing, that the game must be free from such exhibitions. On the other hand, our lacrosse magnates have apparently lost sight of this point, and as a result the game is declining for lack of rigidly enforced rules.

WHEN some little time ago the early closing by-law went into effect in Montreal, there was a great waving of hats among the members of the Dominion Alliance and other prohibition advocates. They predicted that as five hours had been cut off the legal time in which drinking places might be open on Saturdays, there would necessarily be a like proportionate decrease in the

THE United States Department of Agriculture is doing a good work in "spotting" new patent medicine fakes and issuing literature with reference to seizures and exposures. In a recent circular issued by this department one finds a record of a medicine that claimed to do more for the human race than even some of the nostrums that are still advertised in the daily press of Canada. It was called "Make-Man Tablets" and was described as a "brain, blood and nerve food." Among the maladies it was alleged to cure were dyspepsia, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, catarrh, consumption, locomotor-ataxia, nervous debility, and other diseases needless to specify. "Take an honest medicine that appeals to your sick nerve cells," read the advertisement and the assurance was given that the tablets contained no poison. The U.S. Department of Agriculture, proceeding under the Food and Drugs Act, seized a shipment of these tablets and had them analyzed. They were found to be white sugar coated tablets containing aloes, arsenic, strychnine, potassium sulphate, iron carbonate and oxide and siliceous material. In truth they might be said to contain birdshot for all diseases, but they could not cure any of them. The analyst found that they could not be called a brain, blood or nerve food, because they contained poison, and that they were not adapted to or suitable for the treatment of the several diseases mentioned. A libel was filed against the medicine in the courts and the tablets are now liable for seizure in any part of the United States. The proprietors of the Make-Man Tablet Company of Chicago did not even file an appearance in court to defend themselves. Possibly they are contemplating a campaign in Canada with their remarkable product. If so, let the Canadian public take warning by these presents against Make-Man Tablets. It is probable that there are many remedies whose claims are equally false and exaggerated now on the Canadian market. The Canadian Government could not do better than adopt laws similar to those of the United States for putting "consumption" and other cures out of business.

THAT the career of the aviator is a short one is best demonstrated by looking over the list of men who came to Toronto to fly one short year ago. There were three men of note: Count de Lesseps, Johnston and Brookins. The Frenchman has preferred matrimony to the sport and has definitely retired from the field of the clouds. Johnston is dead—killed by a fall from the skies; Brookins is injured, perhaps permanently, through a similar mishap. Yet the number of aviators does not appear to grow less, but rather to increase. Each novice thinks he will be luckier than his fellows and is willing to take the chance of death by virtue of the spirit of dare devility that is in him. A committee of the French Aero Club has seriously taken in hand the question of how far the chances of accident may be minimized, and as a first step in that direction has carefully investigated all accidents during the past year and prepared a report thereon. This document divides aviation accidents into four classes as follows:

- (1) Those due to imperfect construction of the machine.
- (2) Those due to an error of the aviator.
- (3) Those due to atmospheric disturbances.
- (4) Those due to the imprudence of the spectators or to other aviators flying at the same time.

This series of causes makes it tolerably clear that flying will never become the commonplace sport open to everybody with the means to indulge in it, as some persons who know little of the problems involved glibly predict. No doubt accidents from the first cause will be reduced in number by the building of improved machines and perfected engines, just as railroading and motoring have been made less dangerous by similar causes. Accidents due to the error of the aviator are not controllable. The very best men make mistakes and are suddenly overcome by physical crises beyond their control. For instance, there are those who believe that Johnston lost consciousness before the accident occurred to his machine and that he may even have been dead before the drop took place. The number of drowning accidents due to sudden squalls show how impossible it is that the air man will ever be secure from the caprices of the elements. These are as far beyond his control as is the temperature to the ordinary man. The fourth enumerated



cause may be easily prevented by common precautions. Thus it will be seen that while two classes of aviation accidents are preventable, two classes are absolutely unpreventable. Obviously, flying will never be a safe and widely practised pursuit. The protest of nature as expressed in the atmospheric currents and the law of gravitation will always be heard.

THE attempt to "bust the trusts" in the United States looks like a howling farce. The dissolution of the Standard Oil Company is demanded by the United States Supreme Court, and what do we find? The Standard survives, apparently, as potent a factor as ever, only in place of a few corporations there are now fifty-seven varieties of the same article with John D. Rockefeller the presiding genius of the lot. With its interests so widely diversified, ranging as they do from copper to coal, from railways to oil wells, not to speak of factories, banking institutions and insurance companies, the Standard and its affiliated organizations could not stop if they would. The momentum which keeps this huge financial snowball on the go, is the ever accumulating profits.

SIR ALAN AYLESWORTH holds out little or no hope of the Federal Government interfering in the "ne temere" decree. According to the views of the Minister of Justice, the question of the solemnization of marriage in Canada rests solely with the several Provinces. In other words, it is a question over which the Federal Government has no jurisdiction. The Minister makes this clear in a letter to the Baptist Association, said letter being in answer to an appeal to the minister from that body:

"Under the British North America Act," says Sir Alan in his letter, "everything relating to the solemnization of marriage is within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures. At the time Confederation was under discussion, it was, so far as can be gathered from the utterances of leading Canadian statesmen, the deliberate wish and intention of those who had most to do with the framing of the Statute, that this should be so."

"The Provincial Legislatures, accordingly, have exclusive right to legislate in regard to everything which relates to the formalities under which the contract of marriage can be validly entered into. The Provincial Legislatures have no power to annul a marriage, and perhaps equally would have no power to declare by legislation any particular marriage validly entered into. The Provincial Legislatures alone can declare what the formalities shall be with which the ceremony of marriage must be attended in order that the contract may be one which shall be legally recognized. The Provincial Legislatures, and the Provincial Legislatures alone, have authority to declare what ceremony or ceremonies shall have the legal right within each Province, to solemnize a contract of marriage. It is, I think, not the case, as seems to be the opinion expressed in the Resolution of your Association, that while the Dominion Parliament has power to legislate "as to marriage and divorce," the former of these subjects has been left wholly to the Legislatures. This language seems to indicate the impression that this situation has resulted from some action, or inaction, on the part of the Dominion Parliament. I think that is not the case. The Dominion Parliament is bound by the provisions of the British North America Act. The subject of "marriage" is one thing; the subject of the "solemnization of marriage" is a different thing, and the Dominion Parliament has no more right to encroach upon the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures than those Legislatures would have to encroach upon the jurisdiction of the Dominion."

"It would seem to me, therefore, that while, of course, the Dominion Government could make representations on the subject of the ne temere Decree, as is urged in your Resolution, the subject matter with which that decree, so far as I understand it, deals, relates wholly to the manner in which, or to the person, before whom, the ceremony of marriage may validly be solemnized, and in that view the matter would seem to me to be wholly within the jurisdiction of the various Provincial Legislatures."

It is to be hoped, however, that the question will not stop this side of the Privy Council, for that body has before now turned upside down what we were given to considering hard and fast rules and regulations.

The "ne temere" decree, under which an otherwise



A SPANISH DIVERSION.  
France—"Excuse my interrupting our delightful conversation; but my young friend here wants smacking."  
Germany—"Certainly; far be it from me to monopolize your attention."

Punch

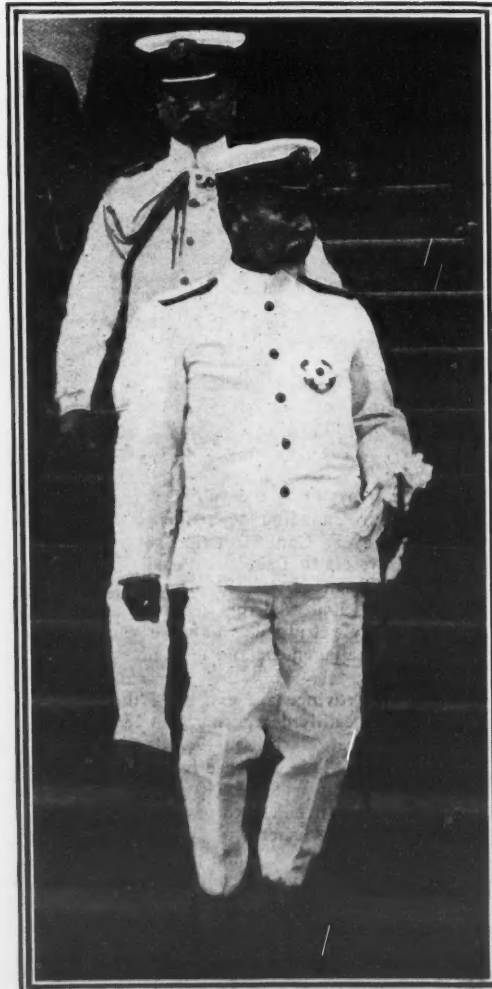
### America's 31,700 Art Students.

THE American Art Annual for 1910-11 enumerates 944 art museums, art societies and art schools, as against 403 in 1907. This volume gives a brief account of 280 museums and art societies in the United States, a list of 102 art schools with a total registration of 31,700, and a list tabulating the answers received from 170 colleges and universities maintaining courses in the history of art and giving 5,877 as the number of students receiving instruction in this course, and 7,751 as the number who had worked in the studios. Of the art schools, the records show 57 as strictly professional, giving instruction in drawing, modeling and painting from the antique and from life. Instruction in design is given in 56 schools, 39 of which report also classes in the various crafts, such as bookbinding, pottery and metal work. While the United States lack "the well-organized industrial schools that are such a strong factor in Germany, France and England," the teaching of manual training and of aesthetics in the elementary and secondary and public schools has, nevertheless, "grown very rapidly."

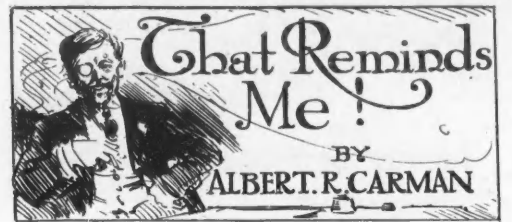
This, naturally, has led to the establishment of normal art schools for the training of teachers in this work, and of these the records show 39 art schools with normal courses, the registration of which in 28 was 1,928. The summer schools play an important part in the training of teachers and the evening schools of students.

The number of architectural federations in the country has doubled since 1907, from two to four, and there are 31 professional schools of architecture, most of them connected with universities, the number of pupils enrolled being given as 3,043. An estimate of the annual expenditures for art education in the United States, compiled by Henry Turner Bailey in 1908, is given in this volume as a total of \$11,565,241, "divided between the Federal Government, the States, the municipalities and private sources. The Federal Government, however, makes no direct appropriation for art instruction, the item of \$95,000 used for instruction in drawing in the public schools of the District of Columbia, the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy being included in the general school funds."

Thomas W. Lamont, who recently became associated with the banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., was formerly a financial reporter on a New York daily paper. His first business opportunity was thrust upon him when he assumed control of an insolvent concern to save a friend's entire earnings. Succeeding, he at once took his place in the business world.



TOGO IN NEW YORK.  
The Japanese naval hero, now in America, is here seen coming down the steps of the City Hall, New York, after his visit to Mayor Gaynor.  
Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.



### AT THE SEASIDE

ELECTIONS? Oh! bother! This is the summer holiday season. We will not be "Boriered."

To make a new application of a hackneyed remark which in this case happens to be exceedingly true—"summer holidaying here always reminds me of summer holidaying in Europe—it is so different." One of my first desires when I found myself in Europe in the summer season, and knew that I should be crossing the English Channel, was to see a couple of typical European seaside resorts. Surf-bathing at the beaches is one of the most popular forms of summer holidaying on this Continent; and I wanted to see how they did it in the Old World. So we planned to cross from Newhaven to Dieppe, spending a day first at Brighton. This would give us an English and a French seaside resort.

Brighton—right south of London, with the blue waters of the Atlantic shimmering out in front of it. A sea wall with a gravel beach below it, and a fashionable drive above it; and, on the other side of the drive, solid rows of tall hotels and villa gardens. Do you notice the "gravel" beach? Well, I fancy that tells a good deal of the story; and the British belief that it is immoral and improper or something shocking for men and women to bathe together, and for anybody to bathe except out of a lonely "machine," tells a good deal of the rest. And the story is that surf-bathing at Brighton is a "frost."

That is, comparatively few bathe; and I do not blame the rest. It is an altogether different business from bathing on smooth sand and in the jolly multitude who battle with the surf at the American beaches. But they do many other things at Brighton which are not so popular with us. They take long walks along the chalk cliffs; they go to a local aquarium in the studios English fashion—fancy that now!; and they have a moving wharf running along the coast on rails laid under the sea. Moreover, they gather strange shell fish on the beach at low tide, and listen to comic singers and wandering vaudeville artists who live on the pennies of the children. It looks on the whole, like a stiff and lethargic holiday as compared with the rollicking crowds on the Beach at Atlantic City or Old Orchard.

Then we went over to Dieppe—a French bathing resort—but, as I have more recently spent a week or ten days at Trouville-Deauville, perhaps we had better talk about that. Trouville is the most popular seaside resort in Europe. A number of fast expresses join it to Paris; and it is just across the harbor from Havre. There is a nucleus of old Norman seaside town which gives you a few twisted streets and heavy buildings; and about this has grown up a colony of summer villas and hotels. Here and in Deauville—just across a narrow river—the rich French people live in garden villas, sometimes of exquisite beauty; and quite an English colony is settled in the latter place, including this summer the Duchess of Marlborough.

THE Parisian's idea of a summer villa is nothing like the boastful palaces at Newport. For distinction, he turns to the artistic architect and not to his banker. Some very graceful conceptions peep over the low walls in Deauville; and the keynote everywhere is lightness, airiness, coolness. The chief hotels are in Trouville; but none of them are of the monster variety which mark Atlantic City, and which Parisians have built in Paris for foreign visitors. They are of the daintier and more intimate French type where you feel a friendly sense of individual acquaintance with the members of the "staff," and where your "garçon" takes a personal interest in your welfare.

The hotels at Trouville reminded me of the story of the sweetly pastoral old lady who asked anxiously—"But when people go to the city and stay at strange hotels, how does the hotelkeeper know that they are really married?" And the answer was—"He doesn't." When a gay party of young "blooms" from Paris set out in their motor cars for a run across the country, and take Cosette and her company with them, they are very likely to arrive at Trouville in time for dinner. When a middle-aged Englishman, who knows nothing of France but its tolerance and its "love market," wants to spend a week by the seaside, he is very apt to choose Trouville; and he goes upon the theory that it is not good for man to be alone. But, equally, the French provincial family from Rouen or Caen comes down to Trouville for its holiday; and the Parisian merchant, who cannot afford a villa, does the same thing with his household. And nobody bothers about the standing of anybody else; and everybody enjoys the gay dinner hour with its sparkling laughter, its bright costumes and the myriads of interesting people to watch.

Bathing is more popular at Trouville than at Brighton; but the beach is no better. It is gravel—not sand; and the majority of folks show an inclination to bathe by jouncing up and down while holding tightly to a rope. There are bathing "machines" for those who want them, but they are not driven into the sea. The bather either takes one of these, which is drawn close to the water's edge, or he changes his clothes in a bathing house as with us. But when he or she emerges, you see nothing of the bathing dress. They have a long white or colored robe which covers them from the neck to the ankle; and in this they walk daintily over the rather rough beach to the wave's highest mark. Here they drop the robe on the gravel, and dash into the surf.

There are always more people watching the bathers than there are bathing; and the "kodaker" is openly busy. I felt some timidity at first about getting too near when I wanted to snap a particularly fetching costume; but I soon learned better. Photographers there put on long boots and walk right out into the sea to get a short-range picture of a pretty bather; and no one seems to object in the least. On the other hand, it is impossible to imagine the vulgar beach scenes that are common at Atlantic City. I rather fancy they would collect a riotous crowd at Trouville. The Frenchman will not tolerate that sort of thing where his wife and children come to bathe.

There is no "Pier" at Trouville; but there is a Casino where an excellent orchestra plays and gaming tables are to be found. There is also a theatre and dancing hall—the latter much more select than at our resorts. There is a promenade along the beach where the ladies say ravishing toilets are to be seen. But the memory which is deepest in my mind is that of a comic singer who came every night to the sidewalk in front of our dining room. The dining room was practically all open to the street, and he stood there in plain view roaring out songs at which those who understood the "argot" laughed heartily. The first night, it was a vivid bit of local color; the last night, it was a bore.



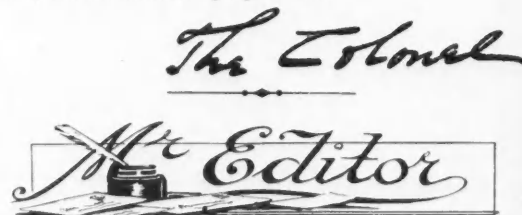
Pages

- 1 and 2—Editorial Comment, and That Reminds Me, by Albert R. Carman.
- 3—Points About People (illustrated) and Told in the Lobby, by The Mace.
- 4 and 5—Travel in China, by Ashby Ford (illustrated), and The Tsar and Tsarina at Home.
- 6 and 7—Music and Drama.
- 8 and 9—City and Country Homes (illustrated).
- 10—The Education of the People, by Dr. Andrew Macphail.
- 11—Anecdotal (illustrated).
- 12—The Bookshelf, by Tom Folio (illustrated).
- 13—When Mayor Gaynor Walks.
- 17—Economist on Financial Topics.
- 18—Gold and Dross.
- 19—Montreal Financial.
- 22—Banks and Real Estate Mortgages, by H. M. P. Eckardt.
- 23—Pork-U-Pine, and "Is It Judgment or Luck?" by L. C. Webber.
- 24—Tale of the Tape.
- 25—The Shepherd of the Lonely Islands, by W. Lacey Amy (illustrated).
- 26—Lady Gay's Page (illustrated).
- 27—London Letter, by Mary McLeod Moore.
- 28 and 29—Social News of the City and Dominion.
- 30—Dress (illustrated).
- 31—Lady Sarah Lennox.



WANTED—A WARRANTY.  
Chief Ministerial Whip—"I can raise the coronets all right; but I can't answer for the 'Norman blood.'"  
Prime Minister—"Never mind the 'Norman blood'; it's the 'kind hearts' and the 'simple faith' that I'm worrying about."

Punch



### Browne and the Lord's Day Act.

August 8th, 1911.

The Editor, The Saturday Night, Toronto.  
Dear Sir,—Through the publicity and assistance given by the press, subscriptions were secured to appeal the case of William Browne, an English working man with nine children, who was fined for violating the Lord's Day Act by digging a well on Sunday, having no water within a mile. The appeal came off this morning, and was argued by E. Meek, K.C., I enclose you a copy of the judgment.

The notoriety given to this case, brought another under my notice. During a recent storm, a man living on the county side in a little tar-paper covered shack, had the roof torn off on Sunday morning. As the water was pouring on to his bed, he commenced to fix it, when a county constable came around and charged him with a breach of the Lord's Day Act, and then summoned or else threatened to summon him. I am informed that he settled out of court by paying \$4.00.

People who submit to such tyranny, are sheep, and not men, and ought to know what Government to thank for this tyrannical Sunday Observance Act.

Yours truly,  
J. ENOCH THOMPSON.

### Clear Cut Sunday Laws.

2565a Waverley St., Montreal, Que., July 30, 1911.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir,—What is wanted in Ontario and throughout this Canada of ours is a clear-cut Sunday observance law, that will allow the sale of ice cream, fruits, cigars, etc.; that will allow Sunday excursions and band concerts, street cars everywhere, the opening of such public places and libraries, art galleries, swimming baths, etc., and thus do away with the present meddled, as well as muddled, Sunday laws, that seem to have been made to please the rich, who many of them contribute in cash to the support of the oppressors of the poor, for such these narrow minded and seeing gentry really are.

Yours truly,  
"A WORKINGMAN."

At a recent meeting of the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce, Lord Avebury moved "that, in the opinion of this chamber, private property at sea should be declared free of capture and seizure." The motion was carefully discussed and then adopted by a unanimous vote.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

"The Paper Worth While"

Printed and Published  
by  
SATURDAY NIGHT, Ltd.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING,  
Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

171 St. James Street (Phone Main 285) MONTREAL

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms: One Year \$3.00. Six Months \$1.50.

Postage to European and countries other than Great Britain and Colonies \$1.50 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1906, at the post office at Buffalo, N.Y. under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Manuscripts will positively not be returned unless accompanied by full postage for that purpose.

Vol. 24. TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 12, 1911. No. 44.

## POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

### The Defender of Ladysmith To-day.

THERE are few men of eminence of whom the public know less than Sir George White, the tall, stately, picturesque defender of Ladysmith, who, on Thursday, celebrates his seventy-sixth birthday. He has ever been noted for his self-possession, a quality which no doubt has contributed largely to his success as a soldier. In a small way, this was admirably exemplified a year or two ago while the veteran soldier was giving an address to the Students' Association of North London on "Military Service and Preparedness." Sir George absent-mindedly went too near the edge of the dais, and fell to the floor. Many willing hands were stretched out to help him; but he was on his feet in an instant. Again taking his stand on the platform, quite unperturbed, he proceeded: "I could not possibly give you a better example of how unexpectedly danger may come upon us." A remark which, needless to say, the students cheered to the echo. Modest to the point of sensitiveness, Sir George has a veritable hatred of publicity. Never has he been known to speak of his own actions.

Sir George bears the weight of his seventy-six years like a true veteran. Active in mind and body, erect and energetic as any young officer in the Guards, few would suspect him of having entered the army fifty-eight years ago. He has probably the longest list of honors possessed by anyone, except Royal personages. He has, to begin with, the V.C., which he won in Afghanistan in 1879. Then he has the Order of Merit, which is possessed by very few, and the Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, the Indian Empire, and the Royal Victorian Order—Sir George is the only individual not of Royal blood who has the Grand Cross of the five Orders of Knighthood—in addition to medals and clasps innumerable, beginning with the Indian Mutiny and ending with the South African War.

Curiously enough, Sir George White met Lord Roberts at the very commencement of his career. Both went through the Indian Mutiny; both became successively Commanders-in-Chief in India; and both distinguished themselves in South Africa. How Sir George won the Victoria Cross is one of the most daring incidents in the history of warfare. It happened during the famous Kandahar march. The enemy were on a fortified hill, and his men wavered, thinking the task of dislodging them a forlorn hope. White took a rifle from one of his men, crept forward, and shot the leader. This so intimidated the enemy and encouraged his men that the position was soon won. During the last few years, Sir George has taken up the study of verse and the recreation of mountain-climbing. And according to competent authorities he bids fair to win as much fame as poet as he has done in the arts of arms.

### Something About the Roseberys.

SIXTY years ago the Lord Rosebery of that time was paying a call in Paris. He was received so rudely by the butler that he complained of his conduct. The man was immediately dismissed. But he had been a non-commissioned officer in the French army, and as such challenged Lord Rosebery to a duel. The Earl accepted, and two shots were exchanged without result. His lordship was angered at his own condescension, and afraid his antagonist might lay aside his military rank and resume his duties as a servant, thus exposing an Earl to the reproach of having fought with a butler. So he settled an annuity of £250 on the man, on condition that he did not return to domestic service. The condition was

faithfully observed on both sides, until the ex-butler soldier died.

Although his lordship spells his name with one "r," it is historically correct to spell it with two "r's." As a matter of fact, the original spelling was "Roseberry." As late as the last half of the nineteenth century that was the recognized form. It was only when the first Earl of Rosebery was created a peer that the "r" was dropped, and the word assumed its present form. Those responsible for the reports of the House of Lords, however, were slower in adopting the change, for it was not till several years had gone by that they took to the new style. It is not generally known that Lord Rosebery has a medical ancestry, being descended from Archibald Primrose, whose elder brother, Gilbert "Pymross," was president of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh in the days of James IV.

The present peer is a pastmaster in the art of paying compliments. Long years ago, when quite a lad, he installed himself in Queen Victoria's favor by an apt and graceful reply to a remark made by Her Majesty. Lord Dalmeny, as he was then, was a boy at Eton, and, happening to walk towards Windsor one day, he met the Queen in her pony-carriage. The carriage stopped, Her Majesty graciously remarking that it was a fine day. With bared head and graceful bow, the future statesman instantly replied, "It is always a fine day where you are, madam!" Could mortal man say more?

The Earl once had a quaint experience with a shopman. Walking one day in the streets of Aberdeen, he saw an article in a shop window which he desired to purchase. He strolled inside. "How much?" he asked, putting his hand in his pocket. "Fourpence, please," answered the shopman. "Well, I do believe I have forgotten to



THE EMPIRE'S BEST SHOT.

Private W. J. Clifford, of the Grenadiers, Toronto, who won the King's Prize at Bisley, and has come back a national hero.

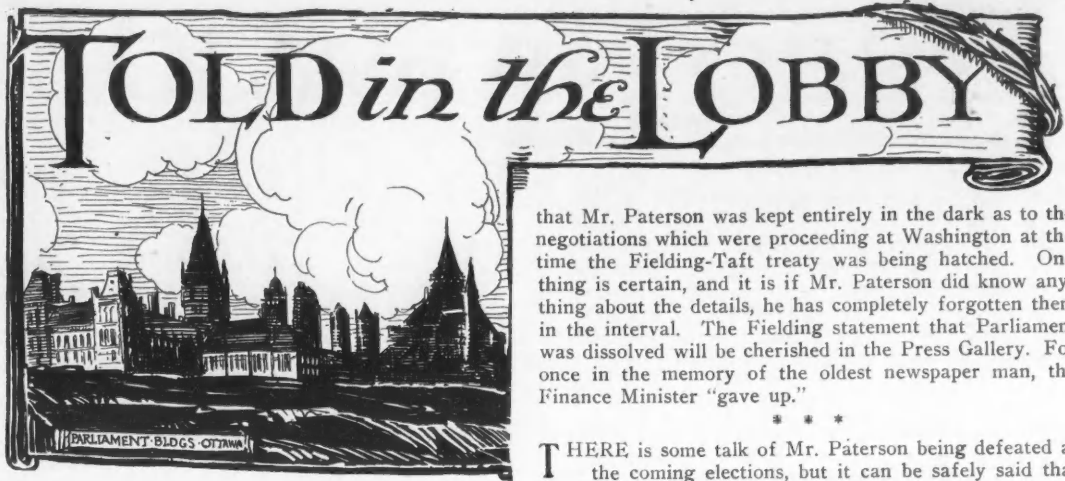
bring any money with me," exclaimed Lord Rosebery. "Awel, sir," said the shopman, "if ye hanna' got the pennies, ye canna have the parcel." Although the Earl promised to send the money from his hotel, the Aberdeen remained obdurate, and when he offered to write a cheque for the fourpence, the shopkeeper was more obdurate than ever. "Na, na," he said, solemnly, shaking his head, "though ye said ye were Andra Carnegis, I widna giv thee credit. I deal only in cash."

### An Unusual Wager.

A PRACTICAL joker came to the city a short time ago from across the water, and he brought with him a selection of all the tricks ever invented for making people laugh or feel annoyed, for to accomplish either result gave him satisfaction. Most of them were old, but occasionally he tried something that was new. On one occasion he asserted it was possible to attract attention on the street without appearing to try to do so. He asserted that he could make any passer-by look at him, and yet do nothing which would look either rude or uncalled for. At last to settle a wager he promised to do so, and it was understood that he could not fall down in a fit, hit a policeman or do anything else which would cause a general commotion.

He left the office with a friend who was to pick the passer-by whose attention the joker must attract. Two ladies coming down the street were selected, and the joker walked calmly along as though no wager depended on his actions. He continued his conversation in a normal manner, and was seemingly quite unconcerned until just as he passed the ladies, he raised his voice slightly and said with marked emphasis which was sure to carry: "Oh, I am quite positive, for it was just after I buried my third wife."

Both the ladies turned their heads simultaneously to see the Modern Henry VIII. To be sure, the remark had nothing to do with the remainder of the conversation, but it won the wager.



that Mr. Paterson was kept entirely in the dark as to the negotiations which were proceeding at Washington at the time the Fielding-Taft treaty was being hatched. One thing is certain, and it is if Mr. Paterson did know anything about the details, he has completely forgotten them in the interval. The Fielding statement that Parliament was dissolved will be cherished in the Press Gallery. For once in the memory of the oldest newspaper man, the Finance Minister "gave up."

THERE is some talk of Mr. Paterson being defeated at the coming elections, but it can be safely said that such an event would be regretted not only by Liberals but by a large number of Conservatives throughout the Dominion. There is something about the veteran Minister of Customs which is very likeable. He is kindly to a degree, and although the ever increasing toll of the years has dimmed the Paterson eye, it has not taken the edge from the Paterson voice. He is one of the orators of the old school. His words are homely, and his arguments cast in a simple mould. Without William Paterson the House of Commons would wear a strange look. He has been there just six months less than George Taylor, and George has been there almost from the time there was a House. There is a keen rivalry between these two old-timers on rules of precedent, and William always has a shade the better of George when it comes to an argument. There are many men who could be better spared from Parliament than Mr. Paterson, and although in the event of his defeat and the return of the present Government to power he would surely be elevated to the Senate, he would be lost in the maze of the Red Chamber dignity. If ever Billy Paterson cut loose in the Upper House with one of those free trade speeches or gave his stentorian monologue on the beauties of the Ottawa Liberal platform of 1893, some of those old dyed-in-the-wool Tory Senators would send for the police.

IF Henri Beland, of Beauce, is brought into the Cabinet to succeed Rodolphe Lemieux as Postmaster General, it will be a notable example of a man called to high political office by reason of his ability to keep his mouth shut. Although Beland sat in the House for two Parliaments, he spoke but seldom. He was known as "the silent man from Beauce," and he lived up to his reputation. On the stump he is said to be a hummer, but volume after volume of Hansard might be searched without finding any of Beland's burning thoughts embalmed therein. How different to the man he is booked to succeed, Rodolphe Lemieux! Rodolphe is never so happy as when he is pouring forth his oratorical raptures. It is hard to get Beland to answer a simple question in the House. It is a Herculean task to prevent Mr. Lemieux orating whenever he sees an opening. Beland should make a good Postmaster General if he gets the chance. There is no telling what will happen on September 21, but with the return of the Laurier Government to power and the elevation of the member for Beauce to the head of an important department, proof will be had of the truth of the old adage that "silence is golden."

THE MACE.

### A Witty Dean.

REV. DEAN EVANS, of Montreal, has considerable reputation as a raconteur, and his long connection with the Anglican Cathedral in the eastern city, first as junior assistant and then as assistant canon, has enabled him to collect a fund of tales about people of his own diocese. He tells one story about Dean Bethune, his predecessor in the position which he now holds, who possessed rather a commanding personality. A visiting clergyman was asked to take part in a certain service, and by the way of venturing a weak little witticism, he asked Dean Bethune, "Have you the authority to engage man servants and maid servants?"

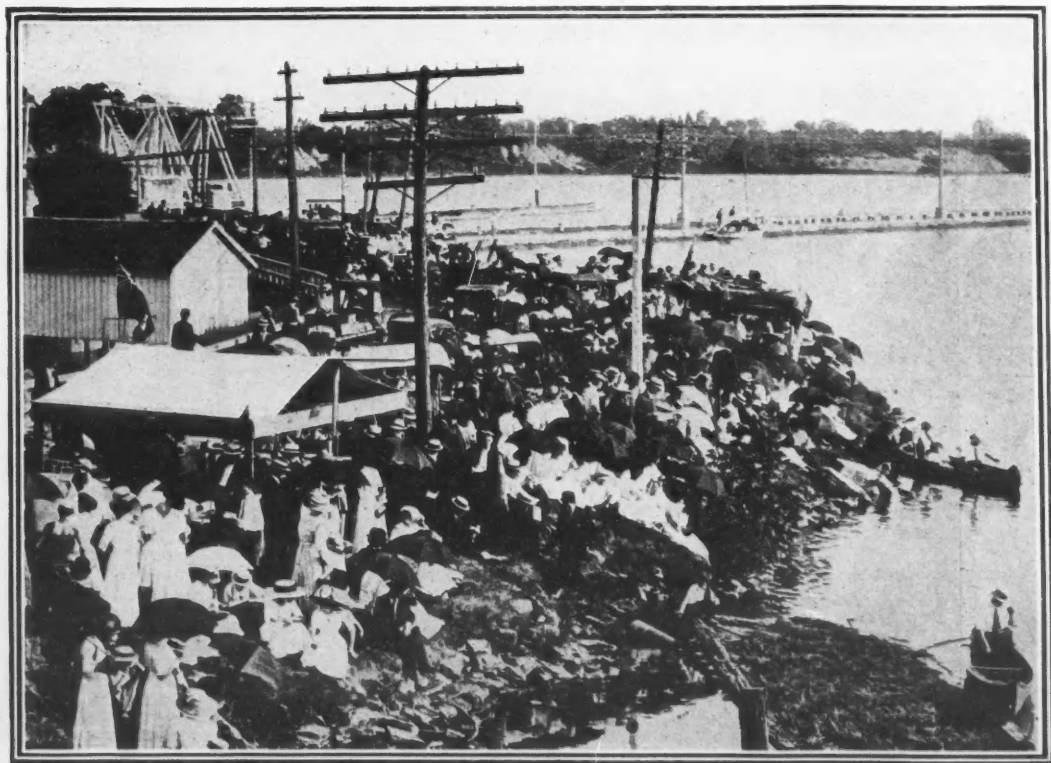
"Yes," retorted the Dean, "and also an ox or an ass. Put on your surplice."

Another story which he tells of Dean Bethune refers to a former chaplain of the forces, the Rev. B. L. Stevens, who once threw out a hint while preaching in the cathedral that he thought the people should do something for his family when he was "gone." Some time elapsed, and the chaplain passed away. The congregation collected enough money to erect a tablet to his memory, which was duly put in place. When Dean Bethune heard of it, he got off the following couplet, after the manner of the old-time writers of epigrams:

"Flesh of his flesh; bone of his bone;  
He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone."

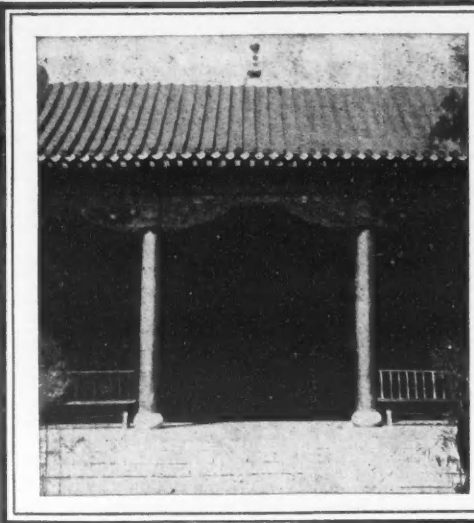


THE CANADIAN HENLEY AT ST. CATHARINES.  
Began winning the single sculls, in which he gained an easy victory.



THE CANADIAN HENLEY AT ST. CATHARINES.  
Some idea of the crowd which watched the various events from the bank and enthusiastically applauded the victors.





## TRAVEL IN CHINA BY ASHBY FORD

dark guest room. My baggage was already being deposited there when I went to inspect my quarters. I did not proceed beyond the door and could see nothing within, but I felt a distinct warning.

"Bring the bed outside," I ordered my servant; "it is a fine night. I will sleep in the yard."

This was done. By the morning light I investigated that room. It was a little one and half of it was occupied by the father and mother of the inn-keeper.

They were in their coffins, awaiting a "lucky day" for their funeral.

I judged, too, that they had been waiting a long time.

It may well be guessed that in China an inn is not that welcome place of rest for the tired wayfarer which it commonly is in other countries. Cleanliness, tidiness and even usual comforts are conspicuous by their absence. Typically, it is so built as to enclose a rectangular courtyard. Towards the street will be a roofed gateway, amply large enough for the passage of a mule cart. Opening on either side of this will be the kitchen and the living room of the inn-keeper. Facing the gateway is a line of single storey rooms, each giving directly onto the yard, while the flanking buildings consist either of the inferior guest rooms, stables or pig-styes.

By day the courtyard is almost deserted, but at night



TRAVELLING BY WHEELBARROW.

This method of travel is a great deal more comfortable than it sounds.

Primitive conditions imply a large measure of personal freedom unknown in the Occident. Though my surroundings are dirty, I need not be so; a piece of soap is easily carried and, with a bucket of water, can work wonders.

Although a horse is by all odds the most useful means of locomotion in North China, it is not at all the only one. The official of high rank will travel in his sedan chair, carried by relays of bearers. A more usual vehicle, for a person of lower rank, is the mule cart. With its strong axle and heavy iron studded wheels, utterly innocent of springs, it is dear to the heart of the native traveller. Why this should be so I have never yet found out.

for long-distance work, resembles rather a pair of litters, mounted on each side of a single wheel. Two men, if they are not uncomfortably tall, may stretch out at full length upon it, or a single passenger may be balanced by his baggage tied into position on the other side.

An arching canopy of straw matting forms an admirable protection from sun or light rain. Light rain only, be it understood, for in really wet weather no vehicle but a cart with a good team can move over a Chinese road. Projecting shafts both fore and aft enable two men to furnish motive power, while a small donkey wanders in advance, the slackness of the rope traces by which he is harnessed furnishing ample evidence that his principle function in the procession is to give encouragement to his owners.

Many miles have I covered in such a manner as this and I have met with greater discomforts, sometimes, even on an "up-to-date" American railroad.

Another means of transport, much favored by the more wealthy traveller in certain parts of China, is the mule-litter. Consisting of a kind of hammock slung on poles, between which the mules are harnessed and covered with a straw mat awning, it is said, by those who have tried it, to be luxurious—so long as the animals keep step. When they fail to do so (and such failure is the rule, not the exception) the victim within generally suffers the evils of severe sea-sickness. A much-travelled friend has lamented to me that the highways of Eastern Shantung are marked at regular intervals by the dinners which his mule-litter has caused to be completely wasted.

Of donkey-riding I need say nothing. Much resorted to by the native of small means, this method of locomotion is seldom used by foreigners. In the Yangtse Valley (and further south) house-boats are much employed and some are very comfortable. Any form of water transport in the north is out of the question, except on the Yellow river or the Grand canal. Along both these routes the available boats are usually best avoided.

"It is not very dangerous to travel in China all alone?" I have frequently been asked in America.

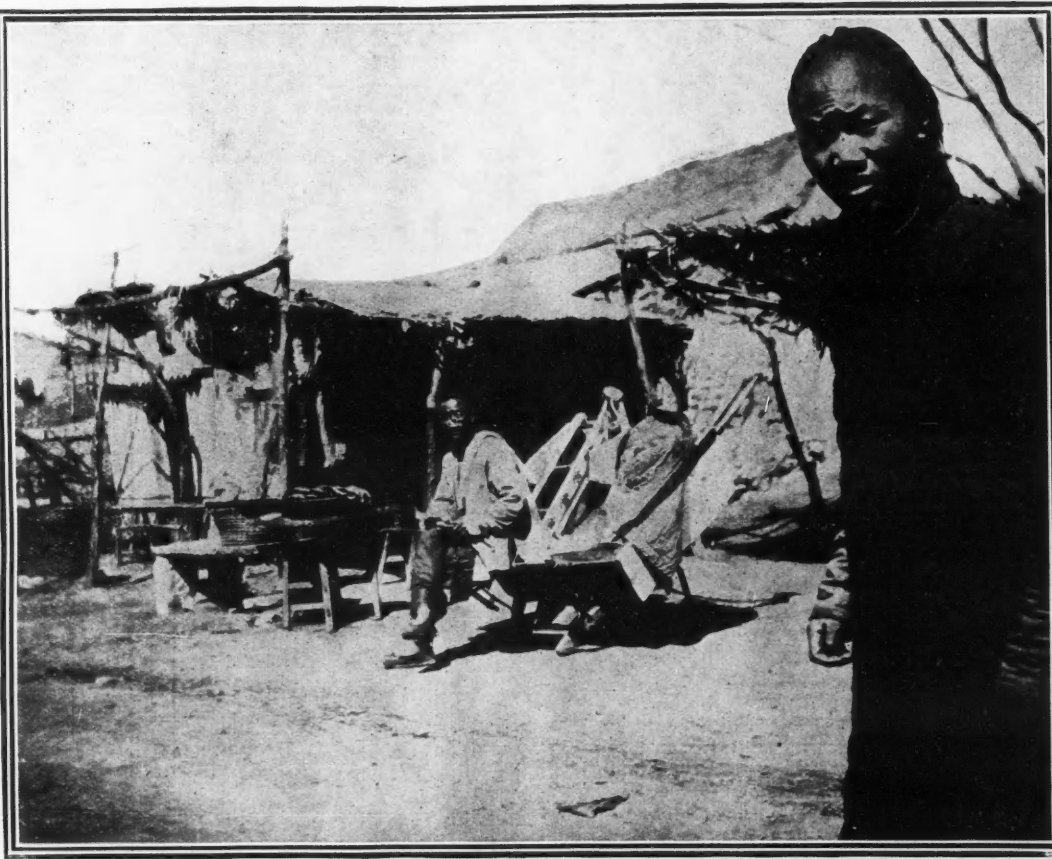
"At any ordinary time and place the travelling foreigner in China is as safe, or safer, than in his native land," is my reply.

I have ridden, defenceless, for days at a time over roads reported to be infested with brigands, and never met with anything but politeness or even marked kindness. In the very unusual times of intense popular excitement against foreigners matters might be different, as they certainly are in some pirate-haunted districts of the south. But let it be remembered that there are parts of the United States where, from time to time, it may be said that every negro is carrying his life in his hand, citizen and brother though he may be. Neither state of affairs is normal.

There are not a few for whom travel in China holds no charms; to others it is ever alluring. Suppose it is eight o'clock on a fine summer morning. If you have been riding ever since five-thirty without having eaten, the sight of a well furnished tea-house at the entrance of the village is more than welcome.

"Well furnished" means, in this connection, that in the front is an awning of straw mats, giving shelter from the sun to those seated on the narrow wooden benches round the dirty, rickety, table which stands between the shop and the roadway. Perhaps across the street is the village temple, with a few large trees surrounding it. These offer an even more grateful shade, where mysterious kitchen smells will not be so obtrusive.

The horses, with loosened girths, are led up and down to cool off by small boys whose only garments are a pair of shoes and a "thin brown dust-coat"; they are a bit shy with the foreigner at first, but that soon wears off



A WAYSIDE TEA-HOUSE.

One of the countless inns where the Chinese traveller can rest and drink tea.

it is likely to be filled with carts, wheelbarrows, horses, mules and Peking Nightingales, which latter term is a local synonym for the common, or braying, jackass. I have known travellers to complain that their song banishes sleep, though I have never been troubled in that way. If I have, the blame has been wrongfully imputed to the smaller and silent fauna of the place.

Yet with all their squalor and primitiveness, these inns give a sense of comfort which is ineradicable and arises from the personal freedom which the traveller enjoys. One day, in a Chinese city so much visited by tourists that it contains a "first class" hotel, under foreign management, I wound up a series of complaints to the owner with the remark, most sincerely meant:

"Were I to consider my personal convenience I should stop at a Chinese inn. It is my business connections alone that make it necessary for me to patronize this place."

THERE are those who ride and those who sit on a horse and are carried." So there are those who travel and those who sit in an observation car and are pulled.

If your tastes lie in the latter direction they can be met to some extent to-day, even in China. You can get pulled from Peking to Hankow, or to the Great Wall. You may move round the coast and for hundreds of miles up the Yangtse River, in steamers as comfortable as reason can demand. Only don't think you are travelling in China. You will lie on a soft bed, but you won't know all the fun you'll miss. Beg, borrow or steal a pony, then get out and see the Real Orient.

I had been doing so for some weeks together, when darkness overtook me among the hills. My servants were beginning to wonder where we should spend the night, at length a turn in the pass disclosed a small village. Inn there was none, but obsequious village elders put the schoolhouse at my disposal for the occasion. It was the teacher who acted as our host. For hours, as it seemed, he sat, re-filling my cup with scalding tea after every sip that I took and talking incessantly. Eventually he arose to retire; I was almost asleep where I sat.

"There," he said, waving towards a corner of the schoolroom, and with the air of one who offers all the luxuries of the season, "is the bed. It has many fleas. My pupils bring them."

Next evening we stopped at a large city. I was an official person of consideration in those days, wherefore the magistrate pressing invited me to be his guest, and take up my quarters at the schoolhouse!

"Tell his Honor," I sent back word, "that I am much obliged, but I wish to sleep to-night; and alone."

I dare not imply that the average Chinese inn is free from the "terror that walketh by night," far from it; but there is a comparative in all things.

I write this in one of those rare havens of refuge to the traveller in China, a clean Buddhist monastery. Buddhist monasteries are commonly hospitable to the better class of wayfarer, though their cleanliness is usually far to seek. This is one of the exceptions. I am not going to reveal its whereabouts, for it is now within reach of that modern abomination a railroad, and therefore accessible to the globe trotter. I don't want to throw open my safest retreat to the crowd. Besides, the Abbot is equally loth to have his privacy disturbed by those who know neither his language nor his gods. He and I have been friends for years and I would not so disoblige him.

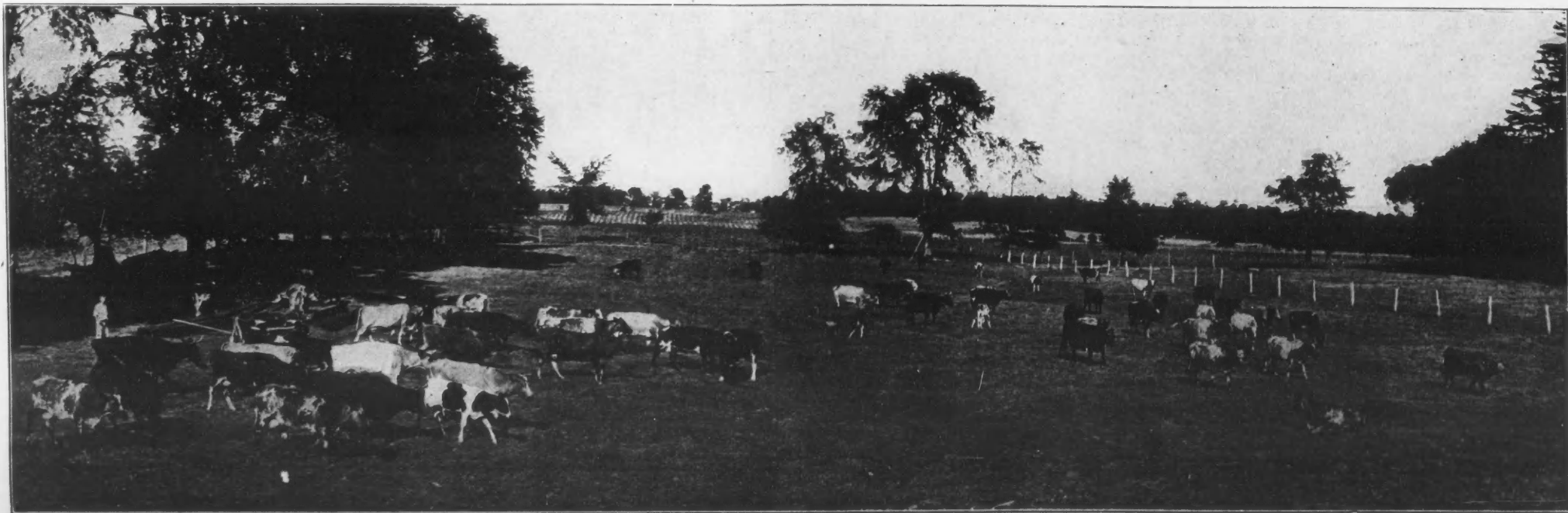
I am in the guest chamber, the world shut out by massive black doors supported on great red pillars. Round me in the gloom carvings in wood jut out here and there and the gods of Asia smile from their niches in the wall. Presently I shall lie down on a bed, the "mattress" of which is a rug such as an American millionaire would buy (if he had the chance) and then trample with sacrilegious leather shoes. My good host provided an ample meal of steamed bread, with a bowl of fine macaroni and poached eggs, swimming in a thin vegetable broth. Added to this was superb tea and freshly gathered walnuts. What more could the weary traveller ask?

In the early morning I shall ride on my way between cypress-clad hills till the valley opens out into the rich farming country which I know lies beyond, and I shall wonder as I ride why anyone ever wants to do other than travel, or to travel elsewhere than in China.

The question will obtrude itself, however, "What of tomorrow night's sleeping accommodations?"

As my halting place is to be a large town, I may reasonably expect a good inn. This means that the guest room which I shall occupy will have a brick floor and be furnished with a table, two chairs and a bedstead, the latter probably consisting of two broad planks, side by side on a pair of trestles. Hung over the table and facing the door will be an unspeakably bad mirror, or the picture of a cat. Both of these are used to prevent the entrance of devils.

I hope, at least, that one of my experiences of years ago may not be repeated. I arrived about dusk at a village. The inn was small and bad, possessing only a single



AT ERINDALE FARM.

A SNAPSHOT SHOWING ONE OF THE HERDS OF DAIRY COWS AT PRICE'S FARM, ERINDALE.

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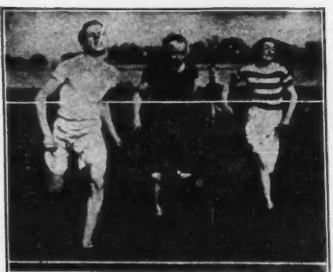
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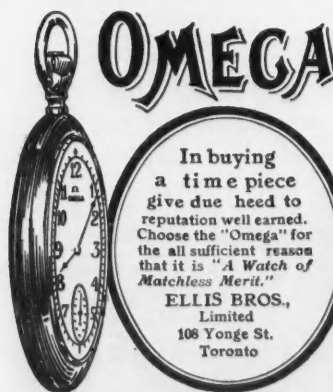


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and the chance to earn a copper each is not to be neglected.

Tables and benches are carried beneath the tree. The inevitable tea-pot is filled from the ever-ready kettle. Next comes a plate of hard-boiled eggs, then another of tough native flap-jacks. There is the making of a very good meal. Salt we may carry with us—it is an object of curiosity to the small crowd which has collected by now, for that condiment, as known to the Chinese villager, is so coarsely crystalline and so black with admixed earth as not to be recognizably the same thing. I have before now known my salt to be played off on an enquiring grey-beard as "foreign sugar"—to his great discomfiture when he took a good taste.

Conversation between ourselves and the spectators is brisk during the meal and there is no lack of good natured fun. Perhaps just as the last drink of tea has been taken and we are getting once more into the saddle, my servant casts his eye over a small boy in the forefront of the crowd. Then he will suddenly ask, pointing with his whip.

"Where are that boy's trousers?"

Undeniably they are nowhere to be seen—why should they be on such a warm day?

Addressing the culprit, Lin will solemnly declare.

"The Governor has given orders that all small boys we meet without trousers are to be arrested and taken to his Yamen."

A mock-threatening step in his direction, and the urchin removes himself at top speed followed by the jeers of his equally-trouserless playmates, any one of whom, however, will be thrown into a panic by the exclamation.

"Why, here is another!"

And so in an atmosphere of mutual goodwill we swing into the hot sunshine and down the road to the next little wayside adventure.

## The Actor and The Role

PERSONS who constantly attend the theatres, either from choice or as a matter of duty, as in the case of the newspaper critics, are often amused at the ingenuous viewpoint of those who go so infrequently that they have not become blasé, but accept as reality the characters and incidents on the stage. These unsophisticated individuals find it hard to distinguish between the players and the part portrayed, and are prone to imagine that the actor's real self must necessarily correspond largely with the line of characters which he is most expert in interpreting. It is hard to convince such persons that the dissipated old roué of the play may be a teetotaler and perhaps a warden of the church in the village where he makes his summer home, while the meek young curate or the saintly bishop on the boards may have a matrimonial record that would put Bluebeard in the background. They find it impossible to conceive that the dashing and dubious adventurer is in private life a happy wife and a proud and devoted mother, while the angelic and innocent heroine is neither angelic nor innocent after she leaves the stage door.

One point of similarity possessed by a majority of the male members of the profession, and a considerable sprinkling of the feminine contingent, is the habitual and often unconscious use, to a greater or lesser degree, of a freedom of speech not heard in Christian Endeavor circles or Sunday school gatherings. Swear words are part of the atmosphere on the stage, and a play, like a newspaper, cannot be produced without a judicious indulgence in a practice which, under any other circumstances, is acknowledged rightly to be a reprehensible and useless habit. Once in a while this propensity on the part of the actor gives rise to incidents which serve to disillusionize members of the audience who fancy that the space back of the drop curtains is peopled by a race of beings removed from the common failings of humanity.

Some years ago, at a performance of "Faust" being given at London, Ontario, by the late Lewis Morrison, the electrician turned off one of the lights prematurely. Mr. Morrison, who was on the stage, turned toward the wings and gave a rapid and forcible order. His words were not intended to be heard beyond the footlights, but he spoke louder than he thought, and the occupants of the first half-dozen rows heard him plainly. His language, while appropriate enough as coming from the scarlet-clad Mephisto, had a rather startling effect upon the Londoners who had been drinking in the sublime moral lessons of Goethe's great drama.

A student at Toronto University who went on as a "super" when Martin Harvey presented "The Only Way" at the Princess Theatre here some nine years ago, was able to tell a most humorous story afterward. Those who saw the play, which was a dramatization of Dickens' vivid novel of the days of the French Revolution, "A Tale of Two Cities," will remember the effective tableau presented by the final scene, where Sydney Carton, about to lay down his life to save the husband of the woman he loves, stands on the guillotine, surrounded by the ferocious



THE PEKING NIGHTINGALE.  
A well-known Chinese traveller.

ous sans-culottes and with a sombre and tragic sky as backgrounds, and utters his last impressive words, "This is a far, far better thing I do now than I have ever done; this is a far more peaceful rest I go to than I have ever known." But the auditors would hardly have been so impressed with the tragedy had they known that while the heroic Carton's words were still echoing in their ears, and almost before the descending curtain had touched the stage, Mr. Harvey had turned to the "mob," which included the young university man, and in lurid language was reproving them for their shuffling and whispering, which had threatened to spoil the effect of the star's "big scene."

Sometimes the impression made by the delineation of a role in the hands of an actor of genius is so strong that even those habituated to the dual nature of the player and his impersonations will for the time being fall under the spell of the performance. An instance in point is Mr. Forbes Robertson's presentation of the character of the Stranger in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The present writer one evening was chatting with Mr. Robertson in the wings at the Royal Alexandra Theatre while the actor was waiting for his cue, and it was something of a shock that he heard Mr. Robertson rap out a round English "Damme" in emphasizing some aspect of the subject under discussion. Under other circumstances the word would have passed unnoticed, but there was a decided incongruity between Mr. Robertson's harmless but unexpected oath and the idealistic and unworldly personage which he had a few minutes before been representing on the stage.

Theatrical history, which acclaims Edwin Forrest as one of the greatest King Lear's that the stage has ever seen, also records an anecdote which proves that the tragedian did not necessarily feel the emotions that he so graphically depicted. When playing Lear, Forrest was apparently convulsed with soul-racking grief, and real tears streamed down his face. One night the orchestra leader annoyed him by playing some incidental music, contrary to the actor's instructions. Apparently Forrest could stand it no longer, and leaning towards the leader, with the body of Cordelia clasped in his arms and the drops coursing down his cheeks, he muttered viciously, "Stop that damned fiddling!"

In conclusion, it may be recalled that one of the most humorous stories of profanity on the stage had its genesis in Toronto on the occasion of the first engagement of "Ben Hur" at the Princess Theatre. A labor union dispute arose between the stage employees of the theatre and those engaged with the traveling company, and one night there was an open rupture, in which blows were exchanged. A privileged visitor behind the scenes, seeing one of the stage hands with a badly discolored eye, asked solicitously how he acquired it. The workman, pointing to one of the company's men engaged in erecting the sloping and irregular platform which covered the stage during the final tableau of the play, replied in venomous tones: "See that blank, dashy, blank, dash, asterisk blank up there on the Mount of Olives? Well, he punched me."

J. A. McNEIL.

In lower California a large number of the smaller desert mammals never drink water, according to American scientists who have recently visited the peninsula. They live and thrive on dry seeds and scraps of vegetation in places where the heat and aridity are excessive without ever touching their lips to water, and it has even been found impossible to teach some of them to take water in captivity.



A CHINESE INN.  
The entrance to the principal room.

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The female of the curiously nam-

ed wolf spider lays its eggs and immediately covers them with a soft silken covering. No matter where she goes she will carry these covered eggs about with her, and she will, if necessary, sacrifice her life to protect the eggs or the young, which, soon after they are hatched, she carries on her back while she gathers food for herself and the little ones. They remain holding to their mother's back until they are almost as large as their parent, when they seem suddenly to discover their strength, and, unnatural as it would seem, they set upon their mother, and in a very short time kill and devour her.

Bridget (surveying the cut-glass loving cup recently presented to her master)—Look at him handles on th' pitcher. They know if Oi break one of them handles they'll have two left, and if Oi break two they'll have one left, so they'll always have one. They will, will they? I'm not so sure about that.



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# MUSIC and the DRAMA

**SEMI-MELODRAMA** of the mining town type was the offering of the Percy Haswell Company this week. And it was given a very enthusiastic reception. One touch of heart interest makes the whole world kin—also kind, even the critics. "The Three of Us," which has been seen here before, is a very good specimen of that sort of play. The story is interesting and holds together well enough for stage illusions, the dialogue and action are brisk, and the interest is sustained to the end.

The story deals with the endeavor of Rhy Macchesney, the heroine, to hold for herself and her two brothers—"the three of them"—the mine which had been left by her father. Stephen Townley, the hero, gives her in confidence some valuable information that would enable them to make a big mining deal. But Rhy's brother Clem overhears the information and sells it to the villain—who wears riding breeches and smokes cigarettes and smiles sardonically.

"You have betrayed me," says Stephen to Rhy.

"Kind Heavens! say not so!" wails Rhy.

But, of course, after a lot of breathless action and nerve-racking emotion—and Miss Haswell's few impromptu remarks in the third intermission—it all ends happily.

The Percy Haswell Company gives an excellent performance of Miss Crothers' play. Miss Haswell herself is very charming as Rhy Macchesney. In this, as in the rest of Miss Haswell's interpretations, the keynote is sweet womanliness. Henry Hall made a good-looking and thoroughly satisfactory Stephen Townley. And Thomas Emory's work as the rather good-for-nothing brother Clem was one of the best things in the performance. Altogether it is a very good show, and makes one regret all the more keenly the fact that next week Miss Haswell and her players say goodbye till next summer. *Auf Wiedersehen!*

## THE THEATRES

Next week closes the second successful season of Miss Haswell & Company, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. For the first time, they have Jerome K. Jerome's brilliant comedy, "Miss Hobbs," which was last presented in Toronto by the Royal Alexandra players, and those who saw it will remember what a continuous laugh it was. The farce was first given in America at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, with Annie Russell in the title role.

Practically the substance of the farce is the subjugation of a self-elected man-hater, who happens not only to be young and pretty, but also somewhat ignorant as to the sex, which she so boldly denounces. It is hardly necessary to say in advance, that in the end the subjugation is complete and all Miss Hobbs' heresies forgiven. The author, as is to be expected of a humorist who has had ample opportunity for familiarizing himself with stage requirements, has turned out a play in which the fun is sustained throughout the entire performance.

Miss Haswell will, of course, be the "Miss Hobbs," who thinks she hates men, until she falls in love herself and capitulates. All the other members of the company will have suitable parts.

For next week at Shea's Theatre, Manager Shea has arranged another big vaudeville bill, headed by a new arrival in vaudeville, Aida Overton Walker, who has been a sensation in New York this summer. Miss Walker is assisted by Bobby Kemp and a company of singers and dancers. Other features included in next week's bill are: Lulu McCool and Grant Simpson, in "A Stormy Hour"; Earl Reynolds and Nellie Donagan, Whirlwind Skaters; Jarvis & Harrison, "The Fellow and the Girl on the Bench"; the Musical Avolos; the Three Dooleys; and the Kinetograph.

The management of Kinemacolor offer a very attractive programme for their third and final week at the Princess Theatre. Many requests that "Scenes on Lake Garda," "Wines and Liquors," and Part 2 of the "Naval Review at Spithead," be repeated the coming week, have been received, but this will be impossible owing to the fact that already a large and varied programme has been arranged, having as its features, the "Investiture of the Prince of Wales," a fine film preserving for all time the representation of an infrequent Royal ceremony. The procession of the Knights of Garter, and the solemn and dignified surroundings of Windsor Castle, on the occasion of the investiture of the Prince of Wales is presented in all semblance of reality. Other attractive features which show to great advantage the possibilities of colored photography, are also included: King George and Emperor William reviewing the troops in front of the Queen Victoria Memorial, after the unending services, May 16th, 1911. "A Day with the Exmoor Stag-hounds," stirring scenes of a hunt of the wild red stags on Exmoor; "Trooping of the Colors," "A Drill by the Boys of Reedham Orphanage," "Farm Yard Friends," "Trafalgar Square on Coronation Day."

A return engagement for the latter part of August at some local playhouse, is being arranged, when Kinemacolor shows of the King's Tour through the British Isles, Scenes in North-Western Canada, a trip across the Atlantic, and other attractive features will be shown.

under the direct management of the Messrs. Shubert, has always been so popular in New York city that he has had less occasion and less opportunity for touring than most of his competitors. He has never before been West of Omaha, Nebraska, and has finally consented to make the trip, partly out of curiosity and partly as a result of hundreds of urgent requests sent in from local managers of the far-Western cities where the public has never had a chance to see this Broadway favorite.

Mr. Bernard's vehicle for his tour, will be "He Came from Milwaukee," the piece in which he starred for several months last season at the Casino Theatre, in New York, and which was generally proclaimed to be the best vehicle he has ever had. The book is by Mark Swan and Edgar Smith; the lyrics are by Edward Madden; and the music is by Ben M. Jerome, Melville Ellis, and Louis A. Rirsch. The first act shows a hotel at Ostend, the famous Belgium sea-side resort, and the second takes place in front of the Palace at Zurich.

As the title of "He Came from Milwaukee," might suggest, Mr. Bernard plays the role of a German-American, "from the city that made beer famous." He good naturedly consents to impersonate the Prince of an ultra-seditious Bohemian Kingdom, and thereby gets himself into a very complicated and ludicrous situation. The audience even has the pleasure of seeing Sam Bernard crowned, though the functions are radically different from those recently seen in London.

Before starting on his transcontinental tour, Mr. Bernard will appear for two weeks only, at the Herald Square Theatre. His company, which is essentially the same as that of a year ago, includes Nella Bergen, Anna Wheaton, Alice Gordon, Louise Hink, George Baldwin and William Gaston. Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee," will be seen at the Royal Alexandra Theatre.

There is abundance of variety and quality in the Behnman Show, which offers a two-act musical comedy, entitled "The Girl From Broadway," which will be the attraction at the Gayety, opening on Saturday, August 12th, with a matinee, and continuing all next week. The mere story is a good comedy in itself, and the music is above the average. Miss Florence Mills, the star, Mr. Albert Reed and Mr. Harry L. Fraser, have several songs together that go with a dash and swing. Mr. Chas. Falke, the lyric tenor, late of Dockstader's Minstrels, will offer a number of new songs.

Mme. Malvina Lohel, the Yiddish star of the Thalia Theatre, New York, made her London debut at the Pavilion Theatre, in Alexander Blinn's "Madame X." Speaking of the performance, a London critic says: "Mme. Lohel followed rather too closely in the steps of those who have played Jacobine before her, and the result was that her impersonation, it lacked individuality. Her Jacqueline was not her own inspired interpretation. It was studied, yet it was always intense, in the performance when she suggested heights and depths of emotional power which betokened a truly great talent. On the whole, it was a remarkable performance, and moved the vast audience to superlative enthusiasm. Mme. Lohel is a clever enough actress to pitch her performance in the key of her audience. 'Madame X' will be repeated this evening and on Saturday evening, while 'Camille' will be played on Friday night, and 'The Kreutzer Sonata' on Saturday afternoon."

There is general approval of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," at the London Playhouse. The Standard critic says: "Mr. Cyril Maude is to be congratulated on a distinct find in the way of genuine comedy, played by a company of exceptional all-round excellence. At the first blush it seemed to be a somewhat risky experiment to bring a Scottish comedy to London to play at Scottish comedy dating back to the Mid-Victorian and crinolene period, but its success was never for a moment in doubt ten minutes after the curtain went up. Throughout the three acts of a story so slight that it would almost vanish in the telling, a delighted audience greeted line after line, and incident after incident with whole-hearted laughter and applause, and at the close bestowed on Mr. Graham Moffat (the author) and his company an enthusiastic demonstration of their appreciation. Two days cover

the action of the comedy, which takes place in a Scottish village, and the few characters round whom the story ranges are portrayed with admirable art. These are Tammas Biggar, the village tradesman, strict and dour; his son, Rab, who wants to break away from the narrow boundaries of Littlehaugh, and breathe the stronger air of Glasgow; his daughter and girl-housekeeper, Bunty, a thoroughly wholesome and delightful creature; her sweetheart, Weelum Sprunt, a wonderful piece of character painting; and Susie Simpson, a spinster, with designs on Tammas and no flinching scruples as to the means by which they may be carried into effect. With this material, and some subsidiary characters, Mr. Moffat has evolved a comedy full of humor and of the breezy freshness of the Scottish hills, and the story is interpreted by himself and his little company with admirable skill."

Writing on "Pomander Walk" at the London Playhouse, Truth says: "From Mr. Louis Parker we expect nothing very vital in the way of drama, but he is an adept at conjuring up the atmosphere of a bygone age. This is what he has done with great charm and delicacy in his new comedy.

"Pomander walk—where is it? Close at hand,

Down Chiswick way. Half-way to Fairy-

land."

And we know pretty well what to expect from the moment when a small child appears before the curtain and recites a prologue which ends with these two lines. The scene is a charming one—the little terrace of red-brick houses—the arched circular bench round an old tree—the glimpse of the river in which 'the eyesore' is always fishing without result—the effects of lamplight and moonlight—everything is exquisite and dainty—and as for the story, what matters? It is merely a vehicle for all the old-world charm and sentimentality of the past. It deals tenderly with old love and young love, with quaint and kindly people reminiscent of Miss Mitford. It is a glimpse of life in a little eddy far, very far, removed from the stream of actual life. For in "Pomander Walk" virtue reigns triumphant, and if any have erred in the past saintly forgiveness awaits them here. It is a little play unwrapped out of lavender, and while we could believe in no "Pomander Walk" of the present day—its collectors and the Salvation Army would intrude instead of muffled men and lamp-lighters—it is pleasant to think that in 1805 (the date of the play) there were such little colonies of kindly, simple people who lived and moved and had their being 'half-way to Fairyland.' If you want strong fare you must not go to the Playhouse, but if you can enjoy simple humor you will relish Mr. Cyril Maude's old-fashioned farce, the result of making Mr. Reginald Owen as a dashing young sailor, and dainty Miss Margery Maude, the faded romance of Mme. Lachensais (Miss Winifred Emery), and Lord Oxford (Mr. Norman Forbes), and so on throughout the company of quaint old-world characters."

"Never was there a merrier performance of 'The Merry Wives,' and probably never a better in the modern manner, than last night at His Majesty's," says the critic of the London Times.

"There was, of course, a great deal of horseplay and some quite gorgeous 'ragging.' That is the accepted way of playing the decline and fall of Falstaff in these realistic days. In the mock duel scene, in both the scenes in Ford's house, and at the end, round Herne's oak there were times when all the characters seemed to be falling on the top of one another and rolling about the stage like Rugby football forwards. One almost listened for the referee's whistle, 'to let the men get up.' And no one ragged more heartily and with more abandon than Miss Ellen Terry and Sir Herbert Tree. So that the other actors at least sinned in good company. But it was by no means all 'ragging.' There was art and good acting right through the play, and at the end a quite delightful display of the affection that the public bears to Miss Terry. It was her Mistress Page, womanly, charming, mischievous, full of high spirits and altogether lovable, that gave the keynote to the sympathy of joy. Her personality crossed the footlights, and audience and actors enjoyed every moment of the evening, largely because of the feeling of intimacy that she created between them by just being herself. And she was supported by an unusually good company. Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Mistress Ford was as merry and attractive,

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# MUSIC and the DRAMA

**SEMI-MELODRAMA** of the mining town type was the offering of the Percy Haswell Company this week. And it was given a very enthusiastic reception. One touch of heart interest makes the whole world kin—also kind, even the critics. "The Three of Us," which has been seen here before, is a very good specimen of that sort of play. The story is interesting and holds together well enough for stage illustrations, the dialogue and action are brisk, and the interest is sustained to the end.

The story deals with the endeavor of Rhy Macchesney, the heroine, to hold for herself and her two brothers—"the three of them"—the mine which had been left by her father. Stephen Townley, the hero, gives her in confidence some valuable information that would enable them to make a big mining deal. But Rhy's brother Clem overhears the information and sells it to the villain—who wears riding breeches and smokes cigarettes and smiles sardonically.

"You have betrayed me," says Stephen to Rhy.

"Kind Heavens! say not so!" wails Rhy.

But, of course, after a lot of breathless action and nerve-racking emotion—and Miss Haswell's few impromptu remarks in the third intermission—it all ends happily.

The Percy Haswell Company gives an excellent performance of Miss Crothers' play. Miss Haswell herself is very charming as Rhy Macchesney. In this, as in the rest of Miss Haswell's interpretations, the keynote is sweet womanliness. Henry Hall made a good-looking and thoroughly satisfactory Stephen Townley. And Thomas Emory's work as the rather good-for-nothing brother Clem was one of the best things in the performance. Altogether it is a very good show, and makes one regret all the more keenly the fact that next week Miss Haswell and her players say goodbye till next summer. Auf wiedersehen!

## THE THEATRES

Next week closes the second successful season of Miss Haswell & Company, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. For their "au revoir" they have Jerome K. Jerome's brilliant comedy, "Miss Hobbs," which was last presented in Toronto by the Royal Alexandra players, and those who saw it will remember what a convincing laugh it was. The farce was first given in America at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, with Annie Russell in the title role.

Practically the substance of the farce is the subjugation of a self-elected man, who happens not only to be young and pretty, but also somewhat ignorant as to the sex, who she so boldly denounces. It is hardly necessary to say in advance, that in the end the subjugation is complete and all Miss Hobbs's denunciations are forgiven. The author, as is to be expected of a humorist who has had ample opportunity for familiarizing himself with stage requirements, has turned out a play in which the fun is sustained throughout the entire performance.

Miss Haswell will, of course, be "Miss Hobbs," who thinks she hates men, until she falls in love herself and capitulates. All the other members of the company will have suitable parts.

For next week at Shea's Theatre, Manager Shea has arranged another big vaudeville bill, headed by a newcomer in vaudeville, Aida Overton Walker, who has been a sensation in New York this summer. Miss Walker is assisted by Bobby Kemp and a company of singers and dancers. Other features include next week's bill are: Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson, in "A Stormy Hour"; Earl Reynolds and Nellie Donagan, Whirlwind Skaters; Jarvis & Harrison, "The Fellow and the Girl on the Bench"; the Musical Avolos; the Three Dooleys; and the Kinetograph.

The management of Kinemacolor offer a very attractive programme for their third and final week at the Princess Theatre. Many requests that "Scenes on Lake Garda," "Wines and Liquors," and Part 2 of the "Naval Review at Spithead," be repeated the coming week, have been received, but this will be impossible owing to the fact that already a large and varied programme has been arranged, having as its features, the "Investiture of the Prince of Wales," a fine film preserving for all time the representation of an infrequent Royal ceremony. The procession of the Knights of Garter, amid the solemn and dignified surroundings of Windsor Castle, on the occasion of the investiture of the Prince of Wales is presented in all its grandeur of reality. Other attractive features which show to great advantage the possibilities of colored photography, are also included: King George and Emperor William reviewing the troops in front of the Queen Victoria Memorial, after the unveiling services, May 16th, 1911. "A Day with the Exmoor Stag-hounds," stirring scenes of a hunt of the wild red stags on Exmoor; "Trooping of the Colors," "A Drill by the Boys of Reedham Orphanage," "Farewell to Friends," "Trafalgar Square on Coronation Day."

A return engagement for the latter part of August at some local playhouse, is being arranged, when Kinemacolor views of the King's Tour, through the British Isles, Scenes in North-Western Canada, a trip across the Atlantic, and other attractive features will be shown.

Sam Bernard, who is probably the most popular "German Comedian" in America, is about to start on his first transcontinental tour from New York to the Pacific Coast. Bernard, who appears

under the direct management of the Messrs. Shubert, has always been so popular in New York city that he has had less occasion and less opportunity for touring than most of his competitors. He has never before been West of Omaha, Nebraska, and has finally consented to make the trip, partly out of curiosity and partly as a result of hundreds of urgent requests sent in from local managers of the far-Western cities where the public has never had a chance to see this Broadway favorite.

Mr. Bernard's vehicle for his tour, will be "He Came from Milwaukee," the piece in which he starred for several months last season at the Casino Theatre, in New York, and which was generally proclaimed to be the best vehicle he has ever had. The book is by Mark Swan and Edgar Smith; the lyrics are by Edward Madden; and the music is by Ben M. Jerome, Melville Ellis, and Louis A. Rirsch. The first act shows a hotel at Ostend, the famous Belgium sea-side resort, and the second takes place in front of the Palace at Zurich.

As the title of "He Came from Milwaukee," might suggest, Mr. Bernard plays the role of a German-American, "from the city that made beer famous." He good naturedly consents to impersonate the Prince of an ultra-seditious Bohemian Kingdom, and thereby gets himself into a very complicated and ludicrous situation. The audience even has the pleasure of seeing Sam Bernard crowned, though the functions are radically different from those recently seen in London.

Before starting on his transcontinental tour, Mr. Bernard will appear for two weeks only, at the Herald Square Theatre. His company, which is essentially the same as that of a year ago, includes Nella Bergen, Anna Wheaton, Alice Gordon, Louise Hink, George Baldwin and William Gaston. Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee," will be seen at the Royal Alexandra Theatre.

There is abundance of variety and quality in the Behnman Show, which offers a two-act musical comedy, entitled "The Girl From Broadway," which will be the attraction at the Gayety, opening on Saturday, August 12th, with a matinee, and continuing all next week. The mere story is a good comedy in itself, and the music is above the average. Miss Florence Mills, the star, Mr. Albert Reed and Mr. Harry L. Fraser, have several songs together that go with a dash and swing. Mr. Chas. Falke, the lyric tenor, late of Dockstader's Minstrels, will offer a number of new songs.

Mme. Malvina Lobel, the Yiddish star of the Thalia Theatre, New York, made her Toronto debut at the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End, in Alexander Bisson's "Madame X." Speaking of the performance, a London critic says:—"Mme. Lobel followed rather too closely in the steps of those who have played Jacques, and the result was that, powerful as was her impersonation, it lacked individuality. Her Jacqueline was not her own inspired interpretation. It was studied, yet it was always intensely sincere, dramatic. There were moments in the performance when she suggested heights and depths of emotional power which betoken a truly great talent. On the whole, it was a remarkable performance, and moved the vast audience to superlative enthusiasm. Mme. Lobel is a clever enough actress to pitch her performance in the key of her audience. 'Madame X' will be repeated this evening and on Saturday evening, while 'Camille' will be played on Friday night, and 'The Kreutzer Sonata' on Saturday afternoon."

There is general approval of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," at the London Playhouse. The Standard critic says:—"Mr. Cyril Maude is to be congratulated on a distinct find in the way of genuine comedy, played by a company of exceptional all-round excellence. At the first blush it seemed to be a somewhat risky experiment to bring a Scottish comedy to London to play at Scottish comedy dating back to the Mid-Victorian and crinolene period, but its success was never for a moment in doubt ten minutes after the curtain went up. Throughout the three acts of a story so slight that it would almost vanish in the telling, a delighted audience greeted line after line, and incident after incident, with whole-hearted laughter and applause, and at the close bestowed on Mr. Graham Moffat (the author) and his company an enthusiastic demonstration of their appreciation. Two days cover

the action of the comedy, which takes place in a Scottish village, and the few characters round whom the story ranges are portrayed with admirable art. These are Tammas Biggar, the village tradesman, strict and dour; his son, Rab, who wants to break away from the narrow boundaries of Lintlehaugh, and breathe the stronger air of Glasgow; his daughter and girl-housekeeper, Bunty, a thoroughly wholesome and delightful creation; her sweetheart, Weelum Sprunt, a wonderful piece of character painting; and Susie Simpson, a spinster, with designs on Tammas and no flinching scruples as to the means by which they may be carried into effect. With this material, and some subsidiary characters, Mr. Moffat has evolved a comedy full of humor and of the breezy freshness of the Scottish hills, and the story is interpreted by himself and his little company with admirable skill."

Writing on "Pomander Walk" at the London Playhouse, Truth says:—"From Mr. Louis Parker we expect nothing very vital in the way of drama, but he is an adept at conjuring up the atmosphere of a bygone age. This is what he has done with great charm and delicacy in his new comedy, 'Pomander Walk—where is it? Close at hand, Down Chiswick way. Half-way to Fairyland.'"

And we know pretty well what to expect from the moment when a small child appears before the curtain and recites a prologue which ends with these two lines. The scene is a charming one—the little terrace of red-brick houses—the arbor—the circular bench round the tree—the glimpse of the river in which 'the eyecore' is always fishing without result—the effects of lamplight and moonlight—everything is exquisite and dainty—and as for the story, what matters? It is merely a vehicle for atmosphere. It deals tenderly with old love and young love, with quaint and kindly people reminiscent of Miss Mitford. It is a glimpse of life in a little eddy far, very far, removed from the rude stream of actual life. For in 'Pomander Walk' virtue reigns triumphant, and if any have erred in the past saintly forgiveness awaits them here. It is a little play unwrapped out of lavender, and while we could believe in no 'day-tal collectors and the Salvation Army would intrude instead of muffin men and lamp-lighters—it is pleasant to think that in 1805 (the date of the play) there were such little colonies of kindly, simple people who lived and moved and had their being 'half-way to Fairyland.' If you want strong fare you must not go to the Playhouse, but if you can enjoy simple humor you will relish Mr. Cyril Maude's old retired admiral, the love making of Mr. Reginald Owen as a dashing young sailor, and dainty Miss Margery Maude, the faded romance of Mme. Lachensals (Miss Winifred Emery), and Lord Oxford (Mr. Norman Forbes), and so on throughout the company of quaint old-world characters."

"Never was there a merrier performance of 'The Merry Wives,' and probably never a better in the modern manner, than last night at His Majesty's," says the critic of the London Times. "There was, of course, a great deal of horseplay and some quite gorgeous 'ragging.' That is the accepted way of playing the decline and fall of Falstaff in these realistic days. In the mock duel scene, in both the scenes in Ford's house, and at the end, round Herne's oak, there were times when all the characters seemed to be falling on the top of one another and rolling about the stage like Rugby football forwards. One listened for the referee's whistle, 'to let the men get up.' And no one ragged more heartily and with more abandon than Miss Ellen Terry and Sir Herbert Tree. So that the other actors at least since in good company. But it was by no means all 'ragging.' There was art and good acting right through the play, and at the end a quite delightful display of the affection that the public bears to Miss Terry. It was her Mistress Page womanly, charming, mischievous, full of high spirits, and altogether lovable, that gave the keynote to the symphony of jollity. Her personality crossed the footlights, and audience and actors enjoyed every moment of the evening, largely because of the feeling of intimacy that she created between them by just being herself. And she was supported by an unusually good company. Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Mistress Ford was as merry and attractive,

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of spontaneity left by his performances, says "The Queen." There is too much anxiety to make points and to insist over-much upon the power of a voice that stands in no need of such recommendation; indeed, the more quietly Mr. Beddoe sang the greater was his success, since he is apt to lose control over his tone on high notes. There was genuine expression, however, in Strauss' "Du Meines Herzens Knechtchen" and "Allerseelen," both of which proved how artistic his singing can be when the full force of his voice is expended in the effort to obtain a powerful climax. A little-known air from Mehul's "Joseph" began the programme, and a good deal of the charm of four songs by Mr. Beddoe was realized in the performance, though here, too, there was some rather violent contrasts between extremes of tone.

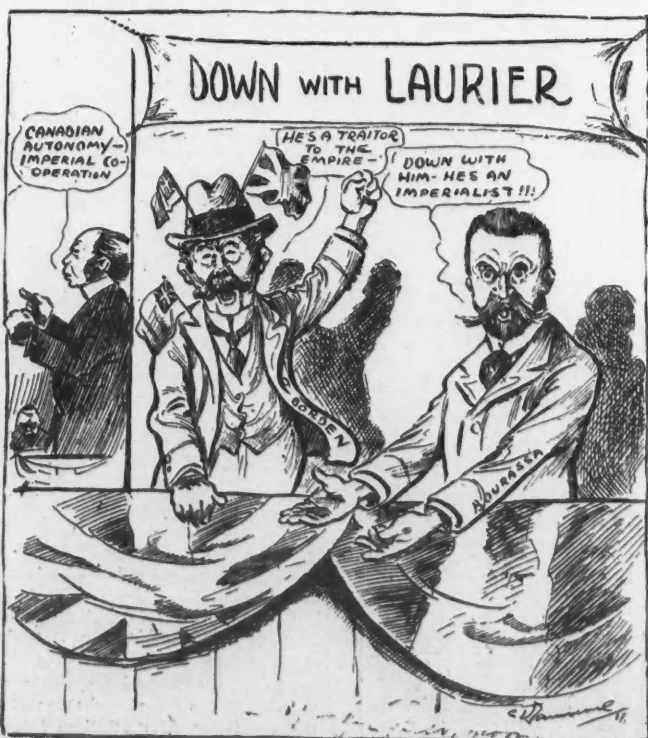
Frederick Delius has been, like Sir Edward Elgar self taught, excepting, of course, what he has learnt from books and from the scores of the great masters. Instruction from competent teachers is for most students a good thing; it guides them and saves them much time. On the other hand, exceptional musicians, those who feel that they have a message to deliver, find their individuality strengthened by self study, self-research, even by errors of judgment into which they may have fallen. Until Mr. Thomas Beecham began to perform Delius' works, very little was known of his music in England. His "Favre's" "Appalachia," his opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet" were all produced in Germany. On the evening of Friday, June 16, Mr. Beecham gave a symphony concert at Queen's Hall, the programme of which was entirely devoted to Delius. It opened with "Appalachia," which is described as "Variations on an Old Slave Melody." This melody, it is true, is always more or less prominent, but the variations suggest moods. It is a work which will only gradually reveal its secrets. Then came a novelty, "Songs of Sunset," for mezzo-soprano and baritone, chorus and orchestra. There is some exquisite music in this song cycle, notably in the earlier part, and in the closing soprano solo. The two excellent soloists were Madame Julia Culp and Mr. Thorpe Bates.

Susanne Von Morway, who recently made a first appearance in England, was born in Tisza-Szalok (Hungary) on Oct. 8, 1885, hence is only in her sixteenth year. When only eleven she played a Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody in public, and very soon afterwards Liszt's E flat Concerto at Buda Pesth. The principal of the Academy of Music there, when that work was presented, thought it would be an absurdity for a child to attempt it, but after the performance he took the child in his arms and said, "So must Liszt himself have wished it to be played." Other accounts of her wonderful achievements have been related. Announcements of this kind lead to great expectations which are seldom realized. With Miss Morway this, however, was not the case. She commenced her recital with Liszt's transcription of Bach's great organ Phantasy and Fugue in G minor, and this was rendered with skill, strength, and intelligence; no allowance had to be made for her age. Her second piece was Beethoven's Sonata in F sharp, Op. 78. There was no sign of the work with the technique, but, after all, the work is not enormously difficult. What in her performance most struck us was the style clear in which she presented the music; there was poetry and life in it. Liszt's Sonata in B minor came next on the programme. It is perhaps impossible to say which is the most difficult piece ever written for the pianoforte, but without hesitation it may be said that the Sonata in question demands sure, strong, and agile fingers, also that to give an adequate rendering of it the performer must not make the audience feel that the music is giving him or her any trouble. And it was in this very respect that Miss Morway was so successful. She not only conquered but concealed the difficulties by the brilliancy and ease of her playing. From beginning to end there was no sign of either hesitation or fatigue. After Liszt came Chopin, and in the music of the latter she was also heard to great advantage. Miss Morway, it is true, tempted at times to show how strong her fingers are—in other words, the tone was too powerful; but most likely that was due to excitement.

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## CANADIAN OYSTER COMPANY.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that the first part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 30th day of June, 1911, incorporating Thomas Mosley, Charles Mosley and Joseph Mosley, oystermen; Charles Elliott and Frank William Carey, barristers, all of the city of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz.:—(a) To acquire, buy, grow, cultivate, preserve, can, cure, store, import, export, sell, trade, deal in and dispose of oysters, shell fish, fish and sea food; (b) To manufacture and deal in vessels, cases, cans, boxes, barrels, packages, and containers for shipping, handling, delivering and holding oysters, shell fish, fish and sea food; (c) To acquire by purchase, lease, exchange, grant, concession or otherwise, and to hold lands, water lots, water rights and privileges, liberties, licenses, easements, concessions and powers, rights and interests therein, and also property of every kind and description, including personal and movable property, and to build upon, develop, cultivate, farm, improve and utilize the same, and to sell, exchange, lease, or otherwise deal with and dispose of the same, and to take such security therefor as may be necessary; (d) To own, lease, charter, construct, improve, maintain, erect, manage, carry on, and control, use and operate any tramways, and railway sidings on the company's properties, cars, locomotives, roadways, bridges, docks, piers, ships, vessels, boats, dredges, dredging apparatus, wharves, mills, canneries, warehouses, store houses, electric works, shops, stores, houses for employees of company and other works and conveniences which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company's interests, and to contribute to, subsidize or otherwise assist or take part in the construction, improvement, maintenance, erection, management, carrying on or control thereof; (e) To purchase, lease or otherwise acquire, and to manufacture, manipulate, repair, use, import, export, deal in, sell or otherwise dispose of all kinds of machinery, machines, apparatus, devices, articles, contrivances, fixtures, instruments, materials, implements, and tools which may be useful, necessary or profitable, or capable of being used in the carrying on of the business of this company; (f) To purchase, lease or otherwise acquire, undertake, and assume as a going concern, all or any of the business, undertaking, property, privileges, contracts, rights, obligations, liberties, and assets, including the good-will of any person, firm, company or corporation carrying on any business which this company is authorized to carry on or any business similar thereto, or possessing any properties suitable for the purposes of the company; (g) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire, any patents, licenses, concessions, and the like conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited right to use any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to apply for, maintain, improve, register, lease, purchase, or otherwise acquire, hold, sell, grant, and dispose of any patents, licenses, concessions, trade marks, trade names, copyrights, brands, and labels, and to use exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of or otherwise turn to account the property, rights, or information so acquired. (h) To carry on any other business, whether manufacturing or otherwise which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the business or objects of the company, and necessary to enable the company to carry on profitably its undertakings, or conducive to the attainment of the objects of the company or any of them; (i) To purchase, take, exchange, acquire, own, hold, deal in, sell, or otherwise dispose of shares, stock, bonds, debentures, or other securities or obligations of any other company or corporation, notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act; (j) To make cash advances to customers and others having dealings with the company, and to raise and assist in raising money for and to aid by way of bonds, loans, promises, endorsements, guarantee or otherwise any person, firm, company or corporation, and to act as employee, agent or manager of any such company or corporation, and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such person, firm, company or corporation, or by any person or persons with whom the company may have business relations; (k) To amalgamate or consolidate with, subsidize, assist, or enter into partnership, or into any arrangement or agreement for sharing profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concessions or otherwise with any person, firm, company or corporation now or hereafter carrying on or engaged in, or about to carry on or engage in, any business or transaction which this company is authorized to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly benefit the company; (l) To apply to and enter into any arrangement or contract with any authority, governmental, municipal, local or otherwise that may seem conducive to the company's objects, or any of them, and to obtain from such authority and enjoy, carry on and exercise any grants, powers, franchises, rights, privileges and concessions which the company may consider desirable to obtain; (m) To employ brokers, commission agents, and underwriters upon any issue of shares, debentures or other securities of the company, and to provide for the remuneration of such persons for their services by payment in cash or by the issue of fully paid-up and non-assessable, or partly paid-up shares, debentures or other securities of the company, or by the granting of options to take the same or in any other manner allowed by law; (n) To draw, make, accept, endorse, discount, execute and issue promissory notes, bills of exchange, bills of lading and other negotiable and transferable instruments; (o) To procure the company to be registered or recognized in any part of the British Empire, and in any foreign country, and to designate any person or persons therein according to the laws thereof to represent this company and to accept service for and on behalf of this company of any process or suit; (p) To adopt such means of making known the products of the company as may seem expedient, and in particular by advertising in the press, by circulars and by publication of books and periodicals. (q) To invest and deal with the moneys of the company not immediately required in such manner as may from time to time be determined; (r) To act as agents for any person, firm, company or corporation carrying on a similar business; (s) To lease, sell, improve, manage, develop, exchange, turn to account or otherwise deal with or dispose of any portion or all of the properties, assets and undertakings of the company for such consideration as the company may deem fit, including shares, debentures, bonds or other securities or obligations of any other person, firm, company or corporation; (t) From time to time to do any one or more of the acts and things herein set forth and to exercise and enjoy all such rights and privileges, and to do such other acts and things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them, and also to carry on any business or businesses germane to the purposes and objects above set forth, and to lend money to any person, firm, company or corporation carrying on a business similar in whole or in part to that of the company or subsidiary thereto and to guarantee the contracts or otherwise assist any such person, firm, company or corporation and to accept as security for such loan and guarantee any security that may be offered by such person, firm, company or corporation, and to take or otherwise acquire shares or securities of any such company or corporation and sell, hold, and re-issue with or without guarantee, or otherwise deal with the same, and guarantee from time to time the payment of dividends and interest on any stock, shares, bonds, debentures or other securities or obligations issued by any company or corporation in which this company is interested; (u) To distribute among the shareholders of the company in kind any property of the company, and in particular any shares, debentures, securities or obligations in any other companies which the company may have power to dispose of, and to do all acts, and to exercise all powers necessary to carrying on any business incidental to, or that can be conveniently carried on in connection with the business of the company; (v) To issue paid-up and non-assessable shares, or partly paid-up shares, whether subscribed for or not, bonds, debentures or other securities for the payment, either in whole or in part, of any property real or personal, movable or immovable, contracts, engagements, secret methods or information, services rendered, rights, leases, businesses, franchises, guarantees, undertakings, easements, powers, privileges, licenses or concessions which this company may lawfully acquire, or in payment or part payment of, or in exchange for shares, stock, bonds, debentures, or other securities of this or any other company doing a business similar or incidental to the business of this company; (w) To sell, lease, exchange or otherwise dispose of, or deal with all or any part of the property, rights or undertaking of the company for such consideration as the company may think proper, and in particular for shares, bonds, debentures or other securities of any company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company; (x) To acquire from Thomas Mosley all or any contracts, engagements, rights and privileges, secret or other methods of information in connection with the obtaining, shipping, handling, delivering, growing, cultivating, preserving, canning, curing, importing, exporting, selling, trading, dealing in and disposing of oysters, shell fish, fish and sea food; (y) To do all or any of the above things either alone or in conjunction with and as principals, agents, factors, trustees or attorneys; (z) Any powers granted in any paragraph shall not be limited or restricted by reference to or inference from any other paragraph. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "The Canadian Oyster Company, Limited," with a capital stock of forty thousand dollars divided into 4,000 shares of ten dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 5th day of July, 1911.

THOMAS MULVEY,  
Under-Secretary of State.

### "That's Good"

This unique photograph was taken by one of W. & A. Gilbey's representatives in Central Africa. Needless to say, the bottle, the contents of which is being so much appreciated by the tiger cub, contained milk when the photo was taken. The famous "Spey Royal" Scotch Whisky can be obtained in every part of the world.



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and entered into the fun of the plot against the fat knight as naturally and heartily as Mistress Page herself. And Miss Viva Birkett was sweet Anna Page in every movement and look. Mr. Arthur Bourcier, as Master Ford, the one character who was in deadly earnest, made an excellent foil for the plotters and the lookers-on, which was presum-

still the foremost exponent of the virtuoso school. His other solos were equally light in character, and included a new and graceful Berceuse by Randecker, jun. (the programme gave no clue to his initials), while, to add to the conventional character of the scheme, the group ended with the familiar "Petit Mobile" of Ries. Herr Raab



Mr. Borassa-Bourden, the Headline Artist of the Conservative Vaudeville.  
—Toronto Globe.

ably what Shakespeare meant him to do. It was a wonderfully thoughtful study of deeply felt jealousy, as cunning as it was furious, and one of the best bits of acting of the evening."

## MUSIC

In these days of industrial and commercial activity it is pleasant to note an awakening in many places along the lines of development of musical appreciation. In this advancement the town band in some of our Ontario communities plays an important part. We had a good instance of this in the performance last Saturday and Sunday at Scarborough Beach of the Preston Silver Band. It is really a most creditable organization and reflects very favorably the progressive spirit of its home town. The band plays with a good, broad musical tone, and shows evidence of careful training on the part of the bandmaster, Mr. Jno. Holland. The Faust and Axtilla selections on Sunday were the band's most ambitious efforts, and evidently gave considerable pleasure to the thousands of hearers. It is an additional credit to the band that only Preston players were brought to Toronto.

It is always a matter of difficulty to get together a large audience towards the close of the musical season, but the good attendance at the Queen's Hall on July 1 proved that the name of Kubelik is still one to conjure with, says "The Queen." Yet the programme was not exceptionally attractive from a musical point of view, since Beethoven's Piano-forte and Violin Sonata in G minor, from Op. 30, was the only work in which the executive ability of the performer is of less importance than the music itself. No doubt Herr Kubelik realized this, for he seemed anxious that his share of the ensemble should not stand out too prominently. Herr Alexander Raab's treatment of the piano part, on the other hand, erred somewhat on the side of vigor, particularly in the first and last movements, and though the balance was better adjusted in the adagio, both players were heard to better advantage in their respective solos. Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor is not a work of much importance, and by constant repetition it has lost any freshness it may once have possessed. Its attraction for virtuoso players, however, is easily explained by the opportunities it affords for the display of their special gifts, and in the brilliant and facile performance given by Herr Kubelik there was ample evidence that the violinist is



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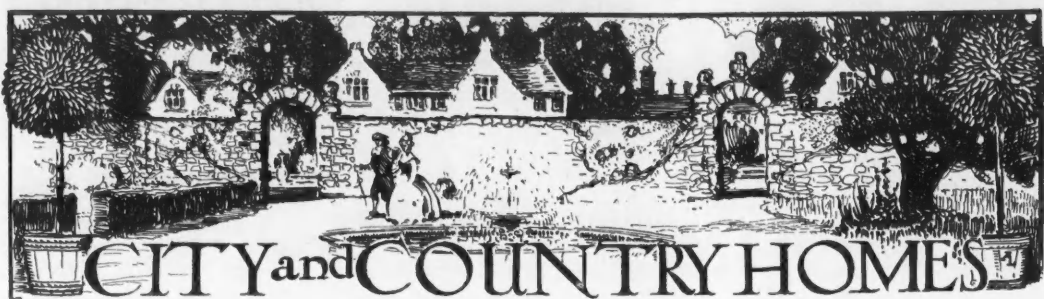


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GEORGE Ade was talking at a June wedding in Chicago about matrimony. "Matrimony is perhaps a little too much idealized," he said. "These June brides, radiant under their white veils in a glitter of June sunshine, seem capable of changing earth into heaven, but as a matter of fact they are not capable of anything of the sort. I am in hearty sympathy with old Brown, to whom young Black said at a wedding: 'A good wife can make a veritable angel of a man.' 'Yes, that's so,' old Brown agreed. 'My wife came near making one of me with her first batch of doughnuts.'"

When a fellow is afraid he can't live without a certain girl, he might marry her and find out how easy it is.



### Why Not Real Country Houses?

A VISITING English architect asked not long ago "Why have so many of your country residences such a suburban look?" writes Herbert S. Stone, in The House Beautiful. Is it that you expect the cities shortly to engulf everything within a hundred-mile radius? The criticism was a just one. Far too many of our so-called country houses, built in distinctly rural districts, smack too much of the suburbs. They suggest rather an environment of level lawn and macadamized straight roads with regular cross streets, than the true country background of winding roads, hills and valleys, and plenty of woodland not far off. There is, and should be, a difference of type between a house in the country and a house on the outskirts of a large city. That the difference has been too often ignored is perhaps as much the fault of the architect as of the client, for we look to the former to educate the latter. Would it not have been possible, for instance, to persuade the owner who built the huge white classic pile just outside of Greenwich, Conn., that his pretentious palace is utterly out of harmony with the soft blue hills that roll back from the Sound?

This inadaptability of the house to its environment is most noticeable in smaller work, where, generally, a too pronounced rectangularity suggests some imaginary fixed cornice or street line. We do not advise the procedure of an ambitious but very literal lady in Jersey who, hearing this criticism made, decided to avoid rectangularity by having all rooms shoot off at an angle of forty-five degrees from her entrance hall, and then was astonished that the bids for such freak construction exceeded her purse by several thousands. What we mean is that the country house offers, as no town or suburban residence can, the opportunity of expressing exteriorly, the purpose of the building. The service wing should be subservient to the main portion; the laundry, tool-house and other necessary appendages should cluster around the dominant portion in such a way as to spread it out—tie it to the ground and to help build up an interesting and varied silhouette. To cram all these into one cubical structure is a false expression, tolerable only where land is so valuable that the amount of it at the architect's command is limited. The work of Mr. Wilson Eyre, of Philadelphia, or of Messrs. Albro & Lindeberg, of New York, illustrates most aptly and charmingly what are the special characteristics of the country house—a preponderance of roof irregular in form (especially where there is a rolling horizon); a roofing material of rough quality such as heavy slates with shaggy edges, or tiles or shingles of unequal exposure and varied tones; irregular fenestration that looks accidental, but that in reality has been carefully studied to take advantage of every desirable point in the garden or beyond; and, most important of all, perhaps, the long, low effect.

Even the layman, if he choose to dwell for a moment on the foregoing list of characteristics desirable in a country house, cannot fail to see how their informality must be consonant with Nature's own work. Nature, in most positive contradiction to mechanical labor, eschews unvarying accuracy and precision of line or tone, routine repetitions of forms and patterns, impeccable smoothness of surface and finish. She despises all dead level sameness, and instead manifests herself in an infinite variety of shapes, colors, textures. Moreover, she does not try to disguise how she did her work, by eliminating all traces of the process by which the tree or the stone grew; therefore, wherever we are fortunate enough to get a bit of hand work executed, by all means let us ask that the tool marks be frankly shown as they were in the olden days. All these are points that the client must be educated up to; he must be weaned away from that machine precision which is without all feeling and emotion, that unsympathetic accuracy which is the trade ideal of "a good job." We know a man who, when he saw the plaster walls of his new house finished to that execrable white smoothness demanded by the paper hangers, exclaimed that it was a pity to cover such perfect workmanship, and sent his paper-hangers packing! This man was probably a hopeless case; but there are others who can be shown the error of their ways and

nowhere can they get a better object lesson than in distinguishing between the semi-formality of the suburban house and the informality of the country house.

### Lightning Conductors.

THUNDER and lightning have been the most universally awe-inspiring of Nature's phenomena in all ages of the world, and lightning was, undoubtedly, the first manifestation of electricity to be vouchsafed to man. This being so, it seems strange that in these days of advanced electrical research there should be so little positive knowledge available concerning it. Lightning was not identified with electricity until the eighteenth century and in the twentieth we cannot better protect our buildings from the ravages of the lightning stroke than by following the precepts of Franklin as elaborated by Maxwell. Maxwell in this, as in other matters, has proved himself the greatest of electrical prophets, his proposed modifications of Franklin's isolated lightning rods into a network of conductors running along the angles of a building being very much on the lines of the latest recommendations of the Lightning Research Committee.

There does not yet appear to be any general consensus of opinion among those who have studied the question as to how the clouds acquire a charge of electricity sufficiently great to cause repeated lightning flashes sometimes as much as two miles long. Recent research into the electrical conditions at high altitudes shows that the air there is electrically charged. In that case, the theory that it is the coalition of minute particles of vapor, ultimately forming raindrops, which causes the high charge of electricity in a thunder-cloud would seem to be a feasible one. The minute vapor particles have a much larger superficial area in the aggregate than the rain drop which contains many of them, and as the electrical charge resides entirely on the surface there is less room for any given quantity of electricity after the coalescence has taken place than there was before, and consequently the potential of the charge is greatly increased. It also seems to be proved that the light and heat of the sun to some extent electrically charge the bodies on which they fall directly, and that the interposition of a cloud annuls this effect. It is, therefore, possible to assume this to be one of the contributory causes of a thunder-cloud. Cyclonic winds with horizontal axes, which are assumed to act in the manner of a frictional electrical machine, and other natural phenomena, have at one time and another been pressed into the service of furnishing explanations of the electrical charge. Whichever of the above theories may be the true one, and it is quite possible that all are true to some extent, it is to the avoidance of damage to life and property that the designers of lightning conductors must address themselves; and the problem is a difficult one on account of the cataclysmic nature of the lightning stroke. During the short period that it lasts many thousands of horse-power have to be dissipated, and this must be done harmlessly.

Sir Oliver Lodge, who has perhaps been more active in lightning research than any other scientist in this country, divides lightning strokes into two classes—Class A, when a cloud becomes highly charged and discharges steadily on to the earth beneath, occasional flashes between cloud and earth may pass; but these can be readily dealt with by an efficient system of lightning conductors. In any case, the points of the conductors are a means of silently discharging that part of the cloud which lies immediately above them, so that the stroke is less likely to take place in their immediate vicinity. A stroke of the B class is much more complicated, and occurs when a flash passes between cloud and cloud, leaving an unbalanced charge of electricity on the lower side of the lower cloud, which immediately flashes to earth with terrible violence and travels in a most erratic path. Cases have been known where the flash has travelled half-way down an isolated lightning conductor and then left it, piercing brick walls and running to earth through gas pipes, water pipes, and even bell wires.

The only way to protect a building absolutely from such flashes would be to build a gigantic wire cage over it; and as this is impracticable, the next best arrangement is to fix lightning conductors in a manner repre-



Library at "The Orchard," the summer home of James L. Brees, a prominent New York millionaire.

—Vogue.

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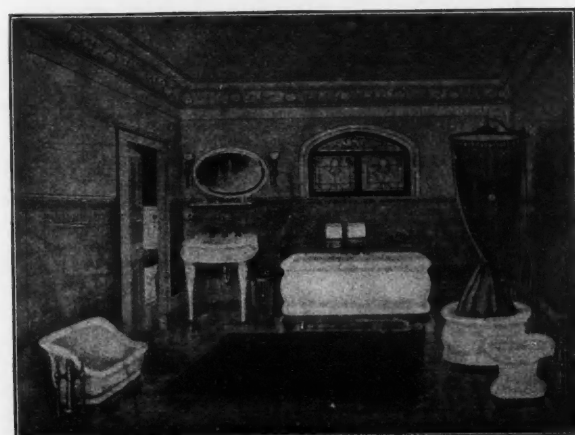
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HE had the poet's instinct for leaving practical matters to others. But his father-in-law to be did not know this. "Look here, young fellow," he said, "I think it's about time the date of your marriage with my daughter was fixed." "Yes, perhaps," the young man agreed. "But I am leaving that entirely to Ermytrude." "Ah! Is it to be a quiet or a stylish wedding?" "I think, sir," answered the young man quietly, "I can leave that safely in the hands of Mrs. Bullion." "Yet quite so!" nodded Mr. Bullion. "But a young fellow generally has some idea with regard to the expenses—bridesmaids' gifts, you know." —by the way, what is your income?" "Well, that, sir," said the young man modestly, "I am leaving entirely to you."

"Father," said the beautiful daughter of the American millionaire, "I wish you would explain to me the difference between a baron and a baronet." "I don't know exactly," he replied, "but if it's goin' to be more than \$500,000 you can just make up your mind that you'll have to take the one that comes cheapest."

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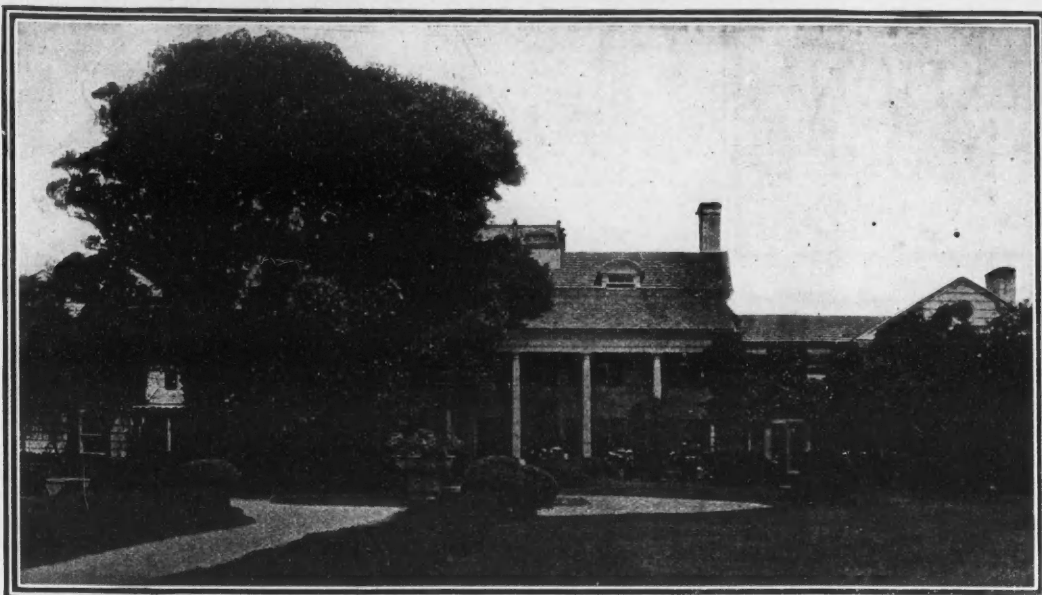
## Star Brand BACON

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LACK of experience had led Mr. Simkins to a fairly fashionable restaurant. He could not understand a word of French, but, determined that he would not necessarily display his ignorance before the waiter, he pointed to an item and said: "I'll have some of that, please." The waiter looked compassionate. "I'm sorry, sir," he said gently, "but the band is playing that just at present."

If angels play the harp, as we are led to suppose, let us hope they play it better than the average amateur.

Many a girl who sits on a young man's knee eventually has to sue him for support.



Exterior of "The Orchard," the summer home of James L. Brees, a prominent New York millionaire. Two old farmhouses are used as wings to the main part of this attractive house. —Vogue.

senting the framework of such a cage. This can be done by erecting a number of small rods on the various prominent features of the building (one is wholly insufficient, save in very exceptional cases) and connecting them all together by means of conductors running along the roof ridges and supported a few inches above them. Horizontal conductors should also be run to the rain water pipes, iron finials, etc.; in short, to all the external metal work on the building. The vertical conductors which join the rods to earth should run straight down the side of the building, and to enable this to be done easily they should be held a few inches away from the wall by special bolts so that they will clear any projecting masonry without leaving the direct line. The bottom end of the conductor should be connected to a metallic plate surrounded by a quantity of broken coke and buried in permanently damp ground. If this last condition cannot be fulfilled without excavating to a great depth, a "tubular earth" can be used; in this case the conductor is led into a pointed iron tube which is driven into the ground and filled with broken carbon, a little water from the nearest rain-water pipe is diverted into this tube, and leaks through the bottom of it, keeping the ground moist all round. The manufacturers of lightning conductors still make them, for the most part, of copper, though the best scientific authorities have declared iron to be quite as good from an electrical point of view, the disadvantage being that it corrodes more easily.

In the case of a country house well away from the smoky atmosphere of towns galvanized iron conductors ought to be quite satisfactory, and, of course, very much cheaper. The very fact that they are more liable to corrosion than copper is, to the writer's mind, an additional element of safety, because it makes a periodical inspection necessary. It is most unwise to assume that lightning conductors in copper or any other material, having once been erected, require no further supervision. In the course of time many things may happen to them at the hands of workmen engaged in repairs to the building, and a thorough inspection by a qualified person, say, once in three years, would appear to be a very necessary precaution.

There is no reason why a system of lightning conductors should be at all unsightly, but British manufacturers do not seem to have grasped the fact that the terminal of a lightning rod is necessarily part of the decorative scheme of the building, and one sometimes sees some grotesque examples of scientific philistinism which architects and electricians on the Continent would have avoided.

It is sometimes asked, which is the safest place during a storm? A banker's steel strong-room would protect anyone inside it absolutely, but few would allow their fear of lightning to carry them so far as to make use of that. The next safest place is a house with an efficient system of lightning conductors. It is perhaps needless to say that lightning conductors should not be handled or even approached too nearly during a storm, and the same caution applies to any metal work connected to them.—Maurice Hird in Country Life.

### New Building Materials.

WE are all familiar with the lament over our vanishing forests. But the deficiency of lumber, like many another evil, has its one little kindly aspect—the benefit in this case being that the merits of other building materials are forced upon the attention of the public. This, until the day arrives when it shall be a punishable offense to erect ugly houses, is much to be thankful for.

Wood in the hands of an artist is, perhaps, the most sympathetic of all materials; but under the reign of the jerry-builder and the jig-sawyer it has been converted into more atrocities than all its competitors put together. Stock-siding, novelty-sheathing, turned piazza posts, patterned shingles and fancy lace trimmings are simply impossible in stucco, stone, or brick. These latter, even in the hands of the most commercial builders, can hardly become quite such eyesores as are the wooden cottages at many of our shore resorts.

The very word concrete seems to express simplicity, and its introduction was a timely relief. But unfortunately, the public was so soon educated up to the distinctive results obtainable in it, and the building trades up to the methods of constructing in it, than a company offers, for a few hundred dollars, to turn out concrete houses for the working people at twenty-four hours' notice! And each house to resemble the other like so many sugar cookies baked in the same mould! Surely the taste of the working people already suffers overmuch from commercialism in every other field, without its claiming the very house itself. Bad art in the home is worse than bad art anywhere else, since its influence is unremitting—it faces one morning, noon and night. Why not turn for inspiration to the English "model villages" in brick, stucco and timber combined? These workmen's cottages, erected at a minimum cost, are little works of art, and should be the death-blow to the further standardization in America of houses or house materials.—The House Beautiful.

### Why Not Have Swimming Pool?

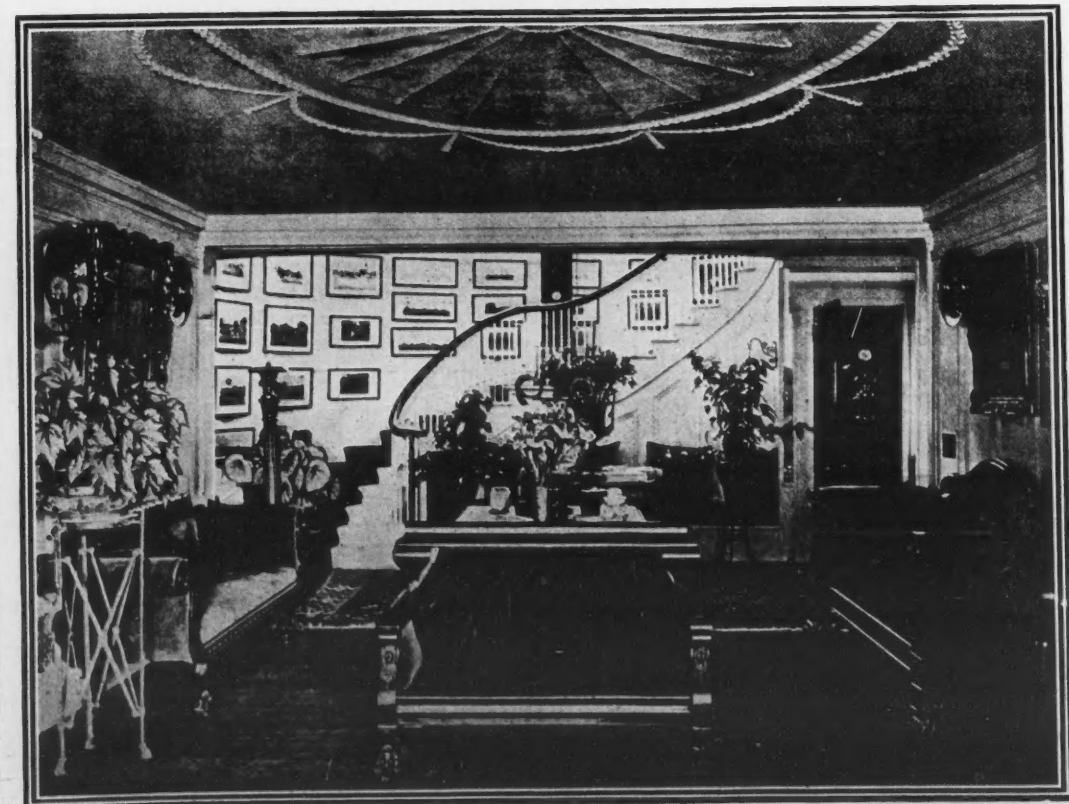
IT is perfectly feasible for every man of means, and moderate means at that, to provide for himself and his children an outdoor swimming tank or pool that will afford the greatest recreation during the summer, says Suburban Life. No need to coax or drive the boy into this sort of bath; to keep him out will be the problem. Here he will learn to dive and swim, an art every boy and girl should master.

It may be stated at once that outdoor swimming pools are neither expensive nor difficult to construct. As concrete is the only material that will make a perfectly watertight pool at anything like its cost, it is almost universally used for that purpose. Not only are the structural materials cheap—that is to say, cement, sand and stone—but likewise labor; for a pool may be built by unskilled workmen.

Concrete usually consists of Portland cement, sand and crushed rock. When more convenient to obtain it, clean gravel (sand and pebbles) can be used instead of the sand and crushed rock. Frequently the gravel may be had for the hauling. In such case the construction is exceedingly cheap, as only Portland cement must needs be bought.

The swimming pool may be located anywhere except on recently made ground. If possible, place it in the open sunshine, so that water may receive the full benefit of the sun's heat. The tank need not be its entire depth in the ground, but must be sunk deep enough to secure a firm foundation, and it is also important to have the bottom below frost. The side walls should extend at least one foot above the ground level, in order to keep out flood water. A height of three feet is better, as the side walls will then serve as a railing or fence, as well as affording a good height for a dive for the youngsters.

The man who is born to command should avoid women.

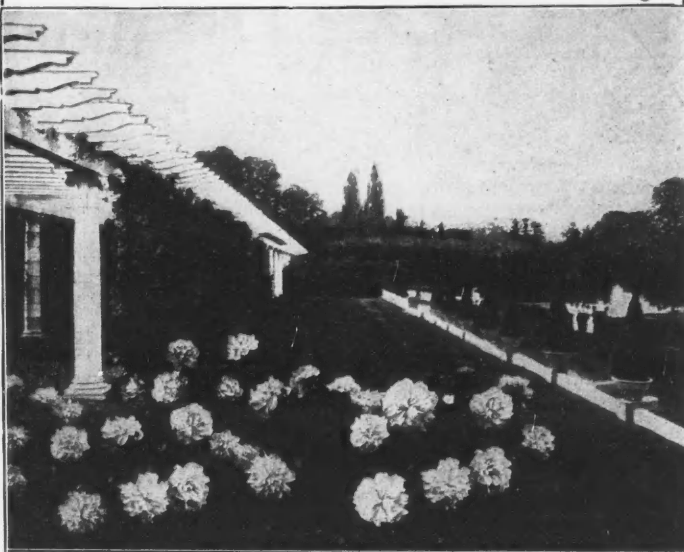


Hall and stairway at "The Orchard," the summer home of James L. Brees, a prominent New York millionaire. —Vogue.

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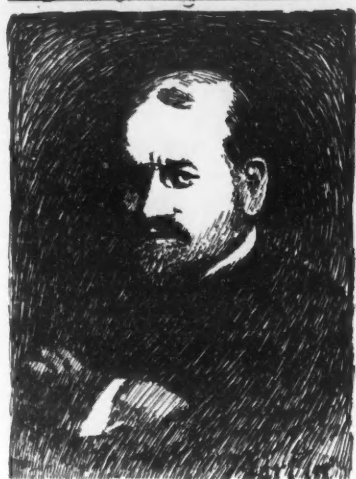
Mr. Cutler, of Washington, was making his rounds in his electric runabout one morning when he had the bad luck to bump into and upset a pedestrian. The doctor looked behind, and, seeing the man still supine on the road, he turned his runabout and came back, intending to stop beside the poor fellow and help him. But the car shot a yard or two beyond the mark and hit the man again just as he was getting up. With a groan he fell back, and the horrified doctor turned his runabout once more and this time approached

with great caution. As he very slowly and carefully steered toward his unfortunate victim, an excited spectator shouted from the sidewalk: "Look out, he's coming at you again." Thereupon the man scrambled up and ran away as fast as a painful limp would let him.

Queer how a girl can brighten a young man's life simply by turning down the light.

Ever notice that when a girl marries a man to reform him she always picks out a rich one?





## THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

(Copyright.)

By  
Dr. Andrew Macphail

Forty years ago in the country districts of Canada—and all Canada was country then—there was no education of the people, that is, of the kind which is now considered indispensable. Few children were taught to assign names to the weeds of the field—and somehow weeds seem to have become more common as their names are better known. In those days a weed was a weed and a flower a flower. The one was ruthlessly rooted out and cast into the fire or upon the public highway to be trodden under foot. The flower was cherished, and the sum of beauty was as great then as it is now.

In this spectacle of weeds upon the highway there was an element of moral training which is missed in a collection of plants made up impartially of weeds and flowers gummed on sheets and marked with dainty labels. If this ancient child lacked the profound knowledge of systematic botany which the modern child enjoys, he was able to distinguish the "triticum" from the "triticum repens." What is more important, he acquired a passion for eradicating the thorn and the thistle and cherishing the herb of the field by which men shall live. In the sweat of his face he learned that there is really a distinction between good and evil, and by his hatred of the weed he learned to hate the evil which is in the world. His mind was enlarged, his sympathy deepened, and his judgment made sharp by his knowledge that a flower might degenerate into a weed and a weed be transformed into a flower. If he did not learn much about botany, he acquired a philosophy of life.

Nor did the child of the villager fare much better. He received no laborious instruction in the art of making a towel rack. The family sitting room was adorned by no rolling pin suspended by a knot of blue ribbon. The best he knew of carpentry was acquired in the woodshed where he employed a precious leisure in constructing a stout sled which would bear him swiftly down the frozen hillside. If this young craftsman had an eye for beauty he could gratify his feeling for design at the slight cost of a winsome behavior towards the village carpenter or blacksmith. That was the price which he paid for the secret of their crafts, and so he learned good manners. He became a serious man at an age when a modern scholar is a mere play-boy unskilled in the first rudiments of the lesson of life. I do not mean, of course, that there were no schools in those days or no education. There were plenty of schools and much education of a kind which must seem very queer to those who have had no experience of an education which was designed solely for its effect upon the character of the pupil.

I have in mind such a school. Indeed, this piece of clumsy dictation is being made almost upon its site. The theory which prevailed in those days was that somehow the master made the school. He called him master because he was master, not teacher, because teaching was the last thing he thought of doing. Also, he was master outside of the school as well as within, and he would drag from the field any recalcitrant boy whom he thought likely to be benefited by his ministrations. This master had no appliances to make study amusing or interesting. His only piece of apparatus was a short stick, of good grain and sound heart, or a dichotomous piece of leather properly tempered by smoke and fire. To temper this instrument was considered as necessary an accomplishment as the mending of a pen. A master who could not manufacture his tools was as ill considered as a blacksmith who should forge an axe which would not hold its edge.

In those days there were very few professors, but there were plenty of schoolmasters, which is in singular contrast with the present state of affairs, when the universities are crowded with professors who hold classes for two hours a day five days in the week for five months in the year, and the schools are left to the tenderness and mercy of immature girls and celibate women. To be a professor was easy. To be a good schoolmaster was given to few. I have seen boys of seventeen who would make excellent professors of surveying, plumbers who could teach persons more ignorant than themselves the principles and practice of steam heating, but very few schoolmasters within the last thirty years. The breed appears to be nearly extinct. How they were created, no one knows. Possibly they were professors who were spoiled in the making by developing too fine and hard a temper. Occasionally they were scholars who had fallen from their high estate by some infirmity of the flesh. Such persons were extremely competent to exercise jolly from the young, especially at times when remorse for their own infirmity was strong upon them. I have often thought that the temperance movement has interfered with the production of good schoolmasters, just as the decrease of illegitimacy has left the country bare of servants.

It is recommended in such text-books upon education design to mention the matter at all that in extreme cases where bodily punishment is permitted, it should be administered with all the circumstance of a solemn rite. Nothing could be more degrading, and none but a degraded man could punish a boy in cold blood. These old schoolmasters had a certain savageness and were quickly aroused to wrath against ignorance and folly.

The principle upon which they proceeded was that all boys could be improved by being confined in a school-house. All could learn obedience, just as the most ferocious animal could be reduced to submission if only the tenacity of obstinacy, salliness or disorder were made heavy enough. But by anything which could be learned out of the only the few were expected to profit. Education was free, that is, free to all who had the resolution to give upon it and make it their own. Like the kingdom of Heaven, it must be taken by violence. It was free in the same way that the elements are free in the soil, the fish on the sea, or precious metals in the earth—free only to those who are willing to endure the toil of making them their own. To cajole, or even to force an unwilling or incapable boy to learn from books, was considered a piece of stupid outrage upon the boy and a waste of the master's

time. His business was to maintain order, enforce discipline, and exact obedience, to create an atmosphere favorable to the exercise of the mind by those who had minds to exercise. The discipline was rigid, and the only escape from it was into the realms of fancy. Those who were unable to rise were forced out into the world again, and quickly found their place as craftsmen or as toilers upon the land or upon the sea. There was no system, no curriculum, no text-books even. Certain instruments of torture, such as copy-books, massive printed works which were wholly unintelligible, and a set of problems about the capacity of A, B, and C to remove earth, pile cordwood, run races, and row boats against the stream wave, of course, placed at the disposal of every boy. After these hateful tasks the severest bodily labor on farm or in workshop was regarded as the highest luxury to all but the few who in some way had become infected with the desire for learning. Upon these few the master lavished his affection and learning. No pearls were too precious for them, and no solicitude too laborious. Instead

were not getting value for what they did spend. In the public schools of the United States there are nearly seventeen millions of children at a yearly charge which approaches four hundred million dollars; and this calculation makes no allowance for the value of those young persons' time, which must be of some value in communities where attendance upon school is considered only a part and not the whole of life.

The theory of free education is that it provides equal opportunities for all. The effect in reality is that it forces each individual to accept the situation whether he is qualified for it or not. It forces upon each pupil an education not because it is the best for him, but because it is the same as others received. He is not even left free to refuse it and what was once free education has now become compulsory. This compulsion is most rigid in the cities where the people are too ignorant to resist. In so intelligent a community as Prince Edward Island, where one-third of the whole revenue of the province is devoted to purposes of education, thirty-five per cent. of the school population do not attend school or attend only very irregularly.

The aim of all systems of public education is to bring all pupils up to the same standard of attainment and that standard is the ability to matriculate into the school or university next above. How badly the system parts may be gathered from the fact that of the students who even succeeded in entering Harvard last year, fifty-eight per cent. failed to meet all requirement. In Yale the ratio was fifty-seven per hundred. In Columbia seventy-five out of one hundred and forty-five entrants were "conditioned," and in New York University the numbers were thirty-six out of forty-one.

A fallacy which lies at the root of all systems of public education is well expressed in a report which lies under my hand. The writer, who is the superintendent of education, deprecates "the practice of a false economy," which "would close against our youth the avenues to distinction, that instead of being presidents or professors in colleges, judges, doctors, lawyers, clergymen or business men they will be reconciled to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for those who have been born and

his family, a good citizen who will perform his duty towards the State. These offices have been performed; and are being performed, by men who were educated by the most diverse methods, and indeed by men who have never shared at all in those inestimable advantages which are believed to lie in schools and books. Tried by this test the education by which the doctor, lawyer, or clergyman has attained to his high eminence has no superiority over those methods which produce hewers of wood and drawers of water. There are incompetents in both classes, but probably the proportion is not higher amongst carpenters than it is amongst professors.

For purposes of education, it is not the method but the man which is required, and the essential requisite for a teacher is that he shall be an educated man. And when I say man I do not mean woman. Yet the large proportion of public schools are taught by women who—if they make any impression at all—necessarily impress upon boys the characters of women. In the public schools of Ontario eighty-one per cent. of the teachers are women. There are 5,500 more women than men. At the Macdonald College, which provides training for all the Protestant teachers of Quebec, there were last year 153 persons in attendance, of whom all but three were women. Modern education has arrived at its logical attainment in the female teacher, the correspondence school and the phonograph which gives out sounds representing certain facts. No matter how adorable the feminine character is, it is not precisely that which one would hold up for emulation by boys who are afterwards to become men.

The remedy which is proposed on every hand for this state of affairs which none consider satisfactory, is that more money should be paid for education, especially for the encouragement of male teachers. I am disposed to think that the public pays very handsomely for what it gets or is likely to get under the present system. In Ontario the average salary of the male teacher is 600 dollars a year. In Prince Edward Island, which is a still more intelligent community, the salary is 255 dollars, which induces me to believe that the people of the latter province appraise more correctly the value of what they get.

The truth is that every system of education is wrong. One principle will suffice for all boys, but a system is valid for only one individual. Any method will be wrong if it is applied to any pupil save the one for which it is suited. Good teachers have no system. They trust to the spontaneity of their own instincts, and those instincts are destroyed by any system which is imposed by outside authority. The teacher then comes a part of a machine, a civil servant instead of a master of unruly boys.

So long as education had the high aim of enlightening the mind, subduing the will, and giving to the material at hand the best possible character, it was inevitable that some account should be made of those elements in the nature which have to do with religion. Until our own day education and religion were invariably associated. Let us make the utmost concession to the susceptibility of those who believe that schools are only "national" when they are "non-religious," and substitute any other term which they may choose. The case is not different. Education divorced from religion ends in lawlessness, defiance of authority, and ill manners in every relation of life. It is the negation of all discipline.

Of course, I am not speaking with praise of those schools in which a system of traditional theology and organized ecclesiasticism is mistaken for religion, nor of those in which it is considered that the ability to repeat the Lord's Prayer in Latin and draw a map of Palestine is the mark of a religious mind. There is this, however, to be said of schools of a professedly religious character: as a rule they are taught by men who, whether or not they are good men and men of character, are at least in the form of men and possess the authority which comes from strength and not from weakness.

ANDREW MACPHAIL.



SIGNING THE PEACE TREATY.

Ambassador Bryce (on the left), representing Great Britain, and Secretary of State Knox, (on the right), representing the United States, signing the general arbitration treaty in the President's library, in the White House, on August 3rd. American Press Service.

of being punished for such gross vices as lying and fighting, these chosen few were reserved to be whipped for pronouncing a Latin word with a false quantity. That was a distinction to which none but the few could aspire.

For the value of this system I am quite willing to appeal to the results as observed in those who remained in the school and in those who were driven out before their natures were damaged—and nothing can be more damaging to a stupid boy than to be kept at books, by force in the old schools or by cajolery in the new. This school contained an average of sixty pupils. They were all conferred in one room, and they had one master. The district in which it was situated never contained more than forty families, yet out of it has issued within my own remembrance one hundred and fifty-five persons who afterwards obtained university degrees. That is a test of a certain value. I have spoken with generations of pupils who were driven out from that school unlettered. It may have been, but they testify in one voice to the value of the lesson in obedience which they learned.

And yet I have seen upon those rude benches boys of thirteen who had mastered the six books of Euclid and were not insensible to the wide humanity of Horace. How it came about, also, that a year later they were reading the Gospels in Greek, it would be difficult for me to explain or to make understood.

I think that the success of this school was due to the master's belief that education should serve no practical end, and that at the moment it strove to be useful, it became useless for any purpose whatever. This discovery was not a new one. The Greeks, who are perhaps the best educated people who ever lived, proceeded by that principle. The learning of poetry, the practice of music and of gymnastic exercises—that was their whole system. This meant that boys were acquainted with the best that had been done and thought in the world which had then existed.

To these disinterested men education was the end and aim of their ambition, that is the training of taste and character, the symmetrical development of body, mind and imagination. Even the study of arithmetic was only permitted if it were pursued for the love of knowledge, and not for the purposes of a shopkeeper.

This old school master of whom I have been speaking was perfectly clear in his mind that an education which left a boy inefficient in the calling which he was to follow was no education at all. He was equally clear that no education was of any value to a boy who had no mind to profit by it. With the making of a craftsman he had nothing to do, he was concerned merely with the making of men.

In all the reports upon education which I have read there is one feature in common, and that is a lamentation over the indisposition of the public to spend their money upon it. It might be worth enquiring. If there was not a grave doubt in the minds of the people that they

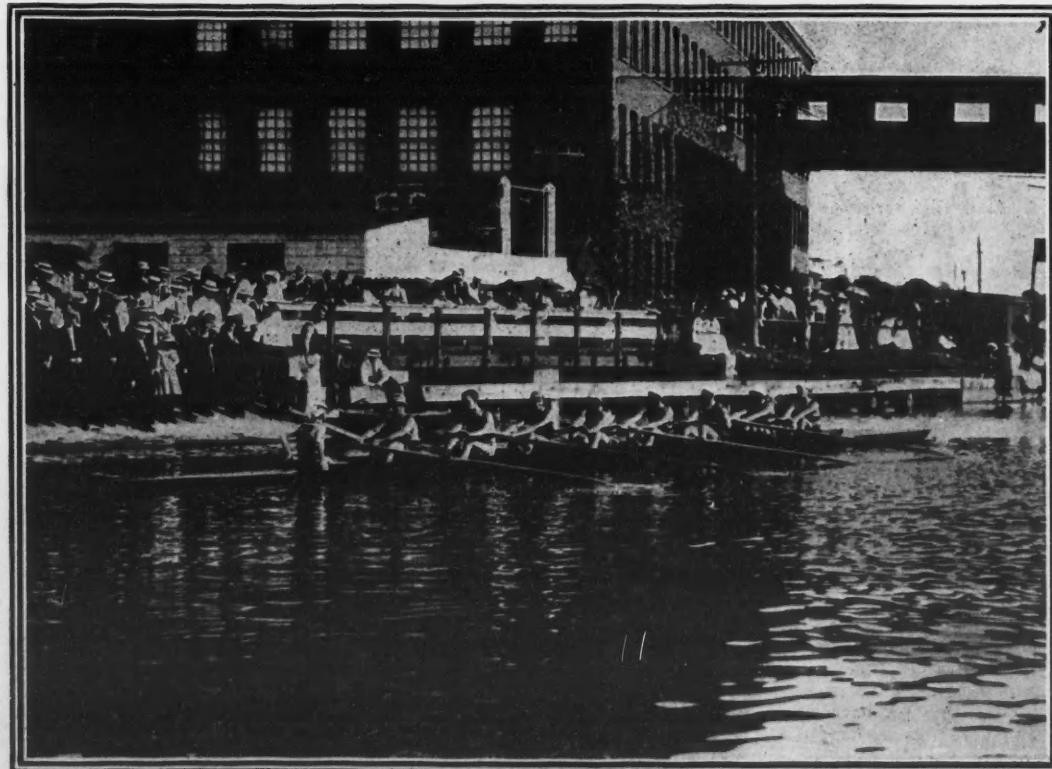
brought up under more fortunate conditions." The defect in our civilization is just this, that men are employed as professors, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen who would be engaged much more profitably to the community and to their own souls in hewing wood and drawing water.

The fact of the matter is the pedagogues are mistaken in assuming that a college education, or any other education which has its origin in books alone is of much value unless the individual has a mind which will absorb it and make it his own. The system has not produced educated men, and it has produced inefficient workmen.

Let us adopt what to a pedagogue will appear the lower position, and assume that education has something to do with making of a man a good craftsman, whether he be professor or carpenter, by which he can earn his living, a good father who will perform his duty towards

So familiar have electric bells become to most of us that even their sound at unexpected times or in unusual places rarely startles us. Not so with birds, to whom the sudden ringing of a bell on a tree or a post means something far more uncanny than any scarecrow flapping in the wind. Knowing this, the head master of an Austrian school has patented an electric scarecrow system in which a clock makes the connections at irregular intervals to electric bells scattered over the orchard.

One of the soldiers who volunteered to allow himself to be bitten by an infected yellow fever mosquito in Cuba is now working on the Panama Canal. He is John J. Moran of Ohio. After Drs. Carroll and Lazear had permitted themselves to be bitten, and Carroll had recovered and Lazear had died, General Leonard Wood offered a purse of \$200 for each private who would volunteer to submit himself to the test. The first volunteers were Moran and another Ohio man, John R. Kissinger.



THE CANADIAN HENLEY AT ST. CATHARINES.

The Argonaut Junior Eight just before the race. E. S. Butler is third oarsman from the right. He collapsed after the race.

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## Births, Deaths and Marriages.

**BIRTHS.**  
GORDON—On Monday, August 7, 1911, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterborough, to Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Gordon, a son.

**A WEEK-END OUTING**  
May be had at moderate cost by taking advantage of the reduced rate offered by the Grand Trunk Railway System for Saturday-to-Monday trips. Return tickets are issued at single fare, with ten cents added, to many points in Ontario, good going any Saturday or Sunday, valid returning Monday following date of issue. For tickets and full information call at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

**SANDY** and his master drove up to the small station as the train approached. "Here's yer train, sir," said Sandy. "That is not my train," replied the master, who had his own ideas about correct speech, "but it's the train I am going by." But it happened to be a special train and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed: "We're baith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the ane ye're gaun by, but it's the ane that's gane by you."

"I thought you sold your automobile?" "No," replied Farmer Corn-tossel, "I traded the machine off for that horse over there." "But you seem to have both the auto and the horse." "Yes, I made a contract that he was to give me the haulin' machine out every time he got stuck or broke down. Finally he owed me so much that he turned the auto back as part payment."

Wife.—Well, did you find out what it was I said that offended Mrs. Youngbride?

Hub.—Yes, her husband told me. It seems that you remarked: "I see you're installed in your new home," and as they're furnished on the installment plan, she thought you were trying to be funny at their expense.



# Anecdotal

THE visiting bishop was administering the rite of baptism to the four-months-old infant of the local pastor of one of the churches in a Southern city. The little one was presented to the bishop by its doting father. Its lily white face, crowned with a wealth of flaxen ringlets, and its long white robe made a pleasing picture as the parent presented it to the bishop and the audience was interested and attentive. The bishop, inspired by the dainty little mite that nestled so quietly in his arms, discoursed eloquently on the fitness of the candidate, of the wisdom of entering her tiny feet thus early on the narrow path of righteousness, closing his remarks with a brief prayer that she might grow up to be a shining light in the church, a comfort to her parents and a useful member of society. Then, in a voice of solemn dignity as he reached forth his hand to sprinkle the holy waters of baptism over the flaxen ringlets, the bishop asked: "What is this child's name?"

Then, in a trembling voice, which betrayed the confusion that soon spread to the bishop and to the congregation, the pastor and parent replied: "James Henry."

"SHE passed me on the street yesterday without speaking." "She did?" "Yes, she stuck-up thing." "I wouldn't say that. Perhaps she didn't mean to snub you." "Of course she meant to snub me. You see I had on my old hat."

"That wouldn't make any difference to her." "Oh, wouldn't it? Once before when I happened to have on an old dress she didn't speak to me, either. Now I'm through with her. If she doesn't care enough for me to speak when I'm in my old clothes she needn't speak at all. I won't speak to her when I'm dressed up. That's all there is to it."

"Did you speak to her?" "I should say not. It's her place to speak first. Do you suppose I'm going to attract attention by yelling my lungs out for the like of her? I guess not." "Perhaps she didn't see you?" "See me? Of course she did. I saw her, didn't I? Then why didn't she see me?"

A COLLEGE professor who is very absent-minded, got on a crowded electric car not long ago and had to stand up. As the conductor came to take his fare, the professor suddenly perceived a well-known society woman of his acquaintance. He at once put his hand into his pocket, took out a nickel and handed it nonchalantly to the woman; then, turning, he made an elaborate bow and shook hands cordially with the conductor.

THE Complainant—You see, Judge, I was a little too happy, as you might say, when I went home and my wife was ironin'. We had had a word or two in th' mornin' an' so I steps up prepared to make peace. I said: "Let's forget th' quarrel—we were both wrong," when what does she do but shove the hot iron against me head.

The Judge—Trying to smooth it over, of course. You can't blame her for that. Go home, both of you.

"ONE night," Representative C. Bascom Slem, of Virginia, tells, "I was stormbound among the mountains. My horse was ready to drop, I was tired and famished; be-

sides, it had grown so dark I was scarcely able to tell the road from the ditch. Away up on the mountains I saw the glimmer of a light and made for it. Lonely hilltop farm as it was, it seemed like a haven of refuge. Everybody in the house except the old man had gone to bed. He gave me the hearty welcome ready for any stranger in the solitudes of Virginia; then he roused his wife to get supper. I was hungry enough to appreciate the cold corn bread, steaming coffee and hunks of bacon swimming in grease that she set before me; but one dish perplexed me. It was a platter covered with what looked like one fried egg.

"How on earth did you run all these yolks together," I asked, "so they look like one egg?"

"Oh, 'taint hens' eggs," she explained proudly. "It's the biggest egg our old goose ever laid. I've bin keepin' it fur company."

"It was the strongest-tasting mouthful I ever encountered, but I

every one looked interested. In the second five they became merely tolerant. In the third many were yawning, and by the end of the half hour some had dropped asleep.

The young man was mortified beyond expression. He knew his message was eloquent, for his teachers had approved it; and he could not doubt he was being heard, for one person at least, an old lady, was drinking in every word.

The last half of the sermon was addressed to this one appreciative hearer. In black shawl and bonnet, with old-fashioned ringlets on her temples, she sat a little forward of the rest, and with her eyes followed his every move. Her expression changed with his—the thing speaker best loves to see in his auditors. When he waxed serious, so did she. When his thought was humorous, and he smiled, a smile broke over her face also.

The service ended, and a deacon advanced to shake hands.

"It seemed like a pretty good sermon," he said, kindly, "but you don't speak loud enough. We couldn't hear."

"I'm sorry," the boy blushed "But it seemed to me that every one heard who was interested enough to pay attention. Let me ask this lady here."

He approached the black shawl and bonnet. "How do you?" he began.

She had been smiling sweetly, but now her face took on a blank expression. From under her shawl she jerked a speaking-tube and clapped one end of it to her ear. "What? What's that?" she said.

She could not have heard a syllable of the sermon.

"Why," exclaimed the youth, "I thought you could hear! You looked so interested."

"Not a word," she said. "I never hear sermons. But I like you just the same. I was watching the dimple in your chin when you smiled."

EVERY one knew Jonathan Skinfint as a millionaire, with the exception, so it appeared, of Skinfint himself. He invariably wore the shabbiest of clothes, and is reported to have dined one day on a couple of peas and a grape skin. One day an old friend endeavored to persuade the miser to dress better. "I am surprised," he said, "that you should let yourself become so shabby."

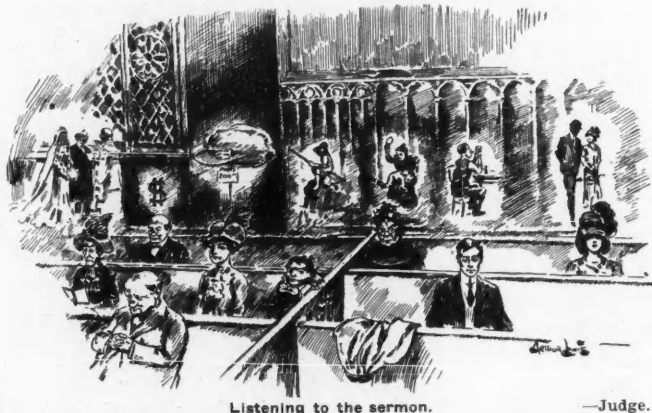
"But I am not shabby," expostulated Skinfint. "Oh, yes, you are," replied the friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elegantly dressed. His clothes were very handsome."

Skinfint gave utterance to a hearty laugh. "Why," he shouted triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"

A TALL, urbane man, with a black mustache, was a guest at a fashionable dinner in New York not long ago, when the lady on his right, after mentioning that she had just returned from a trip to Europe, proceeded to "roast" William Loeb, Jr., the collector of customs for the city. She panned that official to a rich, dark brown, and did it in such a witty manner that the tall, urbane gentleman laughed uproariously. "I think the appropriate death for him," she said, "would be choking with Irish lace—and I'd like to contribute some of the lace for the purpose."

After dinner she asked her hostess: "What was the name of the black-mustached man on my left, dear? He talked so intelligently about the custom-house."

"I should think he would," replied the hostess. "That was Loeb himself!"



Listening to the sermon.

—Judge.

did my best to put it down, for my kindly hostess was hovering around. When the immense egg was half finished, I stuck.

"I'm awfully sorry I can't finish it," I said, "but it's big enough for two meals. Suppose I have it for breakfast?"

"I sat down to breakfast with a touch of dismay. There was coffee, cold corn bread and bacon again, besides half of that invincible egg; this time it was fried on both sides."

"What did you do?" was asked the Congressman, sympathetically.

"Why, I ate it. What else could I do with that kindly, hospitable old soul watching me?"

WHEN a young couple tried to start their automobile for a trip through High Park on Monday evening they were greatly puzzled when the machine refused to make any sign of action.

"What's the matter with the thing?" cried the husband. "I just filled it with gasoline last night!"

"That's odd," replied the wife. "I noticed the can untouched in the cellar a few minutes ago."

"In the cellar?" retorted the husband. "Why I got this in the kitchen."

"No wonder the machine will not run!" hysterically laughed the young woman. "You have filled the car with maple syrup!"

THE young seminary student had gone out to preach his first practice sermon. The room was larger than he had been used to speaking in at the seminary, and the small audience was mostly in the back pews. For the first five minutes



EVERY LITTLE HELPS.  
—Aunt Jeannette (a recent convert to the cause of woman): "There, gracious knows 'taint much I kin do, but it's sumpin'." —Harper's Weekly.

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# The BOOKSHELF

"Women and Labor." A treatise, by Olive Schreiner, author of "The Story of an African Farm," "Dreams," etc. Published by Henry Frowde, Toronto. Price, \$1.25.

It is some years now since the world which reads was startled by that passionate, intense, eloquent, mystical book—the most remarkable that ever came out of South Africa—"The Story of an African Farm." It was the literary sensation of the day, and Olive Schreiner and her pen-name, Ralph Iron, became familiar words wherever books form part of conversation. Since then she has written many things, of which the most remarkable was probably the collection of allegories known as "Dreams." And in all her work was the same passionate sincerity, the same high imaginative quality, and the same knack of the colorful word, which gave to her first story its strongly personal character.

And now, after some years of more or less complete silence, Olive Schreiner has once again given a book to the world, a book on one of the greatest problems of the day—a problem, moreover, on which Olive Schreiner is particularly fitted to write. For she has studied it and pondered on it for years, as is evident from her very earliest work.

"When I was eighteen," she writes in her introduction to the present volume, "I had a conversation with a Kaffir woman still in her untouched primitive condition, a conversation which made a more profound impression on my mind than any but one other incident connected with the position of woman has ever done. She was a woman whom I cannot think of otherwise than as a person of genius. In language more eloquent and intense than I have ever heard from the lips of any other woman, she painted the condition of the women of her race; the labor of women, the anguish of woman as she grew older, and the limitations of her life closed in about her, her sufferings under the condition of polygamy and subjection; all this she painted with a passion and intensity I have not known equalled; and yet, and this was the interesting point, when I went on to question her, combined with a deep and almost fierce bitterness against life and the unseen powers which had shaped woman and her conditions as they were, there was not one word of bitterness against the individual man, nor any will or intention to revolt; rather, there was a stern and almost majestic attitude of acceptance of the inevitable life and the conditions of her race being what they were. It was this conversation which forced upon me a truth, which I have since come to regard as almost axiomatic, that the women of no race or class will ever rise in revolt or attempt to bring about a revolutionary readjustment of their relation to their society, however intense their sufferings and however clear their perception of it, while the welfare and persistence of their society requires their submission; that, wherever there is a general attempt on the part of the women of any society to readjust their position in it, a close analysis will always show that the changed or changing conditions of that society have made woman's acquiescence no longer necessary or desirable."

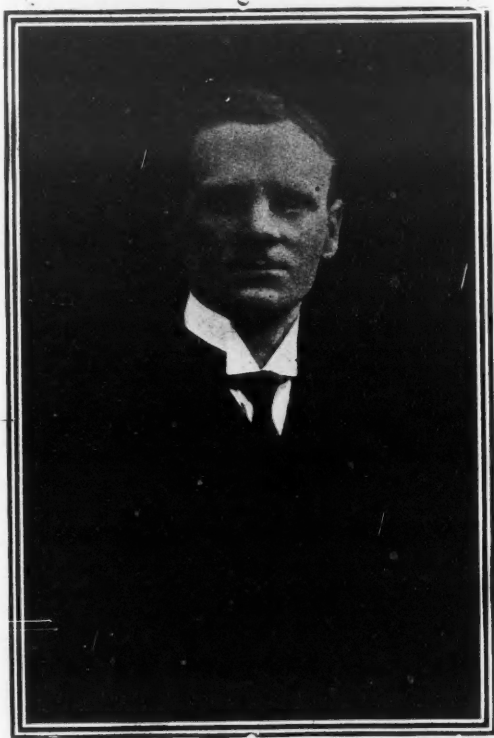
In this introduction the author explains that the present volume is only a small portion of a work on which she had been engaged ever since her early youth, and which was to deal with the question of "Woman" in a very complete manner, tracing the whole evolution of sex from its very earliest manifestations, and following the problems it offers to their most recent manifestation in what is known as the "Woman's Movement" of our own day. This work was completed in 1899. All that remained to do was to revise the book and write a preface. Then came the Boer War. Olive Schreiner was away from Johannesburg at the beginning of the struggle.

"A year and a half after," she says, "when the war was over and peace had been proclaimed for above four months, I with difficulty obtained a permit to visit the Transvaal. I found among the burnt fragments of my papers the leather back of my book intact, the front half of the leaves burnt away; the back half of the leaves next to the cover still all there, but so browned and scorched with the flames that they broke as you touched them; and there was nothing left but to destroy it. I even then felt a hope that at some future time I might yet rewrite the entire book. But life is short, and I have found that not only shall I never rewrite the book, but that I shall not have the health even to fill out and harmonize this little remembrance from it."

But one may well question whether the book has not gained by the more restricted aim of the present volume. It is to be doubted if long disquisitions on the evolution of sex would be altogether an advantage to a work of this kind. The book as it stands may be a mere remembrance from the larger work, but it is just such remembrances, representing the concentrated essence of much thought and many years of travail, that are most valuable and most effective. Olive Schreiner, tracing sex in the primordial protoplasm, might possibly bring a contribution of real value. It is also possible that she might not. But Olive Schreiner, raising her eloquent voice in passionate sincerity to

the ablest modern European women their passionate, and at times it would seem almost incoherent, cry for new forms of labor and new fields for the exercise of their powers.

"Thrown into strict logical form, our demand is this: We do not ask that the wheels of time should reverse themselves, or the stream of life flow backward. We do not ask that our ancient spinning-wheels be again resuscitated and placed in our hands; we do not demand that our old grindstones and hoes be again returned to us, or that man should again betake himself entirely to his ancient province of war and the chase, leaving to us all domestic and civil labor. We do not even demand that society



"NORMAN ANGELL."  
The manager of the Paris edition of The London Daily Mail, whose book against war, "The Great Illusion," has proved itself a powerful document for peace, and inspired a London philanthropist to give \$100,000 to further its distribution. —From World's Work.

point out the necessity of a social readjustment for women, and to demand for them their proper share in the labor of the world, is a figure of far greater significance and power. And the plea she urges is one of the most valuable additions ever made to the rapidly growing literature of the subject.

The whole argument of the book is a demand for the free and cheerful admission of women to all the fields of labor into which they can possibly enter, this being, in the opinion of the author, the only means of saving the sex from parasitism, and through them of saving the race from degeneracy. The author points out that it is the development of civilization which constitutes the modern "woman's problem." Time was when women had their fair share and more of productive and social labor. But now all that has been changed. Their spinning-wheels are all broken; their hoes and grindstones passed from them long ago when the plowmen and miller took their place; the baking of bread has gone from their hands, machinery is doing their work in even the minor domestic operations; the rearing of children has now passed from the hands of the mother to those of specialized instructors; and, most notable and significant of all, even their activity in that field which is peculiarly and organically theirs, the bearing of children, is being curtailed by civilization. Large numbers of women are debarred from child-bearing at all, while countless others are restricted by various economic and social considerations from bearing more than a very limited number of children.

"Looking round, then, with the utmost impartiality we can command, on the entire field of woman's ancient and traditional labors, we find that fully three-fourths of it have shrunk away for ever, and that the remaining fourth still tends to shrink.

"It is this great fact, so often and so completely overlooked, which lies at the propelling force behind that vast and restless 'Woman's Movement' which marks our day. It is this fact, whether clearly and intellectually grasped, or, as is more often the case, vaguely and painfully felt, which awakes in the hearts of

shall immediately so reconstruct itself that every woman be again a child-bearer (deep and overmastering as lies the hunger for motherhood in every virile woman's heart!); neither do we demand that the children whom we shall bear shall again be put exclusively into our hands to train. This, we know, cannot be. The past material conditions of life have gone for ever; no will of man can recall them; but this is our demand: We demand that, in that strange new world that is arising alike upon the man and the woman, where nothing is as it was, and all things are assuming new shapes and new relations, that in this new world we also shall have our share of honored and socially useful human toil, our full half of the labor of the Children of Woman. We demand nothing more than this, and we will take nothing less. This is our 'Woman's Right!'"

The author then goes on to point out that the only alternative to granting this demand of women for labor is the inevitable parasitism of a large portion of the sex, and so through them the degeneration of the whole race. And not only has women the need for labor; she has also the fitness for it. Mere brawn and brute courage have been placed at a discount by the development of highly complex conditions of life, and the demand is now rather for delicacy and sensitiveness and intellect. And in these respects the author points out that women are not inferior to men. Modern civilization has very greatly widened the field for the activity of women; and Olive Schreiner claims for them the whole extent of it.

"From the judge's seat to the legislator's chair, from the statesman's closet to the merchant's office; from the chemist's laboratory to the astronomer's tower, there is no post or form of toil for which it is not our intention to attempt to fit ourselves; and there is no fruit in the garden of knowledge it is not our determination to eat. Acting in us, and through us, nature we know will mercilessly expose to us our deficiencies in the field of human toil, and reveal to us our powers. And, for to-day, we take all labor for our province!"

"What the Public Wants." A play, by Arnold Bennett, author of "Clayhanger," "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," etc. Published by the Mueson Book Company, Toronto.

THE extraordinarily clever Mr. Bennett has done another very clever thing. Not satisfied with writing novels of wonderful grasp and insight, and little books of good advice which are giving him a reputation as one of the wisest and wittiest of present-day philosophers, and book reviews, and essays, and no end of things—except verse he has now taken to writing a play. And a particularly clever play it is. Of course, one cannot say whether or not it would act well. Probably not. There is too much good talk in it and too little action for a theatrical success, but it is delightful to read. It is a brilliant satire on the strict business ideals of publishing, and the central figure is that of a cyclonic publisher of the Northcliffe type, a man of tremendous energy, wonderful practical sagacity, and the most commercial ideals. He, of course, acquires publications after publication, becomes a millionaire and a knight, and one of the most powerful men in England. But the author shows his conviction that it profited him little, for he had lost his own soul—also the love of the woman he wished to marry.

"I've got only one principle," says Sir Charles Worgan, the proprietor of many papers. "Give the public what it wants. Don't give the public what you think it ought to want, or what you think would be good for it, but what it actually does want. I argue like this. Supposing you went into a tobacconist's and asked for a packet of cigarettes, and the tobacconist told you that cigarettes were bad for you, and that he could only sell you a pipe and tobacco—what should you say?"

And so he perseveres in his plan of giving the public what it wants with ruthless efficiency and success. Nor is he daunted when in the end his sweetheart and his brother turn away from him.

"I don't care if every friend I have leaves me," he cries.

"My dear fellow," says his brother Francis, "the great British public is your friend. What more do you require?"

"You may laugh," replies Sir Charles. "But nobody can stop me from going ahead, and I shall end in the House of Lords."

"It is the very place for you, Charlie. No sensible person would think of trying to stop you from going ahead, right into the House of Lords. You keep on giving the public what it wants just as long as ever you can. That's your mission in life. Only prepare for the rainy day."

"What rainy day?"

"The day when the public wants something better than you can give it."

Tom Folio

When Mr. Jack London was planning the cruise of the Snark, he was the recipient of many letters. They were mostly ardent pleas setting forth the writer's qualifications to be one of the party. One writer concluded his appeal with a statement: "I can assure you that I am eminently respectable, but find other respectable people tiresome." As he had expressed a great desire to accompany Mr. London, the author says he is still wondering just what the meaning was.

The Century Company has in preparation, for issue in the early autumn, a new and thoroughly revised edition of the "Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas," on which editors and publishers have been engaged for more than three years. The new edition will contain a number of additional features, including insets of illustrations, many of them in color, and the "Atlas and Cyclopedia of Names" will contain the figures of the United States census of 1910.

## NEW BOOKS WORTH WHILE

QUEED, by Henry Sydney Harrison—A snappy and interesting story of the South and of the humanizing of a prig.

JOHN LA FARGE, by Royal Cortissoz—An excellent memoir and study of a fine artist and delightful gentleman.

THE LEGACY, by Mary S. Watts—The story of a woman and a brilliant study of society in the Middle West.

THE WEST IN THE EAST, by Price Collier—The impressions of an American traveler, and one of the brightest and best books ever written on the Far East and its problems.

NONE OTHER GODS, by Robert Hugh Benson—A gloomy but well written presentation of religious problems in fiction.

TABLE D'HOTE, by Pett Ridge—Short stories of London life told with wit, sympathy and grace.

MENTAL EFFICIENCY, by Arnold Bennett—Stimulating advice by one of the sanest and most brilliant of contemporary Englishmen.

THE LADIES' BATTLE, by Marie Elliott Seawell—clever arraignment of the women's suffrage movement.

THE PATRICIAN, by John Galsworthy—A subtle story of the highest stratum of British society worth reading if only for its exceptional beauty of style.

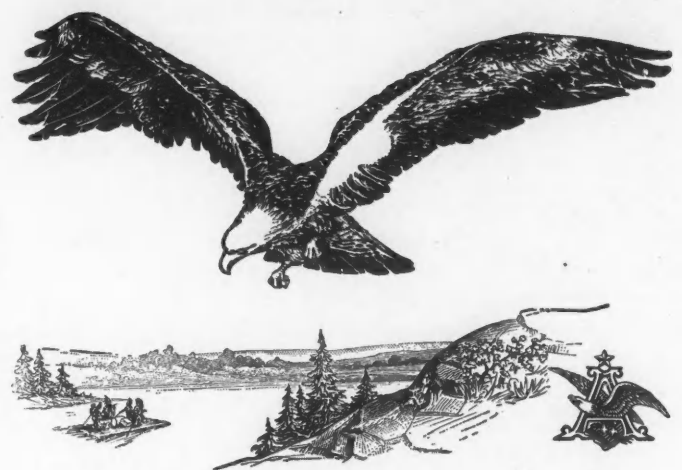
THE GREAT ILLUSION, by Norman Angell—A business man's masterly exposition of the futility of war.

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## The Development of Writing

WRITING is an art with a history as complete as that of the arts of scripture and painting. The material used by the early Romans was wax spread upon tablets. The letters were formed on the soft smooth surface with the pointed end of the stylus. The other end of the instrument was flat, and this was used to smooth over the surface where errors were found and prepare it for the correct writing. From this use the stylus has given the name "style" to the writer's manner of composing.

The word manuscript means handwritten. Inscriptions upon stone and metal wax were, of course, "made by hand" as directly as words are written on paper, but none of these records appears ever to have been called manuscript. This word was restricted to copies made on parchment, vellum, paper and similar material which could be folded or rolled.

The type of letters in early manuscripts was the same as that of those used on the earlier metal plates and wax tablets. All letters were capitals. Minuscule, or small lettering, as opposed to the majuscule, was invented in the seventh century. Before its invention there was no spacing between words. There was no

punctuation, unless possibly some mark between sentences.

When cursive writing came into general use, about the beginning of the tenth century, the art was practised by only a few highly trained scribes. This continued all through the Middle Ages. The scribes were artists and they carried their art to a high degree of perfection. Many of the manuscripts of that period are very beautiful specimens of handwriting and as perfect as print.

As the use of correspondence became more and more frequent the practise of writing passed out of the hands of the few professional scribes and became the employment of the many. This change involved the decline of the art, and few highly embellished specimens of handwriting appeared. Copyists were succeeded by handicraftsmen.

Various types of writing have succeeded one another at different epochs. The character of the handwriting done in one century is readily distinguishable from that of the century preceding or following. The change is in the direction of greater freedom and facility.—Harper's Weekly.

"Meet any icebergs on your way across?" "No; but several of us tried to flirt with a Boston girl who was on board."





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Asaph Lyman Slaughter: "Well, so long, fellows. Gotta address a bunch of dames on 'Personal Purity in Politics.' What da yeh think of me front?"  
—Judge.

### Why Mayor Gaynor Walks.

WHILE President Taft takes his exercise on the golf links, Mayor Gaynor gets about the same result, and quite as much fun, out of a peaceful stroll over the Brooklyn Bridge each morning and night. For sixteen years he has done this and proposes to do it at least that many more. Since his injury by a would-be assassin he has sometimes had to make the trip by car, but he prefers to walk. The duties of the Supreme Court did not interfere with this pastime, nor have any of the more arduous tasks connected with the Mayoralty. "Why," said Mayor Gaynor recently to a representative of the New York Evening Post:

"When I became Mayor I simply continued my walking. . . . I walk for health, and also for the joy of walking.

"I have for many years done my principal work while walking. As a judge I framed my decisions and opinions in my mind while walking. I can think best while walking, and then I can come in and sit down and write off the whole subject. But let me say again that I am no scientific walker, although I take long walks.

"I prefer to walk alone and think. I do not hurry; I just go along at my leisure. It is true, now and then some one comes alongside of me and thinks the gait is not a very leisurely one, but to me it is leisurely because I am used to it. I do not see why many or most people do not walk to and from their business every day. A man wrote me a letter that it was all very well for me to do it, but that his business was two miles away from his house. I wrote him back that mine was over three. There is a feeling of independence and freedom when you are walking, and your blood warms up and flows freely, and your body becomes purified. As I walk over the bridge every night and see the cars packed with anaemic young men and women, some of them with cigarettes, I can not help pitying them. Why do they not get out and walk and make their bodies ruddy and healthy? Some of them look out of the car windows and point at me as though I was a curiosity because I walk. I think they are curiosities because they ride and injure themselves with the foul air of the cars.

"It is with my walking as with my being a disciple of Epictetus. During the campaign for the Mayoralty, while every abuse and lie was being heaped upon me, I casually remarked in one of my speeches that what another saith of thee concerneth more him who saith it than it concerneth thee, as Epictetus says. This seemed to astonish the whole journalistic fraternity in New York City, as though they had never heard of Epictetus before. My walking seemed to astonish them in the same way.

"I used to be a horseback rider, but you have to keep that up or else drop it altogether, and you can not always have time for it. Besides, it is a rather violent exercise. I do not think I know any one who has got a dividend out of it. Then I drove for years. Out of that I really got nothing. The street car I always abominated. They used to have stoves in them, and now they heat

them by electricity, and the air becomes foul. Some people write to me complaining that the cars are too cold. They ought to be made to walk.

"You ask me the best time for walking. The best time is in the sun in fall and winter; but, if you cannot walk then, the best time is whenever you can walk. Of course, if you walk home at night during the long winter months, you walk after dark. Morning walking is very refreshing.

"Yes, the walking of men like Weston does much good by example. It starts other people walking.

"In the country, the best companion for a walk is a dog. A half dozen dogs is better yet.

"No, you do not want any boot while you are walking. You want to think. In the country you can loiter about. You do not need to walk fast, and should not do so.

"Observe nature. When you come to a barnyard, go in and see the pigs and fowls and the cows. Climb a fence now and then, and go into the fields and look at the crops or the cattle. I know of no place where there is more philosophy than in a barnyard. You can learn much from animals. Within their circle, they know much more than we do. Some of them see and hear things that we are incapable of seeing and hearing. Very few animals improve by age. A little pig a day old knows as much as his mother, and it is the same with a calf or a colt.

"I do not like to walk in a park. I hate the roads and walks in parks. I do not like winding roads. I like to see where I am going. Crooked roads are irksome.

"You want to know what about mountain climbing. I have done some of that in this country, and in Switzerland, but I do not recommend it. The heart should not be abnormally taxed. Of course, if your weight is in your favor you can do some climbing. I went down the other day and walked up ten flights to the top of the building where the terrible fire was, as I wanted to see the floors which were burned out. If you want to test your heart, just walk up ten flights without stopping. If you can do it you are all right, no matter what your age is.

"Yes, I regret the falling off in bicycling. I enjoyed it for years, and it did me a world of good. If people will not walk, I would advise them to ride the bicycle. It will renew their lives. They will be so changed in a month that they will be astonished.

"What nation, you ask, gets the most out of walking? The English. They are great walkers. When I go to London I love to just stand and see them walking down into London in companies in the morning. The sight is inspiring to me. They walk in from miles around. Here people are afraid to walk a mile. The greatest rapid-transit facilities in the world are right here in our American cities, notwithstanding all the grumbling that is going on.

"Wherever you are here in the city of New York you have a street car at your elbow. The result is that everybody rides and that almost nobody walks. This is harmful."

When a man is cornered it doesn't necessarily mean that he is square.



A LITTLE TOUCHY.  
Victim (catching man with hand in his pocket): "What are you doing with your hand in my pocket?"  
Pickpocket: "Oh, why are you so sensitive!"  
—Judge.

**PURITY  
QUALITY  
UNIFORMITY**  
you get all three in  
**Seal Brand  
Coffee**  
—the favorite in a million homes 123  
In 1 and 2 pound sealed tins only.



### You Can't Leave the Beard Behind So Don't Forget the Gillette

The hearty open-air vacation life seems to makes the beard grow as it never grows at home. To the man without a GILLETTE it becomes a downright nuisance.

Cleanliness, comfort and self-respect demand the morning shave. But boats, trains, summer resorts and camps provide scant shaving facilities.

That never worries the man with a GILLETTE Safety Razor in his grip or his pocket. In lurching cabin or swaying Pullman—on the back porch or beside a convenient stump—wherever the morning finds him—he can enjoy his regular three-minute GILLETTE shave in solid comfort, with a lordly independence of place or circumstance.

Pack your grip with discrimination. Travel light. Leave out the "unnecessaries" of life. But whatever you do, don't discount your holiday by starting out without "The Razor of To-day."

Standard Sets \$5.00. Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.50.

Combination Sets from \$6.50 up.

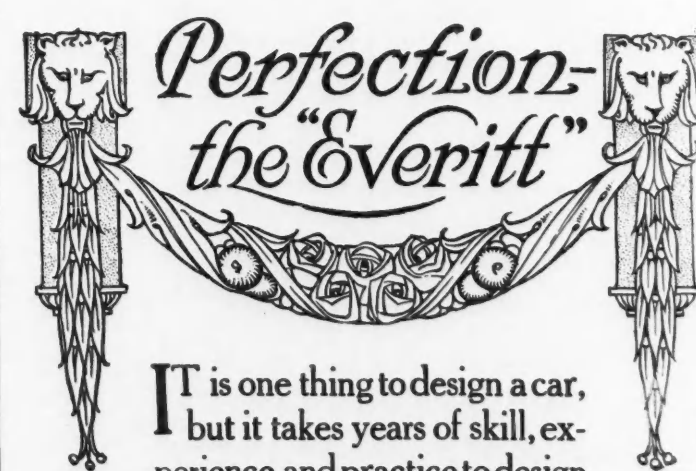
At your druggist's, jeweler's or hardware dealer's.

**The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited**

Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Offices also in New York, Chicago, London, Eng. and Shanghai, China.  
Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris.

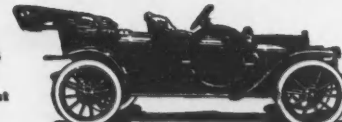
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IT is one thing to design a car,  
but it takes years of skill, experience and practice to design

a car that is self-protecting and road-proof. Yet such a car is the Tudhope-built "Everitt." Its design does three things remarkably well: 1—Ensures Low Gasoline Cost—through solid, unit cast engine construction; 2—Saves Tire Cost—through elimination of weight and the use of 2000 parts where ordinary design would call for 4000; and 3—Saves Adjustment Costs because "Everitt" Motors are built to take care of themselves—and because accurate machining throughout saves vibration to a wonderful degree. In this Tudhope car you get motoring perfection. Big responsibility is put on the design—little responsibility on you.

Tudhope  
Motor Sales  
Limited  
168 King St. West  
TORONTO



Send for  
Catalogue  
Demonstration  
Arranged

"Everitt" Fore-Door, \$1,800 at Orillia

**Tudhope Motor Company  
Orillia Limited**

Rich as  
cream and as  
wholesome  
The most digestible of nourishing beverages

**Labatt's**  
**ALE and STOUT**  
Creates appetite; makes meals taste better; brings healthy sleep. Keep it always in the house. Your dealer sells it, or you can order direct.

### ATLANTIC CITY Cape May

Wildwood, Ocean City, Angelsea, Sea Isle City, Holly Beach, Avalon, Stone Harbor,  
NEW JERSEY

August, 18, and September 1, 1911

**\$15.25 from Toronto**

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent.

TICKETS GOOD RETURNING WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS

Fast Express Trains to Philadelphia leave Exchange St. Station, Buffalo, 8.50 a.m., 7.30 and 10.35 p.m. Night trains connect in Broad St. Station, Philadelphia, with express trains via Delaware River Bridge. Tickets and full information may be obtained of Ticket Agents, Can. Pac. Ry., Grand Trunk Ry., Niagara Navigation Co., or B. P. Fraser, D.P.A., 307 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD**

**Radnor**  
**WATER**  
The Purest Of  
Mineral Waters  
The ideal water for  
home use. Serve it  
on YOUR table.

PURVEYORS TO  
H. M. THE KING.



## Queens Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE  
CANADA

NOW OPEN

Golf links and tennis courts in perfect condition. Delightful bathing, boating and fishing at Canada's coolest summer resort.

International Tennis  
Tournament on August 28th

## ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL

LAKE ROSSEAU, ONTARIO.

NOW OPEN

More amusements than any hotel in Canada. Orchestra and dancing. Golf, Tennis, Lawn Bowling, Bathing, Fishing, Boating. Perfect Service and an Excellent Table.

Special September rates.

L. W. MAXSON, Mgr.

## GRIMSBY BEACH

Yonge Street Wharf, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 7.45 a.m. and 2 p.m. Extra trip holidays, 8 p.m. A beautiful two-and-a-half-hour sail to the greatest natural summer resort in all Canada. 50c return trip. PARK HOUSE and cottages now open; furnished cottages \$50 to \$150 the season. We can book a few more places at a very low rate. Get illustrated booklet from the Grimsby Beach Company, 16 King Street West, Toronto. Phone Adelaide 262, or Grimsby Beach, Ont.



To the President of Syndicate or Club wishing to purchase or acquire buildings and grounds on Muskoka Lake shore upon easy terms, go at once to Swastika Hotel, Bala, Ont., while its possibilities are manifest. Good reason for its disposal.

**NIAGARA RIVER LINE**  
**BUFFALO**  
**NIAGARA FALLS**  
**TORONTO**  
**ROUTE**  
(Daily, except Sunday)

Strs. Lv. Toronto	7.30 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arr. Toronto	10.30 a.m.	2.45 p.m.	8.30 p.m.

Ticket Office, 83 Yonge Street, Traders Bank Building. Telephone, Main 5536.



## The Hospice

NIAGARA FALLS  
CANADA

SPLENDIDLY situated, overlooking the Great Cataracts of the Niagara River, the Gorge and Rapids, and all the Islands of the Upper River. Buy all tickets to Falls View, Canada. Via Niagara Route—Get off at Niagara-on-the-Lake; take M.C.R. Via Queenston—Electric cars to Bridge St.; street cars to Hospice. Via O.P.R.—Change at Welland; get off at Falls View. Via G.T.R.—Street cars from Depot. Booklet on request.

Rates, \$3 to \$4 per day.

J. H. GILMOUR  
Proprietor

## TURBINIA

FOR HAMILTON  
and BURLINGTON BEACH

Leave Bay St. wharf 8 a.m., 2 p.m., return leave Hamilton 10.45 a.m., 5.45 p.m.  
Single Fare, 50c; Return only 75c;  
10 trip ticket, \$2.50.  
50c Return every Wednesday and Saturday.  
Grimsby Beach and return, \$1.25.  
Brantford and return, \$1.50.  
Take a trip on the only turbine steamer on fresh water.

## NEW HOTEL KASTEL

"The Finest Restaurant of its kind in Canada"

344 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal  
"On the Wrong Side of the Street"

The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during the week commencing on August 13th are H. P. Eckardt, Esq., and Dr. J. F. W. Ross.

## A Dinosaur Mummy

Interesting Relic to be Exhibited

THE first dinosaur mummy showing a complete cast of the hitherto unknown skin pattern will shortly be exhibited at the Museum of Natural History, New York. This noteworthy contribution, which is presented by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, adds to our knowledge of a very remarkable group of reptiles, huge herbivorous creatures known popularly as "duck-billed" dinosaurs. Hitherto the nature of the skin of these great creatures has been largely a matter of conjecture. The "mummy" dinosaur was recently discovered by a veteran fossil hunter, Charles H. Sternberg, of Kansas, in Wyoming. In the presentation of the life appearance of these dinosaurs by Charles R. Knight, working under the direction of Prof. Henry F. Osborn, the positions and attitudes assumed by these animals are strikingly shown.

Dinosaurs were among the most numerous of the ancient inhabitants of Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas, and flourished some 3,000,000 or more years ago, during what is known, according to geological reckoning, as the Upper Cretaceous Period, near the close of the Age of Reptiles. These animals were almost entirely aquatic, living and swimming in the deep inland seas, rivers and lagoons, which covered a part of the Western continent at this remote time. They were from fifteen to sixteen feet or more in height, and had a length of thirty feet. The large head, nearly three feet long by two feet wide, contained about 2,000 teeth. This immense battery of teeth, the most marvelous and highly specialized known, was used in tearing up and munching the various tender water plants and other soft substances which grew on the beds of lakes and rivers. The expanded, duck-bill mouth was covered by a horny mass or sheath. The simple teeth were closely packed together, were rodlike and single rooted, and were arranged like a mosaic pavement. The enamel was only on one side, the inside in the lower jaw and the outside in the upper.

As the teeth were worn away another row appeared on the cutting surface and took the place of the old ones. The theory that these animals spent a large part of their time in the water is borne out by the fact that the diminutive fore limb terminates in a marginal web, which connects the fingers with one another, and forms a kind of paddle. The short, delicate front feet were used as supports while the beast was feeding on the shore. The long, powerful tail was used principally as an organ for swimming, acting as a propeller, and also served to balance the body when the animal assumed a standing pose. The "duck-bill" dinosaurs were not covered with scales or a bony protecting armature, but when pursued by their fierce land-living foe, tyrannosaurus, king of the flesh-eating dinosaurs, found safety by swimming far out into deep water.

This specimen has been called a "dinosaur mummy" from the fact that in all parts of the animal which are preserved except the hind legs and tail, which are missing, the skin is shrunken around the limbs, tightly drawn around the bony surfaces and contracted like a great curtain below the chest area. Prof. Henry F. Osborn has suggested the following interesting theory of the entombment and preservation of the "mummy" dinosaur. After dying a natural death the animal was not attacked or preyed upon by its enemies, and the body lay exposed to the sun and entirely undisturbed for a long time, perhaps upon a broad sand flat of a stream in the low-water stage. The muscles and viscera thus became completely desiccated by the action of the sun. At the termination of a possible low-water season, during which the process of desiccation took place, the "mummy" may have been caught in a sudden flood, carried down the stream, and rapidly buried in a bed of fine river sand intermingled with sufficient elements of clay to take a perfect cast or mold of all the skin markings before any of the skin tissues had time to soften under the solvent action of the water. In this way the markings were indicated with distinctness.—Harper's Weekly.

### Vicissitudes of Crowns.

IN these peaceful, law-abiding days it is difficult to imagine anyone daring enough to attempt to make away with His Majesty's crown. Yet such a thing has happened, if not exactly in our own day. Colonel Blood's desperate escapade to secure the crown of Charles II. is historic, from more than one point of view. Having contrived to ingratiate himself with Edwards, the deputy-keeper of the Crown jewels, he one day in-

troduced four companions, to whom he asked the old fellow to exhibit his treasures.

Suspecting nothing, the keeper complied, when he was at once gagged and thrown on the ground, and, but for the appearance of his son, the thieves, in all probability, would have accomplished their nefarious aims. As it was, Blood made off with the crown, but was promptly pursued, and after a struggle, in the course of which the crown escaped from his hold and rolled in the mud, was secured. Strange to say none of the

Royal crown of Spain was carried into exile by ex-Queen Isabella, along with other jewels, and, falling eventually into the hands of her grandnephew, the Prince Del Drago, was sold by him to the Countess de Castellane for the sum of £25,000. The Iron Crown of Lombardy owes its fame to the small band of iron which runs around the golden circlet, rather than to its intrinsic value, though this is very great. This iron band is three-eighths of an inch broad and one-tenth of an inch thick, and is believed to be one of the nails



THE GOOD AIRSHIP "NEW YORK."  
"Why are we flying so slow, captain?"  
"Speed laws. We are now passing over Philadelphia."—Judge.

miscreants was punished; indeed, Blood, much to the astonishment of some people, afterwards received from the King a pension of £500 a year.

On four occasions the crown of England has been placed in pawn. The most notable is the occasion in 1386, when Richard II. was driven to do this to replenish his depleted treasury. The crown, however, must either have been of comparatively little value, or the merchants of London to whom he pledged it were adepts at driving a shrewd bargain, for the amount received, as vouched for by the King's receipt when redeeming his Regalia, was but two thousand pounds. Richard was but following in the footsteps of his grandfather, Edward III., who, pressed for money, did not hesitate to place the symbol of Royalty in pledge with the Bishop of Winchester for the comparatively handsome sum of ten thousand pounds. Henry III., impoverished by his struggle against his Barons, and Henry V., by his war in France, likewise hypothecated their respective crowns.

Napoleon I., too, some time after the recovery of the Regalia stolen from the Garde Meuble, pledged the "Regent" to the Dutch Government, from whom he received money sufficient to consummate his ambitious schemes. Subsequently, when he attained to power, he redeemed the diamond, and afterwards carried it in the pommel of his State sword. The

used in the Crucifixion, which was given by Pope Gregory I. to Princess Theodelinda.

In 1805, Napoleon crowned himself with this crown at Milan, and later it was worn by two Emperors of Austria, and then carried to Venice. Some time after the year 1866 it was restored to its resting-place in the Church of St. John the Baptist, in Monza, where it still reposes.

WHEN GOING TO MONTREAL Remember that the Grand Trunk Railway System is the only double-track route, and four trains leave Toronto daily: 7.15 a.m., 9 a.m., 8.30 p.m., and 10.30 p.m. The day ride via the 9 a.m. train, with Lake Ontario or the St. Lawrence River in sight most of the way, is delightful, and Montreal is reached at 6 p.m. This train carries parlor-library car and dining car. The 8.30 and 10.15 p.m. (the business man's train) carry Pullman sleepers, the latter having four or more daily. Secure tickets and berth reservations at Grand Trunk City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

First Worker.—Manne born be blowed! D'joo mean ter say if me an' you come into a bit o' splosh we couldn't keep our ends up with these 'ere dooks and people?

Doubting Friend.—Oh, we should be orlight; but our missuses'd give the game away, yer know.

## MADE-TO-ORDER SHIRTS



22 King St. W.  
Glen S. Case, Mgr.

Shirts cut by a specialist and made in our own factory are what you get when you leave your order with

**DUNFIELD & CO.**

102 Yonge St.  
Gordon B. Dunfield, Mgr.

## PERRIN GLOVES

STYLE, FIT, DURABILITY



Sold  
Everywhere



## ZOOKE COLLARS

are made from thoroughly tested, laundry resisting materials, have re-inforced button holes and  
**They Fit — 4 for 50c.**  
Sold by leading Men's Furnishing Stores.



Steamers leave daily  
3.00 P.M.

1000 Islands and return	\$12.50
Montreal	24.50
Quebec	33.50
Saguenay	46.50

MEALS AND BERTHS INCLUDED

For tickets, rates, folders and information re R. & O. Summer Hotels, apply to Ticket Office, 46 Yonge St., Toronto.



# O'Keefe's PILSENER LAGER

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"

Is Far Better Than The Government Regulation Requires

The Canadian Government regulation, regarding the brewing of lager, is probably the most exacting in the world.

It calls for a brew of Hops, Malt and Water only. The American Government places no such restrictions on her brewers.

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" not only complies with the Canadian Government regulations—but is brewed of the very finest Hops and Malt, and pure filtered Water.

"The Beer with a Reputation"

Ask your dealer for this fine brew of O'Keefe's.  
**THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO., LIMITED,**

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**TORONTO.**

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## Murray-Kay, Limited



## A Nest of Tea Tables

A clever idea this, by which three or four tables, useful for afternoon tea, cards, etc., are nested in the space of a single table.

No. 0312—The set illustrated, is built of fine mahogany with lines of lighter inlay. The largest table measures 17 in. x 28 in. Price for the set - \$31.00

No. 950—A set of three smaller tables in genuine mahogany with lines of inlay. Sells at \$20.00

## MURRAY-KAY, Limited

(JOHN KAY COMPANY, Limited)

36 to 38 King Street East

BREAD MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY  
ESTABLISHED ON A SOUND BASIS

Canada Bread Company, Limited, With Its Plants in Larger Cities of Canada, Will be of Enormous Benefit to Consumer—  
Bread Will be Manufactured in the Most Scientific Manner Under Ideal Sanitary Conditions.

It was a happy suggestion for the consumer of bread which was made to Mark Bredin of Toronto, some time ago, which suggestion, taking root, has, with the co-operation and financial assistance of Mr. Cawthra Mulock, resulted in the formation of the Canada Bread Company, Limited.

It was only to be expected that sooner or later scientific and sanitary methods would be adopted in the manufacture of the most essential article in the diet of the nation, namely, bread. When one considers the enormous improvements which have been made during the past decade in nearly every branch of industry, he is simply astounded that such an important industry as that of the manufacture of bread should so long have been neglected. In the iron industry, the textile industry, and in scores of other industries there has been introduced during the past few years specialization and standardization. Economies have been effected either through the merging of various interests in such a manner as to distribute operating costs over an enormously larger output than previously, or by various methods which the pressure of competition or the strenuous methods of modern life have brought about.

It would almost seem as though the only business to be neglected was the most important and basic industry of all, namely, that of the manufacture of bread.

## PLANTS IN DIFFERENT CITIES.

That success would attend the efforts of anyone having the capital and the courage to adopt modern methods in the conduct of the bread industry was a foregone conclusion, but for some reason or other, although the idea had frequently been discussed and several efforts were made towards the end referred to, all of these came to naught until Cawthra Mulock, co-operating with Mark Bredin, and other enterprising bread manufacturers, devised a plan to bring together several of the largest and most up-to-date plants in the city of Toronto. In order to get the full advantages for the purchasing department, it was advisable to bring in also as many of the businesses in other cities as were acceptable, the result being that a large Montreal bakery and a large Winnipeg bakery were included.

## STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION.

The Canada Bread Company starts with an enormous advantage over any other business of a similar character in the Dominion of Canada. At the outset in its enormous requirements, and the advantages which will result in the purchasing department. In a business which expects to shortly consume such enormous quantities as each of compressed yeast and malt extract, and 572,000 pounds each of shortening and sugar, to say nothing of coal for fuel, it can readily be appreciated what advantages will accrue in the matter of discounts and cost of material. It should not be forgotten, also, that the business starts with ample capital to accom-

plish its financing in the most advantageous manner. After paying for the various plants which are being taken into the consolidation, \$1,000,000 will remain in the treasury of the company for the carrying on of the business and for further extensions, from time to time, to plants, as the same may be decided upon.

Great as these advantages may be, they are not one whit greater than those which will accrue from the adoption of scientific methods of manufacture and from the proper systematizing of deliveries. As may readily be imagined, the cost of fuel is one of the principal items in the cost of bread. Few, however, who have not paid some considerable attention to the question, will be aware of the enormous saving which can be effected through the use of the modern oven—one in which one batch of bread may follow the other without refiring the furnace. It is stated on the best of authority that the employment of these "continuous ovens" reduces the cost of fuel from 15c per barrel of flour to 8c per barrel. Here we have a reduction in the cost of fuel of fully 45 per cent.

## GREAT SAVING IN DISTRIBUTION.

The probabilities are, however, that the greatest saving of all may be effected in the matter of delivery. It would appear that the wagons of the average small bakery deliver an average of 1,500, or say, 2,000 loaves of bread per week. It is a certainty that the Canada Bread Company will deliver at least an average of 4,000 loaves per week. This record, in fact, it has already reached, and after the business has been properly systematized, it is fully expected that it will be increased 12½ per cent, making a total of 4,500 loaves of bread per week for each wagon of the company.

These particulars are only mentioned in order to show what necessity there was, from the standpoint of the consumer, for such an organization as the Canada Bread Company, and, at the same time, what profits there will be from the standpoint of the shareholder. With such economies as referred to above, it is not difficult to see that an enormous future is in store for the Canada Bread Company. Because of the adoption of the latest type of machinery and most modern systems, it will not only be able to supply a better quality of bread, but the cost of production and delivery will be enormously reduced. It is the expectation of the directors that, from time to time, plants will be established in other centres and that the plants already taken over in the cities of Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg will be added to at the earliest possible moment.

Canada Bread Company, Limited, by the end of its first fiscal year, will have a weekly output of 1,000,000 loaves, making a total yearly output of 50,000,000. With the capital that is in its treasury it will be able to steadily increase its output, by adding other plants, to 2,000,000 a week, making an annual production of 100,000,000 loaves.



TORONTO GRANITES—RENNIE RINK.  
Winners of International Championship Trophy, at Buffalo Lawn Bowling Tournament, August 1-4, 1911. Standing—T. Rennie, skip; Dr. B. E. Hawke, Granites' representative; J. Rennie, vice-skip. Sitting—F. C. Ratcliffe, lead; R. H. Patterson, second.

TORONTO DELEGATION AT  
ADVERTISING MEN'S  
CONVENTION.

THE good city of Boston was last week the scene of unusual activities, the occasion being the seventh annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. More than two thousand delegates, representing advertising clubs and associations in every part of the States, together with about fifty delegates from Canada and eighteen from Great Britain, gathered in the historic "Hub" to discuss the many and varied problems of modern publicity, and to partake of the hospitality for which New England, and Boston in particular, is so famous.

The convention arrangements, and all details of preparation and entertainment connected with it were in the hands of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, and some idea of the size of the undertaking can be gathered from the fact that a fund of \$30,000 was required—and secured—to meet the expenses of the convention. The delegations from the various cities numbered all the way from two hundred down to one, the largest being from New York city, and the smallest from a little town in New Mexico. Every delegation, large or small, displayed a degree of enthusiasm probably never equalled in any previous convention, and the variety of "stunts" resorted to by each delegation to impress upon all and sundry the fact that their town or city is a real "live one," was one of the outstanding features of the convention.

The Toronto delegation—numbering twenty-nine—though smaller than some of those from across the border, took a prominent part in the convention. With the avowed intention of bringing the convention to Toronto in 1913, they went prepared to make a favorable impression on all their fellow-workers in the profession, and succeeded even beyond expectations. From the time when the Toronto delegates, dressed in Highland kilts and led by a piper playing "The Cock of the North," marched into the Faneuil Hall, where the opening session was held, to the time when, in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning, they left the Symphony Hall, where the concluding banquet took place, Toronto was constantly in the limelight.

The eagerness of the various delegations to secure the convention may be gathered from the fact that three cities were hard at work to get it for 1913, four for 1914, one for 1915. Of the four aspirants for the honor of holding the convention in 1913, Toronto unquestionably has the best chance of securing it. The fact that the Toronto delegates were accompanied by one of the city controllers and one of the aldermen gave additional weight to their efforts to pave the way for the convention. When it is understood that every one of the two thousand or more delegates who attended the Boston convention represents a large manufacturing or merchandising concern, an important paper or magazine, an advertising agency, or a printing establishment, it is possible to realize something of the immense value of such a convention for advertising all the desirable features of the city in which it is held. It is doubtful if the city of Boston, even though possessed of unlimited funds, could have secured, by any other means, as wide and desirable publicity as that gained as a result of last week's convention.

As a gathering of advertising men

for the purpose of listening to and discussing papers and addresses dealing with the many questions and problems of the profession, the convention was eminently successful. While the lighter features of entertainment figured prominently on the programme, the general and departmental sessions occupied the greater part of each of the four days. The broadening and educative influence resulting from this gathering—where advertising men had an unequalled opportunity to listen to papers, addresses and discussions, and to mingle with their fellow-workers from the four quarters of the globe—can scarcely fail to make a better advertising man of every delegate who attended the convention.

## India's Cotton Goods.

THE city of Calicut, on the Malabar coast, which, with Surat, was an ancient cotton mart, gave its name to the variety of fabric known as "calico." Some qualities of this were so fine, it is said, that one could hardly feel them in the hand, and the thread, when spun, was scarcely discernible. Dacca, once a most important city lying north-east of Calcutta, sent out from its looms in the early centuries those wonderful tissues of fine muslins made from a staple too short to be woven by any machinery.

Even after the advent of the British in India there is recorded an instance of a piece of muslin twenty yards long and one and one-quarter yards wide weighing only fourteen ounces. With the rude implements the Hindu women spun those almost impalpable threads, and wove fabrics that for fineness of quality have never been successfully imitated elsewhere. With the decay of the native Hindu courts, the chief customers, the demand ceased and the manufacture was for the most part stopped. Dacca to-day is little more than a ruin. But the art survives to a certain extent.

Weaving in India divides itself into two branches—hand loom and power loom weaving. The proportion of hand-loom-made cloth to power-loom-made cloth is fully two to one.

The native hand loom is a most primitive affair. It is now the same as it was thirty centuries ago. The old flyshuttle looms of a century ago are ages in advance of the Indian hand loom used by the native weavers throughout India. Of course, there are a number of fly-shuttle looms in successful use in certain localities, but these are not favored by the natives.

The manufacture of cotton in India dates back to the earliest times. In the Sanskrit records mention is made of it three thousand years ago.

Herodotus, about 450 B.C., speaks of the trees of India bearing as their fruit fleeces more delicate and beautiful than those of sheep and of the Indians using them for the manufacture of cloth. From India cotton cloth was gradually introduced into Greece, Rome, and Sicily before the Christian era. Cotton awnings were used in the theatre at the Apollonian games, and Caesar afterward covered the Roman Forum with them, as also the Sacred Way from his own house to the Capitoline Hill.

Some years ago in Indiana one of the questions in an examination was: "What is nicotine?"

The answer given was: "Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man."



## Robinson Crusoe's "Sure Signs"

When the celebrated adventurer of fiction discovered human foot-prints in the sand, he argued to himself, "there's a man around here."

If the smoker would employ the same brand of logic he would use DAVIS' "NOBLEMEN" CIGARS (2 for 25c.) and save himself 50 per cent. Because the "NOBLEMEN" embodies the unmistakable and "sure signs" of a good cigar. The choice Havana leaf, the Cuban workmanship which combine to produce the "NOBLEMEN" CIGAR are the finest in the world. When you buy "NOBLEMEN" you buy intrinsic value. When you buy imported cigars, you pay twice for the same thing, because you make a voluntary contribution to the treasury by taxing yourself.

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### The Female Form Divine.

Is the woman of to-day gradually losing her distinctively feminine figure owing to her increased interest in masculine sports? Will the tendency among women to adopt manly habits mean the extinction of the "female form divine," with its graceful curves and lines?

These questions are brought into prominence by a statement made by a well-known doctor on the "physical conformation of women."

"Open air and athletic sports, more rational dress, and education more like that of men," he says, "have caused the pronounced physical characteristics known as feminine to diminish, and made the female figure more like that of the male. This tendency should be stopped before it goes any further."

Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., the well-known artist, interviewed on this subject, entirely agreed with the doctor. "Comparing the woman of to-day with the woman of a generation ago, I notice that the former has developed decided signs of masculinity," he said. "She has lost a certain gracious softness—women of to-day look harder and stronger, their figures are straighter, and in many cases their muscles are more developed."

"As an instance of this new type of woman, one might mention what is known as the 'hockey-girl.' She is probably a healthy, vigorous young person; but her figure, her mental outlook, and her habits closely resemble those of a man. The hockey-girl, however, acquires this masculinity at the cost of grace, and that delightful indefinable quality of femininity which makes woman woman."

"Other physical characteristics are a certain broadness across the shoulders, slightly larger waists, and flatter chests. They have lost much of their graceful lines and contours, and their manner is often somewhat aggressive. Although they may still retain their mental charm, physically they are often ungainly and awkward."

"They 'bounce' into a room, whereas their grandmothers would have entered it with quiet grace and charm. It must be remembered that, after all, the great beauty and attraction of woman in the eyes of man is that she is so entirely different from him."

Sir L. Alma Tadema, the famous artist, says that while he does not think women generally are losing their figures, women who play bridge and indulge in other such pleasures in excess certainly harm their figures. "It is fortunate that our models are not recruited from the bridge-playing set," he said.

### Stories of Dr. Henry Coward

Dr. Coward's energy is amazing, writes J. A. Rodgers in his life of the Sheffield Choir. Audiences realize but a tithe of it when they see his conducting, vigorous as it is. They should see him at rehearsal. He has been known to break three stout batons in a night. On one occasion, when rehearsing the Sheffield Festival Chorus in Berlioz's "Faust," he wanted to get the chorus to realize the varying personality of the types of people concerned in the choral music—peasants, drunken soldiers, rollicking students, devout villagers (in the Easter Hymn), and, finally, the lost souls in Pandemonium, snarling out their unholy gibberish. Dr. Coward, to emphasize the point, proceeded to enact a sample of each character. The fidelity of his impersonations, especially the bucolic vacuity of the peasants, trolloping out their droned "fifths," and the bibulous tones of the revellers in Auerbach's Cellar set the chorus in a roar, and made one realize that Dr. Coward, who has probably never been inside a theatre in his life, save to hear an opera, is a born actor.

No account of Dr. Coward is complete without reference to his mannerisms. At rehearsal he is impulsive, eccentric, full of strange oaths (in a Pickwickian sense) and wise aphorisms, merry, thunderous, coaxing, discursive, anecdotal—all in turn, but he is never dull. He has an inexhaustible store of epithets and adjectives, and will bully or wheedle a choir as the mood fits him, or as seems likeliest to secure his wishes. "You miserable tenors," he will call out, "afraid of a top G." "You sing it as if you were all club-footed," he tells the bases. "Don't talk to that lady; if she's not marked her copy, don't remind her. Leave her to her conscience." "I told you to mark it forte," he shouts in a rage, to a timid-voiced soprano. "It is marked forte," she ventures to say. "Well, then, why don't you forte?" he retorts, amid laughter. "You are singing the madrigal as if it were a Buddhist praying-machine," he tells them, "singing is not like churning." "Hello! here is the recurring decimal again," he remarks, as an habitual late-comer makes her way to her seat. Once,

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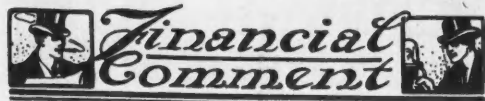
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The Electric-Lighted Service Is the Lehigh Valley route to New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City, via Niagara Falls. Leaving Toronto 4.33 p.m. and 6.10 p.m. Literature and further particulars call at 5 King Street East.





NEVER was there shorter war than that which was fought between England and France on the one side and Germany on the other over that dread Moroccan affair. Truly the results must have been disappointing to the politicians, newspapermen and adventurers who for years past have been predicting, if not hoping, that upon the first sign of a move on the part of one of the interested countries there would be an all round blow-up and the countries of Europe would be at each other's throats. What do we find? Germany, without consulting anyone, sends a ship to, as she says, protect the rights of her citizens. At first it is announced that she will withdraw when the danger is over, which announcement is not believed by anyone, not even by herself. Now, however, no attempt is longer made to keep up the bluff and it seems to be accepted that Germany is firmly fixed in Morocco. The only guns fired were discharged from the ends of an ordinary H.B. lead pencil or a rusty stub pen in various editorial rooms of the newspaper offices of the world. Many newspapermen fight with indomitable courage in the shelter trenches behind the editorial desks, at so much per column. To those who are desirous of seeing this war folly brought to an end and who are in hopes that already the cause is all but won, the result of the Moroccan incident will bring much satisfaction. A situation which not so long ago would most probably have resulted in bloodshed, after occupying the principal space in the papers for a day or two, has already ceased to be mentioned in the extras, notwithstanding the requirements of the dog days for news with a bite and a foam to it. Can it be that the nations of the world have learned that it costs too much to make war?

I fear that the answer must be in the negative for some time yet, but I am confident that it will be in the affirmative ere many years have passed. International relationships have become so close during the past few years that, while for purposes of identification, as it were, and because of the language or the accent, individuals speak of themselves in terms of nationalities, their financial interests are rapidly becoming cosmopolitan. Thus the Englishman may have his head office in London and he may speak the English language, but his money may be invested principally in Mexico, the United States, France, Germany or where not. France owns control of a new bank in Canada as well as of a number of public utility concerns of this country. Germany holds an enormous quantity of C.P.R. stock. Americans have enormous interests here. So, no matter what country or city comes under observation, a careful examination would reveal the fact that a very large proportion of the wealth owned there is invested in other countries or cities.

CANADIANS who own or have owned large quantities of stocks or bonds upon Mexican or Brazilian properties will not look kindly upon their fellow Canadian who struts about valiantly talking of national honor and other matters of which he manifestly has but a dim conception and predicting, if not actually urging, war with Mexico or Brazil—which war, by the way, it is seldom any part of his programme to attend in person. Yet the interest of Canadians in Mexico or Brazil is small indeed as compared with the interests of hundreds of the citizens of other countries in lands outside their own.

Theoretically, at least, it would almost seem that the day is all but here when the official weapon which clicks so bravely and uselessly at the heels of the dashing military officer from Smith's Corners will be converted into the more worthy, if less ornamental, agricultural implement. In this connection I would draw attention to the remarks made last May by James Speyer, at the third national peace congress at Baltimore. James Speyer is a member of the New York and European financial house of Speyer & Co., which needs no introduction to most readers of these columns and which, among those who have had dealing with it, does not bear the reputation of being a firm of poets or idle dreamers. Speyer spoke as a delegate from the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, and, in discussing the question of what could be done to put an end to war between first-class powers, said:

"We find to day, in Europe, that in times of peace certain Governments will not allow their bankers to take and place foreign loans in the home market unless the purposes for which the loan is to be used are known and approved and at least a part of the proceeds are used by the borrowing nation for the benefit of the loaning nation. Now, if such supervision and control of the bankers exists in times of peace, it does not seem a wide flight of imagination to suggest that the great powers might agree to exercise such control in times of war between third parties and to maintain in future what, for want of a better term, might be called 'financial neutrality.'" In case two nations went to war without submitting their grievances and differences to arbitration or judicial settlement at The Hague, why should the other neutral powers not bind themselves not to assist either of the belligerents financially, but to see to it that real neutrality was observed by their banks and bankers. There is little doubt that this could be done."

AGES ago, in his lower stages of development, man, emerging from the animal, thought it to his interests to lie in wait behind a tree in the forest with a hickory sapling in his hairy fist. To his primeval mind the fundamental duty of self-preservation could only be accomplished by getting in the first blow and taking over what little food or what few wives the fallen hero might possess. In the course of time we, as individuals, have learned that the other fellow's preservation and prosperity is generally necessary to our own. Therefore, as individuals, we generally do our best to aid him and thus aid ourselves.

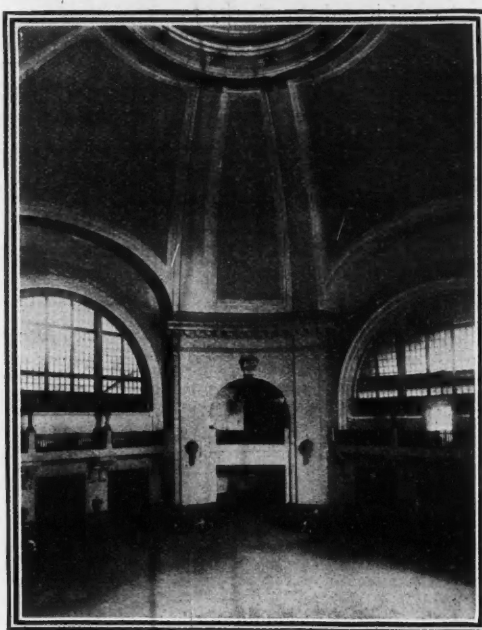
Unfortunately, when we act together with the nation as the unit, we still display the same crudeness in our thought and in our methods which our ancestors displayed when, as they emerged from the animal stage, the individual was the only unit recognized. The forces which go to educate, fortunately, move much more rapidly today than in the ages which are past. Almost within our own time nations have come to recognize that self-interest demands peace. Economists know that the material waste and destruction and expenses of a war have to be made

up by years of toil to which the victor must contribute as well as the vanquished. Less than ever can nations live apart from each other. Their successes depend upon co-operation with other nations. They must purchase from them the articles which they desire. By the free interchange of these commodities produced where conditions are best adapted for production, each country obtains what it requires at least cost. So intimate have these relationships become as to almost preclude the possibility of further war. One might go further, also, and take into consideration the financial aspect—the effect upon stock exchanges of the world, the decline and advance of securities, the fortunes won and destroyed, and all for what? All, perchance, for the privilege of raising a flag over a portion of territory to which the population of the victorious country could have had peaceable access, at but a small proportion of the cost of the war.

The day is surely here when we are to recognize that the best, cheapest and most honorable way to take pos-

sessions of a country is to buy what portion we want and pay a commission to a real estate dealer instead of to a manufacturer of powder, shot and guns.

THE epidemic of porch climbing, we read in the dailies, has struck the cities of Canada. Hot weather and the absence of tenants, it would seem, have been the occasion, the petty burglar being thus afforded what he considers a safe opportunity of removing goods and chattels which are the product of other men's industry. The police, it is claimed, are being kept busy watching the houses of absentees lest the ingenious porch climber enter and, after helping himself to the viands in the cellar and reposing all night in the spare bed with his clothes on, he departs in the early morning hours, taking with him the quilts and a few pillows of platted ware.



The new home of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway at Winnipeg, known as the Union Station, has been completed, and the head offices of the Company have been occupying the office premises for some months. The new terminals and station have been constructed, to take care of the rapid increase of traffic and the structure is a credit to the Western metropolis. The building has a frontage on Main Street of 352 feet, and a depth of 140 feet, and covers a ground area of approximately 50,000 square feet. It comprises basement and four storeys, surmounted by a dome 90 feet in diameter and 100 feet above the street level. The new depot forms part of an extensive project, involving a system of trackage and railway buildings which will provide one of the best equipped terminals in the world. The main floor of the building has a large circular lobby in the centre under the dome, with waiting rooms, restaurant and lunch room on one side; the ticket offices and baggage rooms being placed on the opposite side. It communicates through the rear by a subway and stairways to wide platforms between the eight through tracks which have a capacity for 200 cars at a level of ten feet above the level of the main floor. The main lobby is entirely unobstructed by columns or seats of any kind and exceptionally well lighted on all four sides by large arch windows. In the basement there is a waiting room with an area of 10,000 square feet, besides excellent accommodation for immigrants. The second, third and fourth floors are devoted to office purposes. Ultimately it is planned to add four more storeys to provide a total of 200,000 square feet of office room. Trains commenced operating to and from this station August 7th, 1911.

Hollinger. Fortunately, other Porcupine mining stocks which a few weeks ago looked unattainable to the average man have had their tumble. They all have just as much ore as ever; therefore I say, fortunately, they have had a tumble in price. With their tumble have tumbled the prospects of the market porch climber. The merry, joyous ring of the "come on boys" becomes a cracked and broken jingle. We get a chance to stop and think. And when we stop and think it's all up with the sale. Our poor, little dollar bill looks bigger and bigger and the man with the million dollar mining prospect—yet unpossessed—looks smaller and smaller. Presently the bill and the million assume their true relative importance, with the result that the bill goes back into our pockets and the promoter hikes back to the mines.

THE recent decline in the price of Dominion Steel Corporation common stock seems to be causing much comment, and an enormous amount of energy is being put forth in explaining the cause of the decline. Some hazard the opinion that insiders are selling out, some that all is not well with the works, others that another strike is threatening among the coal miners—in fact, the woods are full of Sherlocks, all apparently sincerely trying to find out what is the matter and to let the public into the secret. In view of all this, it looks almost like taking sides against the company to express surprise that anyone should feel surprised or contort his ingenuity unduly to find the explanation.

There may be many reasons for the stock selling down of which neither I nor anyone else not in the confidence of the company are aware. But it seems to me that there is much searching afar from home. The last report of the company, as I pointed out at the time, shows earnings at the rate of 2.22 per cent. on the common stock of the company. Now, what I would like to know is: What other industrial stock showing actual earnings last year at the rate of but 2.22 per cent. and of which no definite statement has since appeared, is selling at over 50 per cent. of par? If there were such stock, would the reason for a decline not be sufficiently evident without a search warrant? I may be that some industrials would sell higher; but there would be special circumstances. The Steel Corporation is an old company now and one can no

longer say of it, with conviction, that just as soon as it adjusts certain little matters—as might be the case with a new concern—it will double, treble or quadruple its earnings. Therefore, it is not easy to see why the stock should be selling on a speculative basis, particularly in view of the fact that conditions in the iron and steel trade are not altogether roseate just now and may even become worse in the near future.

At the time the last report of the company appeared, being to March 31st, 1911, it was evident that the Dominion Steel Co. had earned at the rate of 4.90 per cent. per annum, the dividend being 4 per cent., and that the Steel Co. had earned at the rate of but 0.21 per cent. on its common stock. To this, of course, from the standpoint of the shareholder of the past year, would be added well on towards a million received as bounties. This, however, cannot be regarded as earnings, and cannot therefore be relied on. It has since been cancelled. The annual earnings of the two companies constituting the Dominion Steel corporation, as given in these columns at the time, were as follows:

"Actual rate of earnings of Dominion I & S. Co. .... \$392,345  
"Actual rate of earnings of Dominion Steel Co. .... 944,682  
"Actual rate of earnings Total Dominion Steel Corp. .... \$1,337,027  
"7% on \$8,000,000 preferred stock ..... 560,000  
"Leaving about 2.22% on \$35,000,000 com. stock. .... \$ 777,027

It was also stated that the stock had doubtless great possibilities, but that what was now wanted was a certain share of the realities. The action of the directorate in declaring a 4 per cent. dividend, the admitted basis of which was the expectation that Mr. Fielding would renew the bounties, was criticized as being bad finance even though the money was on hand to pay these dividends for a period.

The fact is, Steel stock had no license, on its earnings, to sell up to its giddy heights or even to its recent heights. As it now seems, it had no right even to sell up on the chances of a renewal of Government bounty. It has been insisted upon almost weekly for the past year that these bounties would be renewed, and discredit was cast upon Mr. Fielding, who said they would be discontinued. It looks like a rank effort to sustain a market irrespective of facts. Easy as it was to repeat the assertion that the bounty would be continued, who could deny it? Only Mr. Fielding, and he, no doubt, had something more important to do.

The other day appeared another announcement. It was that as soon as the elections were over the bounties would be renewed no matter which side won. Well, who can deny this? The question for the investor to ask is whether or not those who have in the past made these pleasant predictions, and who must be held to large extent responsible for getting the public into the market, were or were not justified in their positive statements, and, if not, what guarantee is there that matters are now different.

THESE criticisms are directed, not at the industrial end of the Steel Corporation, but at the market rigging, whoever it may be carried on by, and at the willingness with which any sort of report is received and circulated. There can be little question that the Coal end of the business is showing enormously more profits than was the case last year, and it is possible, even, that these may alone carry almost the total dividend. Also, it may be that the iron and steel end is making much greater profits. We have not been told so, in detail; and the iron and steel markets are certainly not encouraging. But it may be so. I hope it is. If it is, present prices should be justifiable enough. Otherwise, it would certainly seem that the situation depends upon the bounties, and the man who buys stock on the strength of the bounties, especially after all that has passed, certainly is not entitled to receive a great deal of sympathy, nor would one need to go far to explain a decline.

## Economist

### Iniquitous State Taxes.

IT is safe to say that the average investor in stocks and bonds has not the slightest appreciation of the extent to which he, personally, is affected by the inheritance-tax legislation which has been going on all over the country during the past two or three years. He has looked a little into the law of his own State, perhaps, but the chances are that it has never occurred to him that what some State Legislature out in the other end of the country has lately chosen to put through may mean a big additional slice taken out of his estate when he dies. It will come to him as somewhat of a shock when he learns, for instance, that although he may never have been within a thousand miles of the State of Wisconsin, the State of Wisconsin may, nevertheless, collect an inheritance tax on his Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul stock because the railroad was originally incorporated in that jurisdiction. And as even more of a shock to him may come the realization that because the lines of the railroad happen to cross the State of Iowa, that State, too, may claim the right to get a tax out of what he leaves.

A look over the inheritance-tax laws which State Legislatures all over the country have been lately putting into force reminds one, indeed, of the state of things prevailing in the Middle Ages, when everything taxable was legitimate prey for those having power to enforce their demands. It is not enough that all but ten States tax all property, real and personal, situated within their boundaries. With utter disregard of the laws already passed by their neighbors, half the States in the country have passed laws giving them the right to tax property outside their own jurisdiction which may already be subject to two or three other taxes. Such a condition of things has not been seen since the days of old Isaac of York, when each town considered it no more than right to take rich toll from every passer-by not strong enough to resist. It is only possible because the inheritance-tax idea is a new thing in this country, and because practically all these laws are of such recent enforcement that their viciousness has not had time to make itself felt.—Harper's Weekly.

Despatches from Washington give estimates of the value of this season's cotton crop as \$1,000,603,000, an increase of \$18,000,000 over that of last year.



# GOLD AND DROSS

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## Investment Suggestions

The stock market fluctuates—conditions change—an investment may be attractive from the standpoint of income and security this month, and not the next, or vice versa.

So once a month, on an average, we publish some suggestions for investments in the form of a list embodying what we consider the most attractive stocks at the time of writing, with description of the securities and pertinent and timely comments. These lists are mailed, as issued, to our clients and others who are interested in investment securities.

We find that investors like to receive this list—write to know the reason why if by any accident they fail to receive their copies when due.

As an investor, or one interested in investments, you should be on our mailing list. This, whether you are a regular client of ours or not.

A request will bring you these lists—there is no charge—you are placed under no obligations of any kind. Our list for this period is now ready.

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# Gold and Dross

R. D. Evans, who is president of the California Consolidated Oil Company, has issued a circular letter to shareholders in which he tells them that "the affairs of your company were found to be moving toward the object of its formation, namely, the acquisition as a holding company of proven, developed and producing California oil properties." He signs himself R. D. Evans, but the other gentlemen back of the company never refer to him that way. They always say, "Rear Admiral Evans," or "Fighting Bob," as it is much easier to sell stock with such a prominent figurehead as president. The question SATURDAY NIGHT has always asked is, why was not the property acquired before any stock was sold? Another glad piece of news is sent out. They want the shareholders to buy more stock—and this when everything is so promising.

It looks as if the bottom were out of the thing already, as the stock sold last week on the New York curb at 15 cents per share. A lot of people bought it a few months ago at 50 cents. In this connection the following announcement, made by The San Diego, Cal., Sun is of interest: "The Sun wishes to announce that hereafter it will not print any advertisements of stock promotion or stock sales. Some time ago The Sun decided to print no more advertisements of oil-promotion companies or plans, though, of course, many of them are legitimate in every way, as San Diegans well know. This rule is now extended to cover stock sales and stock promotion of all kinds. The fact that this will include many enterprises which are absolutely legitimate is willingly admitted. The Sun, however, has no way of determining in all cases which enterprises are good and which are doubtful or worse, and, rather than mislead its readers in any case, will exclude all. Those which are legitimate and are good investments will have no trouble in getting financial support."

176 Montrose ave., Toronto, July 22, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I have been approached by an agent of Messrs. MacMillan & Volland with regard to the purchase of lots in "Shaughnessy place," a Winnipeg subdivision. What do you think of it?

W. T. S.

The fact that the advertisement of the above property appears in the columns of this journal may be taken as indicative of the fact that nothing detrimental of either the firm or property is known to Saturday Night. Otherwise we would not run their advertisement. I have always adhered to the policy, however, that buying land located a long distance away, where one has no real opportunity to look it over, is not the best way to make such purchases. The prices seem fair, however, if we can judge at this distance.

Evidence comes to hand daily that the higher-priced stocks are the cheapest in the end. In the past I have answered quite a few queries regarding the worth of Ventura Oil Company shares by stating the probabilities were that many people would get singed with this stuff at ten cents per share.

It appears that the Ventura company is in hot water already. The directors have levied an assessment of three cents a share on shareholders, which may be done under California laws without the consent of shareholders. And if the assessment is not paid, the stock may be sold at auction. The Montreal broker who waxed so eloquent in circularizing through Canada concerning this proposition made no mention, of course, of the latter fact. All he wanted to do was to double your money for you. The Lincoln Mortgage and Loan Company put out this Ventura, which follows a line of oil promotions which shareholders now mention with regret. This firm is behind the California Consolidated Oil Company also.

Paris, July 24th, 1911.

Editor Gold and Dross:

I invested quite a bit in the Badger Mine some time ago, and can get no satisfaction about it. Can you favor me with the answers to the following questions?

1. Who are the directors of the Company?
2. Has the mine ever shipped any ore?
3. Is it ever likely to pay a dividend?
4. Would you advise me buying more at the present price to even up with my first purchase so as to avoid too much loss if there is to be one?

SPECULATOR.

Head office, Room 723, Traders Bank Building, Toronto. The directors are: C. H. Bunker, J. R. Lindsay, A. E. Forest, Charles T. Trego, all of Chicago; A. A. Smith, Groulx Lake, Ont.; secretary-treasurer, Frank Denton, K.C., and L. O. Richardson, Toronto. To my knowledge no shipments have been made, and dividends are not likely.

London, E.C., 19 June, 1911.

Editor Gold and Dross:

I hold some cumulative preference shares of Bridge River and Lillooet Gold Mining Co., Ltd., of Hamilton, Ontario, and Vancouver, B.C., purchased in 1897.

Any information you can give me about this company through the medium of your columns will be appreciated. I have never had any dividends and shall be glad to know if I am ever likely to.

LONDON READER.

For information relative to the above, I am indebted to R. F. Tolmie, Deputy Minister of Mines of British Columbia, who writes from Victoria, B.C., as follows:—The company allowed its free miner's certificate to lapse on the 31st May, 1906, and section 9 of the "Mineral Act" and "Placer Mining Act" provides, inter alia, that "on the expiration of a free miner's certificate the owner thereof shall absolutely forfeit all his rights and interest in or to any placer claim, mining lease, bed-rock flume grant, and any minerals in any ground comprised therein, and in or to any and every water right, mining ditch, drain, tunnel, or flume, which may be held or claimed by such owner of such expired free miner's certificate."

C. H. K., Montreal: There never was a gold mining company in existence which issued shares at ten cents and ever made good that I have heard of. The International Gold Mining Company of Spokane, Wash., has been before referred to here; leave it alone.

The aeroplane Porcupine has "hit the ground" several times of late. It is feared a serious accident cannot be averted, with many of the public under the machine.

It has been pointed out before in these columns that the young man named Faulkner who makes a specialty of selling Canadian Northern Railway Debenture stock on the instalment plan, has no connection, direct or indirect, with the Canadian Northern Railway. He was pre-

vented some time since from operating under the name of the Canadian Northern Railway's Security Company and he is now engaging the attention of Chicago with the same securities. The style of literature the young man prepares is not to the liking of the railway company, and it should be borne in mind that he does not represent the C.N.R.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Would you kindly give me your opinion and valuable advice respecting the "Jupiter" mine at Porcupine. Would it be a profitable investment at present time?

J. E.

"Jupiter" got in wrong at first, but it is now in more capable hands. It is no investment, but I think you would get a run for your money.

The Hillcrest Collieries, Limited, operating the Hillcrest coal mine, situated near Frank, Alberta, on July 15 paid its second dividend of 1/4 per cent. on its preferred stock. The total of dividend was \$12,350. A similar amount having previously been paid, the total of dividends paid to date is \$24,700.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Would you consider the enclosed as any authority on the value of Dome Extension property? I have some of this stock, and would like your opinion as to the holding of it for an investment and good returns.

W. E. F.

The enclosed is a clipping from the Toronto World, headed "Great is Porcupine." It is flamboyant "news" stories such as this that caused ignorant people to be victimized in Cobalt. I would not hold Dome Extension as an "investment" and dividend returns are to my mind quite an uncertain quantity.

What does it avail a man to receive 10 per cent. per year for five years, and then lose his principal? Also, is there much sorrow for him who buys real estate in boom times and sells in slump prices?

Longford Mills, 26th July, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

As a stockholder of the Crawford Mining Co., I beg to appeal to you for information relative to this company. Enclosed is a lot of their literature sent out at time of stock-selling.

Understand the property has been sold recently.

Would like to know who sold it; what authority they had for so doing; and also where we old stockholders ring in.

Thanking you on behalf of myself and other stockholders in anticipation.

A. F. T.

The Crawford Mines was fashioned and manipulated by a group of gentlemen who were after your money, and who got it. There is nothing coming to you, unless you are a philosopher. It may or may not help when I say that Crawford Mines was a failure before the promoters first sold a share of stock. L. W. Spear appears to have been the master mind here. He promoted Spear's Canadian Mining Syndicate, and one of his first essays was with Crawford Mines. He employed a young man who blossomed out as a mining broker. In reality this was Spear's business, and the other fellow was only a dummy. The following gentlemen signed their names to a typewritten letter which stated in unqualified terms that each and all of them knew all about this property, which was situated at Bell's Sliding on the T. & N.O. railway. They said: "We will not be surprised in learning that the Crawford properties will attain a productiveness equal, if not outstripping, any other mine in Ontario." Here are the signers:—J. S. Burdick, Essex, Ont.; Murdoch Morrison, Bell's Camp, Ont.; Dusty Bros., St. Mary's, Ont.; A. T. Essery, London, Ont.; George Jones, Bell's Camp, Ont.; H. A. E. Coe, Hamilton, Ont.; J. M. Rumford, Halleybury, Ont.; Wm. H. Letman, Burk's Falls, Ont.; Wm. Young, Toronto, Ont.; Thos. W. Sharp, Halleybury, Ont.; J. M. Goodwillie, M.P., Metcalfe, Ont.; R. C. Pruett, London, Eng. Spear's employee and Spear employed the usual circus tactics to sell stock. Probably a little of the money went into the ground. Then there came a difficulty. Another party claimed he had staked the property prior to Crawford. Spear went to New York, and I guess he took some of the money with him. Crawford, I understand, headed for Australia, and the brokerage firm crumpled up. The claims were lost to the company as all the optimistic letter and circular writers who were going to make you rich got from under when the first hitch came along. There was a little gold on the property, and a pinch of silver, not enough of course, to make it worth while digging for, but just enough on which to float a "mine." If the property was sold lately, shareholders get nothing out of it, for they do not own the property. I doubt if they ever did own it.

Shanty Bay, Ont., July 25, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Will you, at your earliest convenience, give me an opinion on the proposed consolidation of the Pacific Pass Coalfields, Western Coal and Coke Co., Kootenay and Alberta Railway, Lethbridge Collieries, and St. Albert Collieries, to be known hereafter as The Canadian Coal and Coke Co.?

ERICA.

I would term it a speculative undertaking, with no guarantee of coming to a successful issue.

Toronto, July 29, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I hold 250 shares of Dominion Goldfields of Beauce, Que. Are they any good? I still have 100 shares each of Watts and Foster "Cobalts." Are they any good or shall I burn the script? I have 100 Nippissing, for which I paid \$17; when would you advise me to sell, although I am receiving the dividend regularly? Shall I hold on to it?

S. B.

The Quebec company I do not know. Watts is a lemon. Foster will bring a couple of cents per share. I would sell Nip. make it worth Brokers call a "bulge."

Toronto, July 28th, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I have been asked by a client of mine to find out whether there is any market value for Ophir and Diamond Jubilee Mines stocks. Could you oblige by giving me this information through your columns, and much oblige?

H. J.

Ophir is 8 to 10 cents, with no bids for Diamond Jubilee.

Apparently the old holders of Cobalt Central are frozen out. The committee in Philadelphia which is reorganizing this lemon of a property have issued a circular stating that the new capital of the company is 1,500,000 shares at \$1 par, which will be sold at 25 cents each. The best advice that anyone who is interested in this wreck of a mine can act on is to put up with any loss undergone, and to stay out of it in future.

Capital \$4,000,000	Reserve Fund \$5,000,000	Total Assets \$62,000,000
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## Depredations of the Budworm.

CONSIDERABLE uneasiness and even alarm has been felt by lumbermen and others interested in forest products, over the depredations in different parts of Canada, of the spruce budworm, (*Tortrix fumiferana*). It was feared that the spruce might suffer a fate similar to that of the tamarack which was killed by the larch sawfly about twenty-five years ago. As a result, however, of careful investigations begun by the Division of Entomology of the Dominion Department of Agriculture during 1909 and still in progress the situation appears to be much more satisfactory and reassuring than was at first considered possible.

The destructive work of the budworm was first reported two years ago from Vancouver Island, where the Douglas fir was attacked; and from Quebec, where the spruce and the balsam suffered chiefly. In the case of Quebec, the pests were at first confined to the west-central portion of the province, but during 1910 areas on the east of the St. Lawrence were also attacked. It was this latter circumstance that roused timber owners to a sense of the possible extent of the danger.

While in the caterpillar stage these insects destroy the buds of the spruce and balsam, especially at the top of the trees. They also bite off the leaves, which, together with the excrement of the caterpillars, cause the tops of the trees to assume a reddish brown appearance. When a large area is attacked it appears as if it had been swept by fire.

As such plagues of air insects can only be controlled by natural means, the Dominion Entomologist visited a number of the infected districts for the purpose of discovering a natural remedy that would meet the situation. Various insect enemies or parasites were found, that prey upon the budworm, and these are being used to destroy the pest. As the percentage of important parasites, especially of the minute species which attack the eggs of the budworm, is unusually large, there is abundant reason for hoping for the extermination of the latter. Judging by previous experiences in studies of this nature, it is not improbable that the insect will be controlled by its natural parasites in the course of a year or two, that is, before it has inflicted any serious damage to the spruce and balsam by repeated defoliation.

Immigration commissioners from nineteen States, who are in Chicago for the purpose of forming a national organization, will publish a "handbook for the guidance of land suckers." The book will contain exact information concerning all farm and mineral lands in the various States so that the unwary investor will not be easy prey for the land shark. It will be compiled upon scientific investigation, and will be circulated in every State in the Union in opposition to many "promotion" committees, which draw wondrous pictures concerning land in a certain locality without telling any of its bad features. The book will be distributed free.



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**MONTREAL FINANCIAL****SOMETHING ABOUT J. K. L.  
ROSS, A NEW "WOODS"  
DIRECTOR.**

MONTREAL, AUGUST 10, 1911.

THE appointment of Mr. J. K. L. Ross to the directorate of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. has been considerably commented upon, both on the "street" and in the papers. To those who have been following the history of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., this will not cause any great surprise. In short, the appointment of "Jack" Ross to the directorate is taken as evidence that those who at present have control of "Woods" do not intend lightly to part with it; and as the new director is reputed to be a millionaire in his own right and is quite possibly ambitious, the significance of the move becomes apparent. There are other features, too, which should not be lost sight of. Lieut.-Col. Frank Meighen, son of the late president, has, as is well known, taken the presidency. He also is a young man and a millionaire many times over, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that he may regard the presidency of the company in the light of an heirloom, as it were, which it is desirable to preserve as long as may be. However, I am not a mind reader. I can only say that I have been told that the new president is putting in about twenty-five hours a day making himself acquainted with the requirements, and that the shareholders are likely to have every reason to congratulate themselves on their chief officer.

I have a hazy recollection that some years ago a little passage-at-arms took place between Rodolphe Forget and the Ross interests which may be worth considering, in view of the fact that the sportive Rodolphe is the man who, a few years ago, almost secured control of the company, and who, it is feared, has his eye on it still. I used the word "feared," because it is the proper one even in the light of Forget's failure to obtain control of some of the companies he started after during the past few years. It is doubtful if any other man in Montreal could have carried his point even so far as Forget. In fact, in both Scotia and Woods, it was only by the merest shave that the directors managed to hold their own—and Forget took profits. To return to the Ross affair, however, I have a recollection that half a dozen years ago or so, when Jack Ross was, naturally, younger than he is now and had less experience, he and a number of other young chaps took a hand in the stock market. Dominion Iron and Steel was then in its early days. It had been up to some giddy heights, if I recollect lightly, and was down around the fifties. The celebrated "Jimmy" Dunn, stock broker, now a London millionaire, was then one of the factors on the "street." I think it was James who induced John to form the little pool which bought Dominion Iron till it kicked the sixties. Rodolphe Forget stood by a while, and then thought it was up to him to hand out the stock. He sold it right and left, and knocked the bottom out of the market. The pool suffered a heavy loss. The incident caused a marked coldness between the Ross interests and Forget for a period. The head of the Ross house was away at the time, and it is said that when he returned he took occasion to express the view that it wasn't altogether playing the game to put it over on the boys that way—and, more particularly, to rub it in by a reference to the "kindergarten" class. In reality, however, the stock wasn't worth the price, as has since been shown many a time; and, after all, the only way to make money on the stock exchange is to sell when the price is up. It has since been said that the real bad boy of the party was the aforesaid "Jimmy."

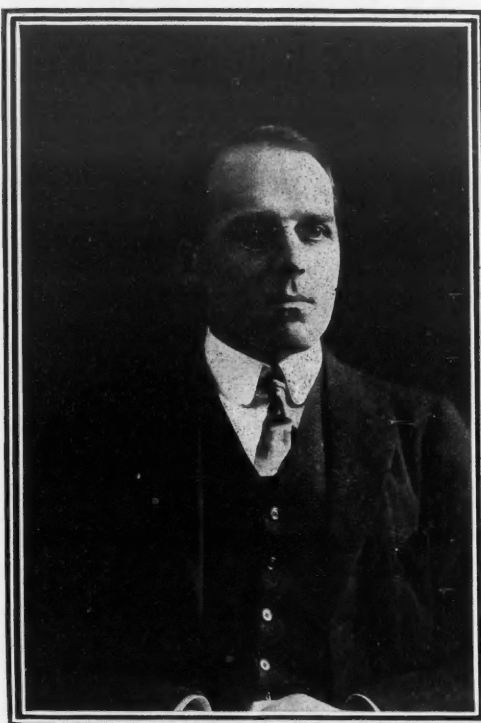
The incident caused quite a lot of comment at the time, and when, later, Street Railway and Montreal Light, Heat and Power began going down, it was claimed that James Ross was giving it back to Forget. At that time Montreal Street was away up in the three hundreds, and everyone thought it would never come down again. People talked four hundred for Street those days. Perhaps James Ross knew more of the true value of Street than anyone else. He, so to speak, had made Street, having reorganized it and electrified it. Then he sold out control to the Forgets and others. He was still holding enough to make many of us rich, when the Dominion Iron incident took place. So, he began selling Street at the giddy heights, and when he got through and counted the receipts he found, so I am informed, that he had struck the respectable average of \$312 per share. Still he wasn't through with the Forget stocks. He held a fine bunch of Montreal Light, Heat and Power, and he threw a heap of it over at prices which afterwards looked fairly good. It may be that he first sold Power and afterwards Street, but it doesn't matter. The net result of the whole incident was that Forget made money by selling Iron, and Ross made money by selling Street. To-day the latter is only \$225. As for Power, it is now twice as high as it was when Ross sold it. Whether he took it back at a low price or not, deponent saith not. The main thing is, both sides made money, so I suppose the good old public must have been the victim.

For a few years, as I intimated, the air was chilly when Ross and Forget were around. Sir Henry Pellatt may have been the instrument of the rapprochement. During the Steel-Coal fight, Sir Henry came down here one day, and I understand that it was he who showed Rodolphe Forget and James Ross why they ought to get together again. So Rodolphe became a "Coal" man. This time it was the Senator (Forget) who was absent. He was a "Steel" man, and when he came back the festive Rodolphe had another fight on his hands; but that, as somebody says, is another story.

All this may not seem to have much to do with J. K. L. Ross and the Lake of the Woods. And yet it may have had a great deal to do with it. Very little escaped the late Robert Meighen. When he asked a man to come on his board it was for some good reason. Although J. K. L. Ross only came on the board after the death of the late president, he would have been on before had there been a vacancy, if report be true. Robert Meighen would most probably consider, first, the capacity of a director and his financial worth as well as his social and general standing. These being satisfactory in the

case in point, I am disposed to think that it would not go against him that, while the present relations between the Ross and Forget interests are quite amicable, the past would still furnish good reasons why the president could count to an unusual degree on the new director to back him up to a finish against the man who still had his eye on Woods and who takes to a financial scrap like a duck to water.

J. K. L. Ross is now about thirty-six years of age. He was born out in the Rocky Mountains somewhere near Banff, while his father was carrying on the construction of a section of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Swift Current, westward. This was probably the contract which gave James Ross his first big start—and



J. K. L. ROSS.  
Elected a director of Lake of the Woods Milling Co.,  
succeeding Lt.-Col. F. S. Meighen, who was elected  
president.

he certainly has kept the pace up since. Later, he moved East again, living in Toronto, and afterwards in Montreal, where "Jack" Ross attended school. Upon leaving school, he first went into the Dominion Bridge Company's office, at Lachine, and was thrown much with Herrick Duggan. Duggan, it may be remembered, designed the boat which brought the Seawanhaka Cup to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, at Dorval. James Ross owned the boat. He also became commodore of the club, and owned many of the successful defenders, all designed by Duggan. J. K. L. had rooms at the club house in the summer, and was very popular with the boys. He took much interest in aquatic sports, but was not specially devoted to them. He also took considerable interest in automobiling, and owned one of the first motor cars brought to Montreal. Out at the Yacht Club it was always referred to shortly as "The Bubble." My recollection is that shortly thereafter he entered the matrimonial state and moved down East, to the Dominion Coal Mines. Duggan went to the mines, also—I think as general manager. "Jack" Ross occupied a responsible position, and I believe both men remained there all through the Steel-Coal fight, and only returned to Montreal after it was over and the deal, by which the amalgamation was effected, was completed.

J. K. L. Ross now lives in Montreal most of his time, and takes an active interest in the management of the Ross estate. When I add that the estate is worth many millions and is constantly increasing, you will understand that it is no corner grocery.

His athletic exercises are probably now confined to racquets and horseback riding, but his frame suggests strength. In stature, I should say he is a six-footer, and I should imagine you would need to move the weights across the two-hundred pound mark before the beam would balance. He is reputed to be favored with a large allowance of that most valuable possession, common sense. As, up the present, he has not attempted to take a very prominent part in commercial or public life, his capacity is as yet unknown, but if he possesses a reasonable share of the family characteristics, he'll be able to look after himself, all right. Let me see—speaking off-hand, I should imagine he ought to be worth about a hundred million by the time he dies, if we have that much left here by that time.

Mr. John Adair, manager of the Home Bank branch in Fernie, has been promoted to the position of assistant manager of the bank at Winnipeg and supervisor of its Western branches. Mr. Adair has been connected with the Home Bank for five years, having been manager at Cannington, Walkerville and Fernie, successively. His appointment to Winnipeg returns Mr. Adair to a field of past experience gained in a connection extending over twelve years with the Bank of Commerce. Before coming to the Home Bank, Mr. Adair filled an important official post in the Winnipeg office of the Bank of Commerce.

Canadians have by now lost faith in the traditional shrewdness and conservatism of the English investor. The way John Bull has swallowed rubber, Cobalt and Porcupines, tells its own story. What the English do has lost its potency to boom Porcupines.

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Deposits Nov. 30, 1910	54,719,044
Assets Nov. 30, 1910	71,600,058

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PARIS	NEW ORLEANS	KANSAS CITY	SPOKANE

The New York Central road is said to be at work on plans which will result in the merger into a single corporation of all the roads which make up the system and in the unification of financing of N.Y. C. lines. In connection with that consolidation a new bond issue is proposed, in sufficient amount to cover existing outstanding obligations of the system, besides providing for additional capital expenditures. This will mean a mortgage covering bonds to the extent of several hundred million dollars. The first

step in the merger will be the consolidation into one company of all New York State companies now included in N.Y.C. system.

Cameron Island, which is about 35 miles outside Kenora and on which an excellent gold mining prospect is located, is under option to a powerful English syndicate at a price of about \$300,000.

The Cudahy Packing Company will establish a branch at Vancouver, B.C.



**Imperial Bank of Canada**

ESTABLISHED 1875.  
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.  
Capital Authorized . . . \$10,000,000.00  
Capital Subscribed . . . 5,913,000.00  
Capital Paid Up . . . 5,793,000.00  
Reserve Fund . . . 5,793,000.00  
DRAFTS, MONEY ORDERS AND LET-  
TERS OF CREDIT ISSUED.  
Available in any part of the World.  
Special Attention Given to Collections

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.  
Interest allowed on deposits at all  
Branches of the Bank throughout the  
Dominion of Canada.

## When Travelling

CARRY YOUR FUNDS IN  
Travellers'

## Cheques

ISSUED BY THE

**Dominion Express  
Company**

## When Remitting

TO ANY PART OF THE  
WORLD USE

**Dominion Express  
Company**

Money Orders

AND

Foreign Cheques

TORONTO CITY OFFICES:  
48 Yonge and 1330 Queen West

**BRITISH AMERICA**

ASSURANCE COMPANY

(Fire Insurance)

Head Office, Toronto

Established 1833

Assets, \$2,022,170.18

**BUSINESS**

Selling Campaigns

HAVE you an article or merit  
that has big selling possi-  
bilities if the public and the dealer  
can be rightly interested? We  
plan selling campaigns that, if  
carried out on our lines, make big  
sales possible. Our plans give im-  
mediate profitable results.

BARNARD (5%) ADVERTISING SERVICE  
15 years' experience.  
Kent Bldg., Toronto, Can.  
Tel. Main 1568.

**A. G. FOWLER ROSS**

Investment Broker

SUITE 65 and 66

BANK OTTAWA BUILDING  
MONTREAL

## OUR AUGUST LIST

of  
Municipal and Corporation  
Bonds yielding

4% — 7%

Mailed on request.

**CANADIAN  
DEBENTURES  
CORPORATION**  
LIMITED

Home Bank Building  
TORONTO, ONT.

**TORONTO FINANCIAL**

## DEGRADATION OF THE BOND IN MODERN PRACTICE.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1911.

IT is probably undebatable that never in the history of Canada have there been so many men and firms out to secure the money of the public without giving value therefor. People need more money nowadays to cover their ordinary expenses, and to secure for themselves something also of the luxuries. They are thus more open to the lures set for them by the skilled trapper, and the average man does not seem to be able to tell the good from the bad. SATURDAY NIGHT is doing what it can to unmask the dishonest promoter and put him and his schemes where they belong. There is a field here, also, for the town and country weekly to be of direct service to its clientele by uttering, when the occasion arises, judicious criticism of ventures in which local people are asked to put their money. Many a country editor has had law or newspaper training, and for the most part they are well able to analyze the financial offerings put out to interest their local population. In very many cases they are in a position to make a personal examination of the whole project, and such being the case, where any such calls for criticism, the town or country editor should not hide his light so far under the bushel, as too many are doing. The editor of the Granby Leader-Mail of Granby, Que., is evidently of the opinion that in return for the patronage he enjoys he owes a duty to his subscribers. In a recent issue of that paper the following item, and one the like of which should be seen more often in Ontario newspapers, appeared:

A man from the other side of the line was in town during the past week with a scheme which would enable us to buy automobiles, ice cream freezers and all kinds of luxuries. He was nearly giving away building lots on Long Island, which is so fast filling up with the overflow population from New York City that they are in danger of being pushed into the sea. We expressed surprise that the travelling real estate man had to come so far north to unload such a good thing and he left us with an expression of regret that our preference inclined to working for a living, instead of living to be worked.

THE depredations and incursions of one candle-power men into the field of business and finance seriously threatens the integrity of the bond. Not very many years since promoters evinced the same respect for this form of security common to the rest of the community. When they floated their ill-balanced or phantom companies, they confined themselves, as a rule, to the issuing of common stock for the public to buy up, or possibly they put out in addition a small percentage of preferred stock. But when it came to the bond, they shrank back. With all the nerve for which this class is notorious, they hesitated to invade the realms of solid values by converting the bond to their own uses. Latterly, however, they have become bolder, and at the present time the small investor who has to trust to superficial sources for his information finds the bond served up to him in many *al fresco* shapes and varieties. The Cobalters who sold wads of stock to the public and then found they did not understand the first thing about real mining, exhausted their funds in advertising, commissions and surface work, and then many of them tried to stave off liquidation by making a bond issue. In the case of the majority of mining propositions, a "bond" is simply common stock under another name, and with no more value attaching to it because while in the nature of a bond, it is a lien on the solid assets of the company, in the case of a mine the real estate is practically valueless save as a mine site, and a mine plant is, as a rule, sold for old metal after the veins have been pinched out.

There is little or no excuse then for issuing bonds against a mining property, and the public who subscribes to these bonds should do so understanding that they offer little greater protection than the most ordinary common stock. The issue of a bond against an undeveloped silver or gold property is perhaps the most vicious instance that can be cited in the practise of the day. But it goes further than that. Promoters, realizing that in the eyes of the public there are many centuries of prestige behind the bond, have lost their early timidity in their eagerness to pick up ready money without actually working for it. So we see them advertising bond offerings against new picayune com-

panies, few of which have a ghost of a chance to ever make profits. They find the bond much easier to sell than common stock, because an undiscriminating public cannot see that what they are buying is simply a hunk of brass veneered with a gold coating. Many of these "shyster" bonds are in fact termed "gold bonds," and this glittering appellation further tends to deceive the public. Many a man will prefer to purchase a gold bond in preference to a first mortgage bond, whereas the difference between them in point of protection is about the same as the difference between a Dominion Government note and a bill issued by the late Confederate Government. A first mortgage bond is surrounded with certain safeguards of which the "gold bond" is entirely free. The holder of a bona fide first mortgage bond owns a lien on certain prescribed properties which are sold for his benefit in case of disaster. The "gold bond," on the other hand, is so styled simply because the face of the security is repayable at maturity in gold, but if at maturity there do not happen to be any assets behind it, it might as well be styled "lead bond" so far as the luckless owner of it is concerned.

It would appear that both Provincial and Federal authorities who have to do with the oversight of business and financial methods in general allow much too free a scope in this direction. So far as any statutes are concerned, the organizer of a company is free to issue \$500,000 worth of first mortgage bonds against a property which valuers would assay as being worth a fifth or a tenth of that sum. And similarly a gold bond may be sold to the public, and is being sold, without a tithe of true value behind it. So the time has come when one must beware of the practically worthless paper which is masquerading under the guise of bonds. Before "investing" in this class of security it behooves the average man or woman to secure the services of a legal man or a first-class financial house. Either of these will apply an acid and test and will report on the character of the offering.

## United States Foreign Trade.

THE Atlantic coast ports seem to be losing in the share which they handle of the foreign commerce of the United States. Figures of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor show a fall of sixty-one million dollars in imports into the Atlantic customs districts in the eleven months ending with May, 1911, when compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year, while the Gulf Coast districts show an increase of 12 million dollars, the Pacific coast districts, an increase of 11 million dollars, and Northern Border districts an increase of 8 millions.

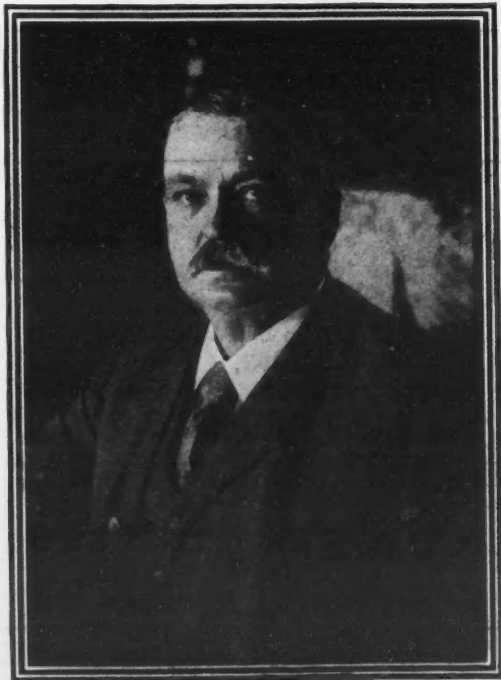
In exports the Atlantic coast districts show an increase of 143 million dollars, a gain of about 15 per cent over the corresponding months of the preceding year, the Gulf Coast districts, an increase of 87 million dollars, a gain of about 22 per cent, the Pacific coast districts, an increase of about 20 million dollars, a gain of about 29 per cent, and the Northern Border districts, an increase of 39 million dollars, a gain of about 19 per cent. The Mexican border districts, in which the commerce has been somewhat affected by recent conditions in Mexico, show a loss of about 2½ million dollars in imports during the eleven months ending with May, 1911, when compared with the corresponding months of 1910, and an increase of about 1½ million dollars in exports.

The decrease in imports into the Atlantic coast districts occurs chiefly at the ports of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, while Baltimore, Charleston and Savannah show a slight increase. For the eleven months ending with May, 1911, the imports of New York are in round figures 813 million dollars, against 864 million in the corresponding period of 1910; those of Boston, 108 million, against 121½ million; and of Philadelphia, 77½ million, against 81¼ million in the corresponding period of last year; while the figures for Baltimore are 29½ million dollars during the eleven months of 1911, against 27½ million in the corresponding period a year ago; Charleston, 5¼ million, against 4¼ million; and Savannah, 5 million, against 3½ million in the corresponding period of the prior year.

In the Gulf Coast districts New Orleans is the principal importing port showing a total for the eleven months of the fiscal year, 1911, of 61 million dollars, against 51 million in the corresponding period of the preceding year. On the Pacific coast, Puget Sound shows 33½ million dollars' worth of merchandise imported in the eleven months ending with May, 1911, against 26 million in the corresponding months of last year; San Francisco, 49 million, against 46½ million in the earlier year. On the Northern Border, Chicago shows total imports 27 1-3 million dollars, against 24½ million in the same month of last year, and Oswegatchie, N.Y., 20¼ million dollars, against 18¼ million a year ago.—American Banker.

## Pittsburg Dividends.

THE banks and trusts companies of Pittsburg on July 1, paid in dividends the large sum of \$1,641,344.50, the largest ever disbursed at a dividend period. The largest amount of a single bank is \$375,000, by the Union Trust Company. The Columbia National Bank starts to pay at the rate of \$12,000 per quarter, and the Colonial Trust Company has increased its quarterly rate from \$80,000 to \$100,000. The dividends paid were: Columbia National Bank, \$12,000; Commercial, \$6,000; Diamond, \$30,000; Duquesne, \$15,000; Exchange, \$21,000; Farmers Deposit, \$90,000; Federal, \$30,000; First of Pittsburg, \$20,000; First of Allegheny, \$5,250; First of Birmingham, \$4,000; German of Pittsburg, \$15,000; German of Allegheny, \$6,000; Keystone, \$17,500; Liberty, \$8,000; Lincoln, \$15,000; Marine, \$9,000; Mellon, \$90,000; Metropolitan, \$8,000; Monongahela, \$30,000; National Bank of Western Pennsylvania, \$10,000; Pennsylvania, \$6,000; Peoples, \$45,000; Second of Allegheny, \$15,000; Third, \$4,500; Union, \$60,000; and United States, \$8,750. State banks paid \$165,431, and trust companies \$772,163.50.



THE LATE JOHN W. GATES.

John W. Gates died early this week in France, from a complication of causes. He rose from the position of a hardware drummer to that of being at one time a prominent figure in Wall Street, intimately with the biggest United States financiers. Gates was a great self-advertiser, and was fond of display. He leaves about \$25,000,000.

**BANK OF  
HAMILTON**

## Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of two and three-quarters per cent. (eleven per cent. per annum) on the Paid-up Capital of the Bank, for the quarter ending 31st August, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on September 1st next.

The transfer books will be closed from August 24th to August 31st, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL, General Manager.

Hamilton, July 17th, 1911.

**THE BANK OF OTTAWA**

ESTABLISHED 1874.

	TOTAL DEPOSITS
1890	\$ 3,145,213
1900	\$ 9,099,277
1910	\$32,415,445

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL OFFICES  
Toronto Offices: 37 King St. East, Broadview and Gerrard, Queen and Pape, College St. and Ossington Ave.

**RODOLPHE FORGET**

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame West  
MONTREAL

60 rue de Provence  
PARIS, FRANCE

## TEN YEARS AGO

If you had begun to save Ten Dollars a month and to deposit that sum regularly with this Corporation, there would now have been at your credit

**\$1,437.73**

even if you had not in the meantime increased your savings, which doubtless you would have done. You could very easily have done this, and a balance of more than \$1,400 might have been worth much to you to-day.

**CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO. ESTABLISHED 1885.

**THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA**

BRANCHES IN TORONTO:

Corner King and Bay Streets  
Corner Adelaide and Simcoe Streets  
Corner College and Grace Streets  
Corner Queen Street and Close Avenue  
Corner Dundas and Keele Streets  
Corner Broadview Ave. and Elliott Street

SAVINGS DEPARTMENTS AT ALL BRANCHES

**THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY**

We offer for sale debentures bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. These debentures offer an absolutely safe and profitable investment, as the purchasers have for security the entire assets of the company.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS ASSETS, \$1,340,000.00.  
TOTAL ASSETS, \$2,500,000.00.

President: J. A. KAMMERER. Vice-Presidents: W. B. DINNICK, Toronto. R. M. MACLEAN, London, Eng.

Directors: RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G.

DAVID RATZ, R. H. GREENE, HUGH S. BRENNAN, J. M. ROBERTS, A. J. WILLIAMS.

Head Office: Corner Adelaide and Victoria Streets. TORONTO

## Your Savings

can be materially increased by investing in high-grade first mortgage bonds. We offer first mortgage Gold Bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, yielding 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. interest yearly, which are secured by property and real estate valued at many times the amount of the whole bond issue.

Full information on request.

**ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, Limited**

164 St. James Street, Montreal,

TORONTO QUEBEC HALIFAX LONDON, ENG.

Write for Our List of  
**INVESTMENT BONDS**  
MUNICIPAL PUBLIC UTILITY INDUSTRIAL  
To yield from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent.

## Warren, Gzowski & Co.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto 25 Broad St., New York

Editor Concerning  
Dear Sir,—I would  
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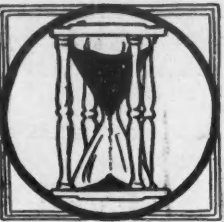
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# Concerning Insurance



Selkirk, Man., July 26th, 1911.

Editor Concerning Insurance:  
Dear Sir,—I would be obliged if you would favor me with anything you can as to the reliability and standing, etc., of the "Continental Insurance Co." of New York. Can I recommend it to my clients?

We people out here in the West have commenced to put a very great deal of faith in your remarks on financial matters.

Yours very truly, H. H.

The report of this company, December 31, 1909, was assets, \$19,314,696; liabilities to public, \$7,997,946; surplus to policyholders, \$11,316,750. You certainly can recommend this company to your clients. It has recently entered Canada under license and is operating as a non-tariff. It is probably the largest and strongest of the non-union or non-tariff companies in the world.

The North Carolina Insurance Commissioner, James B. Young, says: It is surprising that some of the citizens of the State continue to patronize unlicensed companies, being misled by the circulars with which they flood the mails. Most of the business men of the State are beginning to realize it is not to their interest or gain to patronize unlicensed companies and the result is, less of it is being done each year.

New York City, July 24th, 1911.

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Dear Sir,—A copy of your publication, issue of Saturday last, July 22nd, has been sent to us by one of the Canadian companies and we note therein, reference to the financial condition of the British Union and National Insurance Company, Limited, of London, for which we have the honor of acting as United States general manager.

It is apparent that you have been misinformed as to the financial standing of this company, and in order to correct your false impression of the matter, we beg to submit herewith a copy of the last directors' report and statement of accounts for the period commencing the 24th of November, 1909, and ending on the 31st of March, 1911, in which you will find that the company has total cash assets of approximately \$340,000, and a net surplus to policyholders of over \$30,000, without taking into account the subscribed or uncalculated capital of the company, amounting to \$440,000.

We also call your attention to the fact that the company is not competing for Canadian business, as it is not regularly licensed to transact business in any of the Provinces. We do, however, accept applications on risks where the local facilities of admitted companies have been exhausted, and we understand that there is provision in the insurance law of your Province and Dominion for the placing of risks with non-admitted companies after the same have been offered and declined by those regularly licensed. Therefore, there can be no violation of the law in the manner in which we are conducting this business, and we think upon perusal of the financial statement of the company you will acknowledge that its policy presents perfectly good indemnity.

We would furthermore state, that we have authorization to make settlements of claims and accept service in the event of litigation, acting under full power of attorney from the company. We also maintain in New York with the Trust Company of America, a bank account in the name of the company, which deposit is a sum equal to 50 per cent. of the gross premiums written through this agency.

Trusting these representations will correct the statements published, we beg to remain, yours very truly,

C. N. PLANKNEY, President.

The statement enclosed only confirms the report we published, which was taken from a British Insurance Journal. The statements published need no correction.

Leaving out of the report such assets as "cost of purchase of new business," establishment, organization, and extension account," which are absolutely valueless as protection to policyholders and by appearances quite as valueless to the stockholders, the assets amount to \$44,174; the liabilities, without reinsurance reserve, amount to \$68,566. The premium income is \$57,987 gross, and less reinsurance \$34,056. This is the first year's business, and therefore at least two-thirds is unearned, or \$23,000, so that the total liabilities are at least \$91,500, or a deficit of \$47,326, with a paid-up capital of \$25,000. The total paid-up capital exhausted and \$22,326 net deficit, or really about \$110,000 worse off than nothing.

This shows the state of this Carrol-Ring Company even worse off than we previously reported.

It is hoped for the American policyholders who have been duped into insuring in this wild-cat that the 50 per cent. of the unearned premiums are available to them, but it appears it is deposited in the name of the company and we have little doubt not attachable. At any rate it is absolutely valueless as security by Canadian policyholders.

This company is one of those which was reported on two weeks ago as one of those whose policies are being sold to or secured for (it makes no difference to the people which) the public by the Carrol-Ring brokerage organizations.

Markdale, July 31, 1911.

Editor Concerning Insurance:

Sir,—Enclosed you will find a statement of the Grey and Bruce Mutual Insurance Co. Will you kindly, through the paper, give me your opinion of this company? I have stock and insurance in it and some people tell me it is no good.

Yours truly, J. R.

On December 31, 1910, the cash assets of this com-

pany were \$2,176, and liability for unearned premiums (their only liability) we estimate at \$5,289, so that there is a deficit of about \$3,000. The year 1909 the premium income was \$5,175, and in 1910 it was \$10,578. At the end of 1909, on the same basis, there was a surplus of about \$500. The results of 1910, therefore, show a loss of \$3,500. The great increase in premium income may be regarded as a bad feature in a farmers' mutual.

This is a purely mutual company, so that we do not understand what you mean when you say you have stock in it. There is no cash capital.

The losses in 1910 were \$9,661, which is entirely out of proportion to the premium income.

The results for 1910 are far from good.

The company has \$58,798 of unassessed premium notes, and we consider it safe for insurance. The management is reputable.

Blind River, Ont., July 29, 1911.

Editor Concerning Insurance:

Sir,—Will you please advise me through the columns of your paper what insurance companies licensed to do business in Ontario have dispensed with the red ink variations and insure on the statutory conditions only, and oblige?

Respectfully yours, F. Y. W. B.

The following companies issue policies without red ink variations:

The Acadia Fire Insurance Co.

The Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Co.

The Canadian Fire Insurance Co.

The Union Assurance Co.

The Hudson Bay Insurance Co.

The City of Hamilton Fire Insurance Co.

If you have your contract properly prepared, you will have all red ink variations removed in all your companies, and practically all companies are now granting this on request.

64 Bolton Ave., July 21st, 1911.

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly look these papers over and give your opinion next Saturday as to the advisability of continuing payments to this transferred company? I have been told that it is money wasted. I will be advised by your knowledge and insight in the matter. Thanking you in advance for your advice.

R. D. W.

Owing to the extended investigation necessary we were unable to reply till this issue.

The reinsurance of the Provident Savings Life is a perfectly legitimate proceeding and so far as protection to the policyholders is concerned we are of the opinion that they are quite as fully protected as previously. We advise that they continue payments.

The Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa states:—

"That the policyholders have the protection of the deposit with the Receiver-General, which is at the present time ample to cover the re-insurance reserve upon all policies of said Provident Savings."

"The policyholders have the right, in the event of a claim not being paid, to bring an action in Canada and realize out of said deposit."

This refers only to the business of the Provident Savings. New business written by the Postal Life in Canada has no Government security in Canada.

The interests of the Provident Savings participating policyholders, so far as their profits are concerned, seems to have been left entirely to the good will of the Postal Life. A letter received from the Postal Life reads in part:—

In view of the fact that the time has not arrived when we would take up the dividend question in a practical way, we cannot designate the factors we shall be called upon to employ in order to arrive at what amount of dividend will be distributed among Provident Savings policyholders; equitable basis does not imply rigidity, but flexibility, and inasmuch as the Insurance Department of this State, acting on behalf of policyholders, will be the strong friend at court in their interest, it will be easy to advise your correspondents of just treatment."

We have the greatest confidence in the ability and integrity of the Hon. Mr. Hotchkiss, but before his time many shady insurance games were put over the public in New York and he has not yet got rid of all the doubtful things in insurance in that State. We do not wish to reflect on this transaction as doubtful, but we would like to know what kind of a deal was put through in the interests of policyholders when the whole protection as regards profits is the statement of the Postal Life that they will be distributed on an "equitable basis," and when it states that the basis has not even yet been arrived at.

The New York department may look after the interests of New York policyholders, but what was the Ottawa Department doing, that it did not see that some equitable basis was arrived at and included in the contract before the Postal was allowed to take over the Provident.

## Position of the Erie Road.

The following interesting matter pertaining to the Erie railroad is prepared by Messrs. McCuaig & Co., brokers, Montreal:

Volumes, full of human interest, might be written about the Erie—of struggles in Wall Street for the mastery of the property, of looting of the road, of bankruptcies and reorganizations, and of the many other vicissitudes through which the property has passed since the very beginnings of railroading in this country. It is not, however, our purpose to deal here with a more or less romantic past, but in the light of present accomplishment to indicate the future of the road, which under very able direction has at last come to occupy its proper place in the trunk line family, not as a "poor relation," but on practical terms of equality with the other members of that strong aggregation. The road emerged from the last receivership on December 1, 1895. The first few years following reorganization did not offer much promise. The company was heavily capitalized, the property was in poor condition, and the reputation of the road for inefficiency of service was such as to form a subject of jest in every town which the line entered. Little business went to the Erie that could go over other roads; and in those days, when few transportation companies were over-crowded with business, the Erie's share was small. But jests about the Erie service have long since lost their point. It is equal to the best, and in some respects—as for instance in punctuality of passenger trains—is probably unequalled elsewhere in America. The road runs through highly competitive territory, and there was a time when it was thought necessary to bring the Pennsylvania and New York Central systems into an agreement to allow it sufficient business to preserve its solvency lest another failure might cause a serious disturbance of business. It is only a decade since that agreement was entered into, but the necessity for it soon passed away, and it is now almost forgotten. Since that time the road's progress has been steady, until a degree of solidity has been reached which reflects the highest credit upon those who brought it about. The main line from Jersey City to Chicago is a little under 1,000 miles—998 miles, to be exact—and with 1,397 miles of branches gives a total mileage to the system of 2,391 miles, in addition to which there are 895 miles of second and 55 miles of third and fourth track.

The Erie is a heavy carrier of both hard and soft coal.

## INVESTMENTS FOR WOMEN

Toronto, July 29, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Do you consider that \$300 invested in a couple of \$150 lots in South Welland is a good investment? These lots are offered by Canadian Securities, Scott street. This firm declare they will be worth double in a year.

E. E.

When you ask me whether the purchase of lots in Welland South would be a good investment, you are practically asking me to lay down what the future conditions in the real estate market and the business and financial world generally may be in the next ensuing 3 or 4 years. This I do not pretend to be able to do. Anyone who says these lots will be worth double in a year is simply making a guess. I rather think that this property in the long run will be more valuable than it is to-day, and I do not consider the price being asked by the people who are selling it is out of the way under the conditions. This company has started out with the idea of creating an industrial centre in that portion in which they are selling lots, and which I may say is outside the city of Welland. If new industries are attracted to that area, and if the workmen employed in the factories locate there, I have little doubt but that the value of lots will appreciate; to what extent I would not pretend to hazard a guess.

The following is a list of bonds active in the market, giving the yield, at the price indicated:—

Burns, P. & Company, Limited	x104	6	5%
Canada Car and Foundry	x104	6	5%
Dominion Steel	x 44	5	5%
Dominion Coal	x 98	5	5%
Electrical Development	x 86	5	5%
Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Ry.	x100	5	5%
Penmans	x 92	5	5%
Porto Rico Railway	x 90	5	5%
Quebec Railway	x 84	5	5%
Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.	x105	6	5%

x, and interest; z, flat.

capitalization. The earning power of the company and the road's ability to operate economically have been greatly enhanced by a number of improvements made in the past few years. Among these are several cut-offs, which have resulted in a substantial reduction of grade; and the "Bergen Hill Cut" which has greatly facilitated the passage of trains into and out of the Jersey City terminal. Formerly the road entered its terminal by a tunnel having only two tracks, and the result was unsatisfactory from every standpoint. Now there are six tracks in all, four through the "Cut" and two in the old tunnel, and trains move without interruption, so that business is much more expeditiously handled, and at much less expense than before. Other improvements are in progress or contemplated which when completed will, with those already described, make the Erie the road of lowest grade between New York and Chicago.

Reports obtain currency from time to time that either roads are seeking control of the Erie in order to obtain an entrance to New York, and in its extensive terminals on New York harbor the road has an asset of very great value. Whether rumors of a pending change of control are true or not we do not know; but as Erie is earning a moderate return on its stock, which is now the only trunk line stock selling under par, that issue is very likely to become a speculative favorite before long. The money cost is small and the possibility for enhancement is very great.

## Recklessness in the Woods.

THE recent Porcupine fire should carry its lesson with it. Perhaps this is not the time to moralize; yet it seems as if the Ontario Government might abandon the policy of maintaining forest reserves in districts overrun by prospectors or devote more of the proceeds from mining and exploration, to precautions. Wherever there are adventurers in quest of precious minerals, there will be recklessness. Even the prison gangs at work on Government roads in the new gold country were a menace. Quite recently warnings were given those in charge of these prison camps. Repeatedly prospectors have been enjoined to exercise the greatest care in the use of matches and inflammable materials. It has all been to no purpose. Flames have destroyed the timber on extensive areas. That is deplorable, but worse than that is the wiping out of mining plants—and infinitely more so is the death roll. Whatever may have been the origin, there can be no disputing the results. At the time of the destruction of the Hollinger plant, SATURDAY NIGHT took occasion to admonish the multitude of Porcupine companies, that not many enterprises were as able to meet disaster as the Hollinger. One of these days it may occur to promoters that ample working capital to cover all contingencies—instead of catering solely to shareholders—will inspire a broader sense of security and be an insurance fund against just such catastrophes as have visited the Ontario mining fields. So long as a "devil-take-the-hindmost" spirit permeates the North Country, there will be more risk than SATURDAY NIGHT can lend itself to, except where responsible capitalists are identified with the undertakings. It is not lack of sympathy for mining industrialism that influences SATURDAY NIGHT in its criticism of the ill-conceived mining ventures. It is solicitude for a public predisposed to gamble without having a chance that has actuated this journal in its persistent warfare upon "wildcats" and "wildcatters."

The quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation met expectation and showed that the trade is improving in a slow but steady way. The publication of the figures was without influence on the stock, and current reports indicate that a steady improvement is maintained in the trade, although the railroads are still placing only a small volume of orders. One of the trade journals notes that there is cutting of prices in steel plates and steel sheets; but while, perhaps, not intended for that purpose, the flexibility of prices will serve to counteract the assertions of politicians that trust methods are followed in this industry.

## What Leading Stocks Yield.

Emilius Jarvis & Co. give the dividend yields on some of the leading stocks as follows:—

STOCKS.	Price, About.	Rate.	Yield, About.
Preferred—			
B. C. Packers "A"	94	7 1/2	7 1/2
B. C. Packers "B"	94	7	7 1/2
Burt, F. N.	119	7	5 3/4
Canada Cement	83	7	8 1/2
Dominion Iron	103	7	6 1/2
Dominion Coal	112	7	6 1/2
Mackay	73 1/2	4	5 1/2
Maple Leaf	100	7	7
Penmans	84	6	7 1/2
Rogers, W. A.	110	7	6 1/2
Sawyer-Massey	92	7	7 1/2
Canadian Locomotive	93	7	7 1/2
Common—			
Canadian General Electric Co.	110	7	6 1/2
Canadian Pacific Railway	243	10	4
Consumers Gas	193	10	5 1/2
Dominion Steel Corporation	52	4	7 1/2
Duluth-Superior	83	5	6
Mackay	105	5	5 1/2
Sao Paulo	177	10	5 1/2
Twin City	108	6	5 1/2
Rio de Janeiro	113	5	4 1/2



BOARD WHICH HAS THE STEEL TRUST ON THE GRID.

Committee of the House of Representatives investigating U.S. Steel Corporation. The members are Messrs. Young, McGillivuddy, Danforth, Sterling, Littleton, Bartlett, Beall and Gardner. Chairman Stanley, of Kentucky, is second man from the left in the lower row.

and owns valuable anthracite and bituminous coal properties. Its principal hard coal property is the Pennsylvania Coal Company, which as an independent producer was one of the most important and successful in the Pennsylvania field prior to its purchase by the Erie several years ago. At the present time Erie's coal properties embrace 12,400 acres of anthracite and 53,000 acres of bituminous. The road not only has a supply of fuel for its own purposes but at times has found it possible to make up for deficiency in other kind of tonnage by increasing the movement of coal from some of its own mines. In addition to those which it owns directly, the Erie controls other coal properties through its ownership of a controlling interest in the New York, Susquehanna & Western, which also affords additional terminal room at Jersey City.

In the fiscal year just drawing to a close the Erie will make a record which many roads with a reputation for great strength will fail to equal. It will probably show a substantial increase both in gross and net earnings. This will have to be considered a remarkable achievement when it is considered how disturbed business has been during a great part of the period, and how high has been the cost of labor and materials during the year. As closely as the full year's earnings can be estimated now, the indications are for a surplus of \$6,500,000 or thereabouts, after payment of all charges, such a surplus being equivalent to 4 per cent. on both classes of preferred stock and about 3 per cent. on the common stock. Since dividends on the preferred stocks were suspended the road has put surplus earnings to the amount of about \$12,500,000 back into the property. It will be the policy of the company not to resume dividends on the preferred stocks for some time to come, but to continue to devote earnings to improvements, and that course will be to the ultimate benefit of the common stock, the equities in which will be increased by all additions to the value of the property which do not involve an equal addition to



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DEALERS IN BONDS

MONTREAL, CANADA

## Banks and Real Estate Mortgages

By H. M. P. ECKARDT.

THERE have been complaints for some little while from small borrowers in the leading British Columbia cities, regarding the rates of interest they are forced to pay on real estate loans. Recently a newspaper in British Columbia published a letter, signed "Victim," in which these grievances are explained. The letter mentions first that in Seattle eastern financiers are loaning on property there at 5 and 5½ per cent., that at Los Angeles money is quoted at 4 per cent. Then, he says, presumably in reference to Vancouver and Victoria, that he hears of interest rates as high as 2 per cent. per month being demanded by trust companies from men who are in a financial strait. In another place he refers as follows to exactions by trust companies: "It is said that at some of the banks in this city where good loans have been refused the applicant has been told to take it to such and such a trust company, where they would probably consider the application favorably, and that when the party so advised had gone to the trust company he has been met with a demand for interest that almost took his breath away." There is also a reference to the Bank Act and a plea that it should not be used "as a means to press men who need money into a corner and compel them to pay usurious rates of interest."

AS there is persistent and widespread misapprehension regarding the power of the banks to make loans on real estate it will be well to refer to the clauses of the Bank Act which deal with that subject. The first clause about real estate says that the bank may acquire and hold it "for its actual use and occupation and the management of its business." The next clause empowers the bank to take from a party who is already indebted to it "mortgages and hypothecations upon real or personal, immovable or movable property, by way of additional security." The obvious intention here is merely to allow the bank to take a mortgage of this kind in order to fortify itself against a debt which has become bad or doubtful. Then follows a description of three methods by which "the bank may purchase any lands or real or immovable property offered for sale."

1. When land belonging to one of its debtors is offered for sale "under execution, or in insolvency, or under the order or decree of a court" it may buy the same.

2. When the bank holds a second mortgage or other encumbrance subject to a first claim held by another party, the bank may buy the land through acquiring or paying off the prior claim.

3. It may buy land under a power of sale given to it for that purpose.

Then the bank may acquire and hold an absolute title in or to real or immovable property mortgaged to it as security for a debt due or owing to it, by foreclosure, by obtaining a release of the equity of redemption, "or by other means whereby, as between individuals, an equity of redemption can by law be barred."

Next the act provides that the bank must not hold any real or immovable property, howsoever acquired, except such as is required for its own use, for any period exceeding seven years from the date of acquisition. The Treasury Board may permit it to hold it for a further period of five years. If the property is held for a longer period than authorized

it may be forfeited to His Majesty, six months after notice is given by the Minister, if the bank has not sold it or disposed of it in the meantime.

\*\*\*

THE foregoing paragraphs explain the few exceptional cases in which a chartered bank may take mortgages on real estate or acquire real estate for its own possession. Further dealings in real estate are expressly prohibited under the heading "Prohibited Business," the act says: "If any bank, except as authorized by this act, either directly or indirectly lends money or makes advances upon the security, mortgage or hypothecation of any lands, tenements, or immovable property, or of any ships or other vessels, or upon the security of any goods, wares and merchandise; such bank shall incur a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars."

Now, this prohibition of real estate loans is a necessary part of the Bank Act. One of the underlying principles of the Canadian banking system is that the banks shall not invest depositors' funds, which are virtually repayable on demand, in fixed or long term investments. To the faithful observance of this great principle by the banks the Canadian system owes much of its strength and solidity. And it is not at all advisable that the law be changed in this respect.

\*\*\*

IN his letter "Victim" suggests that the prohibition of real estate loans by banks has the effect of putting needy borrowers into the hands of parties who charge usurious rates. But it seems probable enough that the troubles to which he refers are due in large part to the phenomenal growth of the big British Columbian cities and to the extraordinary degree of real estate speculation in evidence there. The two circumstances combined have created a demand for money which the mortgage institutions and life insurance companies are utterly unable to fill. These big institutions do not stultify themselves by charging usurious rates. Under pressure of heavy demand their rates may rise by 1 per cent. or 2 per cent. per annum in a particular field, but when their funds are all out they cannot well consider applications for new loans. "Victim" also hints that the banks participate in the profits derived from usurious rates through sending borrowers to trust companies which are auxiliary or subsidiary to the bank in order that they may be fleeced by the trust companies. But it is difficult to conceive of any respectable bank following that policy. No good bank can afford to do that. The trust companies which are affiliated with the leading banks would not lower themselves by charging such rates. If they had the money they would lend it on good security at moderate rates. The chances are that the "trust companies" which charge 2 per cent. a month are merely associations of local or outside money-lending sharks. They and the horde of private individuals who follow the same policy have their opportunity because of the inability of the more respectable lenders to supply the demand. It would seem that the situation might ultimately be relieved through attracting the attention of capitalists and financial institutions in Europe and in the United States to the good rates obtainable on well secured mortgage loans in British Columbia.



HUSH!

—Judge.

## SIX PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENT

The Bonds of STONE LIMITED (formerly Toronto Lithographing Co.) are a first mortgage on all the assets of the Company, aggregating some four times the amount of the mortgage, and include real estate and buildings on King Street, Toronto, running through to and fronting on Wellington Street, which ALONE equal in value the total asset of the Bond issue.

NOTE—In computing the assets of the Company, no value has been placed on the Good-will or on the Huebner-Bleistein patents, the SOLE Canadian rights to which have recently been purchased by STONE LIMITED, the latter being an asset of great value.

The NET EARNINGS for the past year were over FIVE times the annual bond charge, and with the HUEBNER-BLEISTEIN process installed, the present earnings should be DOUBLED.

The SINKING FUND established with the TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION, as Trustee, is now in operation.

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Winnipeg, Canada.

The projected city hall for Montreal will be one of the finest municipal edifices in America. Its cost is roughly estimated at \$10,000,000, and it would take from ten to twenty years to complete.

It has long been felt that the present city hall was wholly inadequate for the city, and with the prospect of a city of a million people within ten years a new and imposing civic structure must be built.

The scheme which is under contemplation now is to have the new city hall erected in the square bounded by Mount Royal avenue, Rachel street, St. Denis and St. Lawrence boulevards. This would be

equally near the east and west ends, and would be within reach of the tremendous population, which is spreading behind the mountain, and along the Riviere des Prairies.

Mr. J. B. Corbet, auditor of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, has been appointed assistant inspector at Winnipeg, and has left to take up his new position.

Many look for R. and O. stock to go higher in the expectancy of an increase in the dividend to eight per cent. per annum.

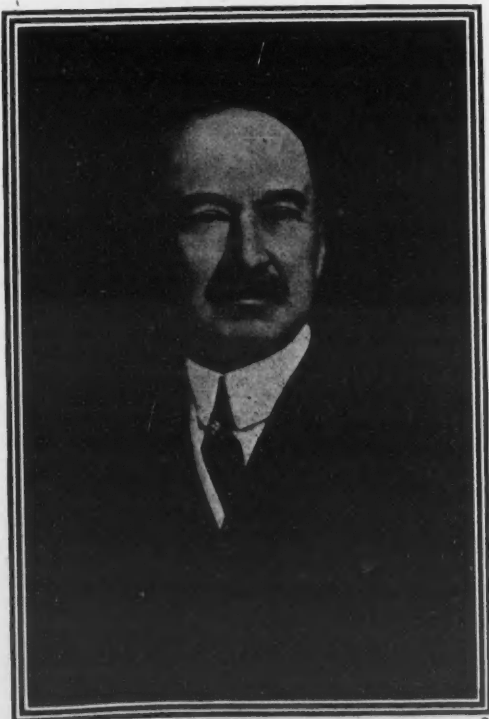
During 1910, 749 companies were incorporated in Ontario.





THE explanation offered by Mr. Moreing, of London, that he interested his people in 50,000 Hollingers in order to "make a market" for them has a moral in that it reveals "the great mining firm" in a peculiar light. Admittedly the Moreing firm was more intent on the market and its mining possibilities than upon the mine itself. Moreing & Co. "distributed" the Hollingers and bagged a profit of close on half a million dollars. Canadians in large part took back what they gave for "a song"—and it tasted so good to the London "distributors" that they came specially to ask for more. Meanwhile a trifle of \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 had been surgically lopped off the paper profits of Canadians in Hollingers. London calmly commented that "the price of Hollingers was rather high." However, upon viewing the Hollinger and ascertaining how consistent the ore bodies are—and how rich they are—the Moreing party with the money realized beforehand, would be willing to make another "distribution." When that suggestion was made to those controlling Hollinger, there was a Gataneau Valley in March atmosphere. It almost snowed in Montreal. For unadulterated audacity the proposal was given the blue ribbon by the Hollinger directors. Instead of conceding the "second helping," the understanding is the supplicants were told to tell Ontario Exploration shareholders "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" as to the disposition of the 50,000 Hollingers, the amount of cash on hand, the commissions paid, and the quantity of Ontario Gold Fields Development shares "distributed" to date. And what was more annoying to the London visitors—more unexpected perhaps—they were rudely directed to replace their Hollingers from the floating supply in the market rather than out of the Hollinger treasury or out of what the directors retain. Hollinger control felt constrained to speak frankly to those who think they can make millions on "a shoe string" bet—and "keep it up." Already the London party had made a profit of nearly a million dollars out of Canadians—without risking more than 5 per cent. of that sum. Manifestly the confidence of Canadians became of more importance than the service of "distributors," hence the refusal to dissipate Hollinger assets. Thus far there has been no statement on the financial position of Northern Ontario Explorations— which were being marketed on the strength of their Hollinger holdings. Nor does it appear that the Ontario Gold Fields Development efforts to work the fifty claims passed on to them, are very much in earnest. The whole position created under the aegis of the "distributors" should have the effect of convincing competent mine operators that when they have a good thing they need not confide in London any more than they would in New York curbsters, or Toronto's feline financiers. Hollingers have had to bear the strain incident to reckless speculation in Porcupine and the betrayal of confidence. They have a market valuation of \$3,000,000 less than when London accepted more of them at prices ranging up to \$25. That does not detract from the value of the mine which is now being thoroughly sampled by the management. Nor does it obscure the fact, asserted by leading engineers who have visited the mine, that "Hollinger is a wonder." In four months or so the Hollinger mill will be crushing. In the meantime the management no doubt will make public the results of their sampling. Why should any "distributors" be permitted to play at "ducks and drakes" with a property in which Canadians take pride, so long as the share market is subordinated to the morals of the mine?

NEXT to the depression in Hollingers in public interest is the action of Reas. The public took their Reas at \$6 and \$7—and Bewick, Moreing & Co. became "technical managers." Result: Reas struck the gravity incline and have narrowly escaped the sump. Cause: "Rattling" and manipulation. Behind the scenes large holders of Rea have been about as friendly toward each other as Kilkenny cats can be—only there are fewer cats. Breaches of faith have been frequently banded. The Mines Finance Company of America "scuttled." The Gold Fields Company of South Africa threw over what they had. Others "quit the Rea game with its money." Yet Rea has a moderate capitalization—and only requires a change of air. Work is proceeding systematically at the property, while the market for the shares has all the incompetence a "bear" party could possibly desire. Latterly



THE WORLD'S GREATEST FLOUR MILLER.  
James S. Bell, born in Philadelphia in 1847, became President of the Washburn-Crosby Company of the United States in 1889. Under his management the output of the mills has grown from 10,000 to 45,000 barrels daily.

the disposition of those most interested is, to let "the wind blow where it listeth."

DETAILS of the Dome plans are to hand. The entire plant will be rebuilt as before with the exception that the mill building and power house will be of steel, the warehouse all brick and steel, and the camps all brick with galvanized iron roofs and galvanized iron walls inside with an air space between them and the exterior brick wall. All of this is to be accomplished by men who have the money and the confidence to spend it. They are not upon the house tops proclaiming when they get a fancy assay, nor in the streets peddling script. They are rushing the work of reconstruction with the knowledge that the mine is ready to earn profits over the years, redeem the capital and handsomely cover the risk.

THE shrinking process in Porcupines will not injuriously affect companies with mines. Most of "the Domes" have caved in, but that was inevitable—for ventilation.

WHEN the public was loaded and brokers had to call for margins, those manipulators for "the rise" became croakers for "the fall."

SWASTIKAS lost their lucky emblem in the shuffle.

AFTER all, and amid the encircling gloom, leading mining engineers whose word commands capital, declare that some of the ore bodies in the Pearl Lake section of Porcupine are exceptional in the annals of mining. These men are not swayed by market fluctuations. They are close reasoners—not ready reckoners for market effect—and their good opinion is worth more than speculative views designed to inveigle.

IF Louis F. Meyersbach and Hugh F. Marriott, respectively a partner in and the consulting engineer to the Wernher, Beit, Eckstein and Central Mining and Investment Company of London, will say the word, Porcupine can have greater credit than an army of nimble promoters will provide. Both have been to Porcupine this week. Will they lend their influence?

THE McIntyre will shortly proceed with the erection of a \$250,000 plant.

MR. JOHN McMARTIN was the guest of Messrs. Meyersbach and Marriott, and G. G. S. Lindsey, K.C., on the trip to Porcupine. He can say more in syllables than most orators in a session of speechmaking. When it comes to doing things the quartette constituting that car party can do them—and they do them, very quietly and discreetly.

ACHILLES at Porcupine does not claim to have a vein. According to the daily press it is prospecting "a zone." Yes—a danger zone.

BABAYAN has floated the "Hollinger Extension." Is that obtaining money under false pretenses? The cat may live next door to the King—but that does not involve the sovereignty of the King.

GEORGE GRAHAM RICE says he sent the first high class engineers to Porcupine. His Satanic Majesty not infrequently has very swaggy emissaries.

### A Plea for Reddick.

Montreal, August 7th, 1911.

Editor, Saturday Night:  
My attention has been called to the article in last issue of Saturday Night concerning Reddick. As a rule I pay no attention to unsigned paragraphs in the press, and indeed during sixteen years continuous work in mining, I have on only one or two occasions felt bound to enter a protest.

In this present instance I became so satisfied that you had been misinformed that I thought it well, in the interests of vested rights, to call your attention to the matter. The article referred to quotes from some source quite unknown to me and refers to the "movement" in Reddick, its ups and downs on the market, and so on. Your comments on this extract are such as to lead one to suppose that I was the author of this "drive" as you choose to call it. I never wrote "drive" nor am I the author of the extract. I am simply a director of the Reddick, backed by the signed opinions of four qualified engineers, endeavoring to make good with the public.

It is true I am almost alone in trying to develop Reddick. The shareholders have been discouraged, mainly through adverse criticism which was not always either true, accurate, just, or intended to be fair. Mr. DePencier did not "pass up" Reddick as too low grade; he said the values were erratic and he asked for \$10,000 more for underground development, after which he would give his opinion. The shareholders refused to advance any more money and Mr. DePencier left. He was too valuable a man to lie around for months, waiting for shareholders to make up their minds to back the property they once thought so valuable that they would not accept the offer of myself and syndicate to give them par for their stock. Four engineers say the property looks promising, even very promising. I believe the Reddick can be made a paying proposition. It will take money—even a lot of money. The work now being done will be a demonstration and will, I believe, be sufficiently encouraging to induce large minded interests to come in and help.

The "rattle-trap" plant you refer to can have no reference to our first-class compressor, engines, hoists, crusher, boilers, etc., but to the stamps that were bought by others and for which foolishness I am in no way to blame. I have induced many of my well-to-do clients to put money into Reddick, and have not found it necessary to blow any trumpets or even engage the assistance of the newspapers, nor have I taken any money from widows and orphans.

While giving you credit for wanting to do right, I wish at the same time to insist that the many well-known men in Canada who have and still do invest or speculate through my office have many times, in public meeting and in private correspondence, asserted their knowledge of and belief in my personal desire to do right.

In conclusion, I would say I am not so foolish as to think my conduct is beyond criticism; indeed I know I am often misunderstood, frequently give offence, have at times a manner that would alienate the affections of a spaniel, and yet I know that I "hit the trail" for straight dealing very often; and never knowingly injured another.

Yours truly,  
(Sgd.) BANNELL SAWYER.

The United States Government has begun an action against the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, Hocking Valley Railroad, Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad, Kanawha and Michigan Railroad, Zanesville and Western Railroad, Sunday Creek Coal Co., Continental Coal Company, Kanawha and Hocking Coal and Coke Company, on the grounds that this combination has crushed competition.

J. P. Morgan sailed for America from England on August 9.

## Is it Judgment or Luck?

By L. C. WEBBER

Being an account of what happened to a tyro at the game of making money in the market.

FEENANS, as his name might imply, is somewhat of a financier—but only in a small way.

When C.P.R.—which he claims he would have bought at 110, had he the ready cash—was mounting to 242, he was hampered with a piece of property within a block of Yonge and Carlton streets, on which improvements, taxes and occasional loss of rent kept him with his nose continually to the grindstone.

Two years ago he sold his old house as he intended putting the money into investments bringing quicker and greater returns. As part of the cash payment he took some shares in a Cobalt mine. The fact of its not being listed on the Exchange was explained by the vendor of the stock in plausible confidence, that only a chosen few were being let in on the ground floor of this silver-lined investment. "Should it be placed on the stock market," he said, knowingly, "speculators would, in no time be playing football with it."

The following January, in consulting a mining expert about his venture, Feenans was advised to dispose of it at once—which was easier said than done. His mining friend had money invested and was intensely interested in the development of Otisse Currie. Feenans, feeling confident that the judgment of a practical man was to be relied upon and finding that there was only a little of the treasury stock left at 25 cents, bought some Otisse Currie.

Three weeks later an assignment of that mining company was filed.

With spring came the mysterious purchase of the block of property in which the house he had once owned, was situated. Had he held it one year longer, he might have realized about three times its value. This was something more than discouraging. He had stunted, planned, slaved and worried all through the years of depression to save that property, for a strange man who, without previous knowledge of what was to occur made several thousand dollars on that investment less than twelve months.

The cash Feenans had deposited in his bank was only realizing 3 per cent. and his stock certificates were costing him the rental of a drawer in a safety deposit vault—not that he valued them highly, but they were vouchers for his money and he had once heard of a man burning a certificate which afterwards became valuable—besides, he did not want to take chances on any one seeing the results of his folly.

Last summer, when stocks were at a low ebb Feenans was advised to buy Temiskaming at 60, Trethewey at 115, and Shredded Wheat at 44, to sell in the autumn. He contemplated doing so, but weakened when he thought of his other bad investments. He watched the daily papers, however, as they by degrees recorded the advance in these stocks to 80-135 and 64.

A friend was making money on 5 per cent. margins and upon the theory "what man has done man can do." Feenans thought he would also make some profits—in quick returns on small amounts.

Through experience he learned that as soon as he invested in the stock, it invariably took a tumble, so he decided to sell Erie, which he was informed was a non-dividend payer and consequently not worth shucks as an investment. Not that he had any Erie, nor could he clearly understand how this marginal drop was manipulated, although his friends explained it was like borrowing a cord of wood when the price was high so as to fill an order at a lower quotation and return the wood when the supply exceeded the demand.

He handed the broker \$150 with instructions to "borrow" Erie stock when it was at 31 and sell at 25. By points and fractions, Erie dropped to 26.

"Shall I sell?" telephoned the broker.  
"Don't you think it will go lower?" queried Feenans.  
"It certainly looks that way!" said the broker.  
"Well, I'll keep it for 25 as arranged."

Next day Erie was on the climb and kept on ascending until it reached 32½. Then by slips and mounts and slips again landed down at 28.

Four months had elapsed since Feenans parted with his 150. He had been much disheartened, but when Erie fell to 28 his courage shot up to 90.

"Sell me out at 27," he instructed the broker.

Erie fooled him again by quickly dodging back to 31. One day while waiting for dinner the first item in the evening paper to arrest his eye was some type in heavy capitals:

"ERIE HAS TAKEN A SPURT."  
He had barely handed in his additional margin when Erie when cavorting around 37.

After this experience, he decided to keep his ready money in a bank for a rainy day. The next day it rained on a friend, who begged the favor of a loan.

A man with sporting blood in his veins is generous—and Feenans was no exception.

"I surely have some business instinct!" he exclaimed, ruefully, looking at the bank balance after the loan had been deducted and the half-yearly interest credited. This being early in July the stock market was dull, so Feenans lay awake one night, thinking of his weakness last summer and the amount lost through not buying several shares of different stocks when they were at their lowest and selling at their highest points in the winter and early spring.

It was the fiercest of hot mornings when he went, in the broiling sun, to the office of a thoroughly reliable broker.

He had noticed how Temiskaming and Trethewey had fallen but, in consulting with the broker, learned that encouraging information had been received direct from a Porcupine mine.

"You think there is danger of an assignment?" cautiously ventured Feenans.

The broker laughed: "The management has not got that far along yet. I have some shares I am holding for an eight or nine point advance. It has only just taken a drop of a few points about an hour ago and I think, if you wish to invest, it would be better not to delay but, if I were in a position to know how mining or other stocks would develop, I would not stay long in the commission business."

He is a wise man who can discriminate between the promptings of the good spirits and temptations of the evil ones in games of chance. Feenans knew something had impelled him to make a deal that morning, so he decided on purchasing 500 shares of a gold stock outright, for that is the only way the broker would buy for him.

In less than a week later the Porcupine mine was a flame-swept ruin.

Feenans threw down his morning paper in disgust.

"And yet some men will say there is no such thing as luck," he growled cynically.

## The Kerr Lake Episode.

AN inspired and sympathetic explanation of the cut in the Kerr Lake dividend appeared in the Boston News Bureau of the 14th. It differs from its predecessors in that it no longer is claimed that "three tons are being placed to reserve for every ton mined." It is inconsistent and unsympathetic toward the old management which bluntly is accused "of robbing the mine" in order to "make a showing." As that old management is made the scapegoat, whereas the Lewishons never have been charged with not knowing their business, and as it is admitted that the policy of the past was unjustifiable, so the mine was improperly managed! And earnings were inadequate—notwithstanding a surplus a year ago of \$1,043,000! Moreover, Kerr Lake is awaiting the Nova Scotia mill! Why was this withheld from shareholders? The old rate of dividend only now is admittedly unwise! The denial of the facts until Kerr Lake shareholders have suffered a severe shrinkage is inexcusable. The allegation that the former management was incompetent or worse is not a mitigating circumstance. Reading between the lines, it is apparent that the Lewishons must put Kerr Lake right before they succeed in distributing Wettlaufer.

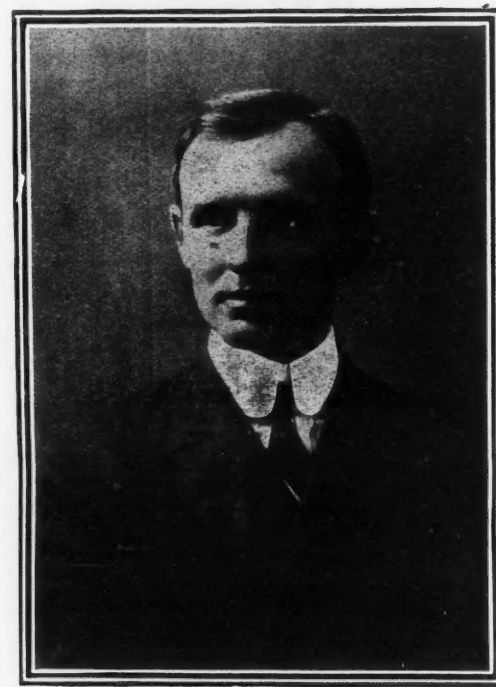
Gradually the Cobalt derelicts are being classified. Kerr Lake calls for a complete exposition by independent engineers.

## Financial Men of Nova Scotia

JOHN R. MACLEOD

NOVA SCOTIA is still in the business of producing able men. One of the latest to come into the limelight is John R. Macleod, who has just become a member of the firm of F. B. McCurdy & Company.

Macleod has been doing things—quietly, effectively. He would prefer to keep on that way, for he is as modest as he is bright. He is a young man, too, for a successful promoter and financier. It was only in 1898 that he graduated from Dalhousie Law School and was admitted to



John R. Macleod, of Halifax, N.S.

the bar. But the law could not hold him. When unknown among financial men he organized the Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Company and for several years was its capable manager. Then he organized Stanfield's, Limited, one of the most widely known and successful industrial concerns in Nova Scotia.

Macleod's greatest effort was in organizing the Macleod Pulp and Paper Company, of Liverpool, N.S., of which he is president and managing director. This is really a big proposition, or will be if Macleod's ideas are carried out, the intention being to largely extend the paper plant and increasing the water power development to some 40,000 h.p., the surplus power being transmitted to Halifax, a distance of about 90 miles. He is also a director of the Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Company, which recently absorbed the Nova Scotia Telephone Company.

Now Macleod is with McCurdy & Co., but he leaves none of the good things behind him, as he will continue on the directorates in an advisory capacity. He is a successful addition to a successful firm. He is a brainy man joining brainy men, for McCurdy & Co. have established a reputation for shrewdness and business capacity. McCurdy, the head of the firm, is an experienced banker, and previous to the establishing of his present business twelve years ago, was assistant to H. N. Wallace, general manager of the Halifax Banking Company (since merged in the Canadian Bank of Commerce). Macleod is now a member of one of the largest investment houses in Eastern Canada, and the monetary world will watch his career with interest.

Gold-mining possibilities in Africa are finding apt illustration in the returns received month by month from the Transvaal. Time was when fear was expressed that gold mining there had reached its apogee, and that it would be necessary to look elsewhere for further large new contributions to the world's annual supply. This was when the labor problem was yet a cause of anxiety or in process of solving; now that it has been solved, the fallaciousness of the fears is clearly apparent. In April the Transvaal set a new record in average daily production of gold, carrying it up to 22,257 fine ounces, or 449 fine ounces more than that for March. Now in June it has carried the average still higher—to 22,819 fine ounces—and, judging the future by the past, that mark will not long stand as the record. In June, 1910, the average was 1,980 fine ounces less than now.

With a small army of luckless Canadians wiped out in their marginal deals by the slump in Porcupines, the Standard Canadian Investments, Limited, rises to remark:—"The break is entirely unaccountable except on the theory that the insiders are willing to let the market drift to lower levels so as to accumulate a line of cheap stocks for the big advance."



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 Aug. 12—CASSANDRA ..... Aug. 26  
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From Southampton. From Montreal for London.  
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 Aug. 8—AUSONIA ..... Aug. 26  
 Aug. 22—ASCANIA ..... Sept. 9  
 Sept. 6—ALBANIA ..... Sept. 23  
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New York—London Direct.  
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**RED STAR LINE**

London Paris, via Dover—Antwerp. Lapland, Aug. 12 Kronland, Aug. 19

**WHITE STAR LINE**

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 Adriatic—Aug. 10 Baltic—Aug. 24  
 Cedric—Aug. 17 Celtic—Aug. 31  
 New York, Plymouth, Cherbourg, Southampton.  
 Oceanic—Aug. 12 Olympic—Sept. 2  
 Olympic—Aug. 19 Olympic—Sept. 9

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Will leave Montreal 7:30 p.m. daily, except Saturday, for Quebec, Lower St. Lawrence Resorts, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, the Sydneys.  
 DIRECT CONNECTION FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.  
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**THE TALE OF THE TAPE**

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1910.				Wednesday, August 9	
						High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid
100	180,000,000	55,616,666	176,333,583	3,244,539	Transportation	202	Nov.	177	Jan.	243	242
100	12,500,000	24,903,000	2,890,518	625,518	Canadian Pac. Ry. ....	70	Dec.	40 1/2	July	71 1/2	71 1/2
100	3,500,000	1,600,000	2,890,518	625,518	Detroit United .....	133	Dec.	64 1/2	July	83 1/2	84
100	1,400,000	600,000	2,890,518	625,518	Dul. Sup. Trac. Co., com.	81	Oct.	64 1/2	July	91	145
100	7,594,500	4,552,500	24,956,813	1,480,427	Halifax Electric .....	137	Dec.	111	July	91	90 1/2
100	15,000,000	3,073,400	15,087,500	2,891,338	Illinois Trac. pref. ....	83 1/2	Jan.	88 1/2	Nov.	91	90 1/2
100	11,487,400	61,674,900	2,988,712	10,338,025	Mex. N. W. Ry. ....	59 1/2	Mar.	46 1/2	July	59 1/2	59 1/2
100	20,832,000	10,416,000	4,421,863	1,074,812	Mexico Tram. Co. ....	127	April	117 1/2	Aug.	138	137
100	10,000,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Minn., St. P. & S.S.M.	145 1/2	Mar.	114	July	225 1/2	224
100	9,000,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Montreal Street .....	254 1/2	Mar.	213 1/2	July	225 1/2	224
100	3,000,000	500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Northern Nav. ....	122	Jan.	104	July	117 1/2	116
100	9,500,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Northern Ohio Trac. ....	40	Aug.	35 1/2	July	40	40
100	2,132,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Porto Rico Ry. Co., com.	54	Sept.	34 1/2	Jan.	208	207 1/2
100	37,500,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Que. R.L. & P. Co., com.	61 1/2	Nov.	54	Mar.	64 1/2	64
100	800,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Richelle & Ontario .....	95	Jan.	77	July	121 1/2	121 1/2
100	10,000,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Sic de Janeiro .....	105	Oct.	87 1/2	July	113 1/2	113 1/2
100	10,000,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	St. L. & Chi. S.N. Co.	119	Jan.	90	Dec.	85	85
100	10,000,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Sao Paulo T.L. & P. Co.	153	Sept.	135	July	176 1/2	176
100	20,100,000	3,000,000	15,502,000	925,958	Toronto Ry. ....	123 1/2	Jan.	110 1/2	July	160	159
100	6,000,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Twin City, com. ....	117	Jan.	103	July	116	115
100	12,500,000	2,500,000	1,527,700	378,700	Winnipeg Electric .....	139 1/2	Sept.	116	July	237 1/2	237 1/2
50	4,000,000	2,500,000	3,649,000	3,293,258	Telegraph, Light & P.	148	Mar.	141	Sept.	147	145
100	4,000,000	50,000,000	2,997,864	2,997,864	Bell Telephone .....	207	Mar.	198	July	193	192
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	2,925,459	925,459	Consumers Gas .....	97 1/2	Oct.	78 1/2	July	84	84
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Mackay, com. ....	78	Jan.	67 1/2	Aug.	74 1/2	74 1/2
100	17,000,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Mackay, pref. ....	89 1/2	Oct.	64	Jan.	89	87 1/2
100	1,580,400	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Mex. L. & P. Co., com.	103 1/2	Dec.	89 1/2	July	103 1/2	103 1/2
100	8,500,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Do, pref. ....	161 1/2	Sept.	102 1/2	Feb.	163 1/2	163 1/2
100	4,000,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Montreal Power .....	113	Dec.	109	Feb.	142 1/2	142 1/2
100	4,000,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Ottawa L. & P. Co.	111 1/2	Sept.	92	July	114	113 1/2
100	8,500,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Shaw, W. & P. Co. ....	123 1/2	Nov.	109	Sept.	134	134
100	4,000,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Toronto El. Light .....	123 1/2	Nov.	109	Sept.	134	134

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Reserve Fund	Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1910.	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid
243	4,866,666	2,530,666	294,944	Bankers	151	April	145	July	150	150	150
100	10,000,000	7,000,000	310,204	British North America	215 1/2	April	196	Jan.	210	209 1/2	209 1/2
100	3,000,000	2,250,000	379,242	Commerce	249 1/2	Jan.	231 1/2	Dec.	226	225	225
100	3,000,000	2,250,000	379,242	Dominion	165	Dec.	158 1/2	Feb.	155	154	154
100	2,680,560	3,000,000	182,810	Hamilton	208	Feb.	196	Sept.	201	201	201
100	2,500,000	2,500,000	15,041	Hochelaga	157	Nov.	142	Aug.	171	170 1/2	170 1/2
100	5,537,641	5,597,641	606,35	Imperial	240	Mar.	219	Dec.	226	225	225
100	6,000,000	4,900,000	93,227	Merchants	187 1/2	Jan.	171	Jan.	188 1/2	188	188
100	1,000,000	1,250,000	104,686	Metropolitan	215	April	204	July	207 1/2	207	207
100	4,000,000	4,400,000	115,188	Molson	259 1/2	Jan.	243	Aug.	268	268	268
100	14,400,000	12,000,000	145,038	National	273 1/2	June	266	Nov.	265 1/2	265 1/2	265 1/2
100	2,000,000	1,200,000	26,014	New Brunswick	285 1/2	April	270	Aug.	273	273	273
100	774,300	1,380,025	26,266	Nova Scotia	214 1/2	Jan.	200	Jan.	208	207 1/2	207 1/2
100	3,500,000	3,500,000	117,938	Ottawa	135	Nov.	122	July	140	137	137
100	2,500,000	1,250,000	50,580	Quebec	245	Oct.	224 1/2	Jan.	238	238	238
100	6,200,000	6,800,000	228,393	Royal	292 1/2	Jan.	279	Nov.	273 1/2	273 1/2	273 1/2
100	9,800,000	2,400,000	54,074	Standard	240	Jan.	209 1/2	Jan.	213 1/2	213 1/2	213 1/2
100	4,000,000	4,750,000	194,777	Toronto	147	Mar.	141	Sept.	150	145	145
100	4,354,500	2,200,000	102,443	Traders	150	Dec.	139 1/2	Jan.	145	145	145
100	4,900,000	2,400,000	28,676	Union	157	Dec.	147	Jan.	150	150	150

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1910.				Wednesday July 26.	
						High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid
Industrials and Miscellaneous											
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	110,137	Amal. Asbes. Corp. com.	35	Feb.	9	Sept.	6	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	110,137	Do, pref.	70 1/2	Jan.	57 1/2	Nov.	21	21
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	510,000	565,700	Black Cons. Asb. com.	29 1/2	June	15	Nov.	8 1/2	8 1/2
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	510,000	565,700	Do, pref.	96	Nov.	55	Jan.	116	116
100	750,000	750,000	49,000	150,052	F. N. Burt Co., com.	107 1/2	Dec.	94	Jan.	116	116
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	644,580	Can. Car & F. com.	65	April	60	Sept.	67	60
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	644,580	Do, pref.	104	Dec.	98	Jan.	116	116
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	5,000,000	217,994	Can. Cement, com.	25	April	15	July	22	21 1/2
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	5,000,000	217,994	Do, pref.	104	April	78	July	81 1/2	81 1/2
100	6,000,000	1,059,455	14,407,048	3,541,769	Canada Perm.	170 1/2	April	158 1/2	Dec.	165	165
100	2,746,695	1,959,455	2,541,300	76,700	Can. Rub. com.	119 1/2	Jan.	100	Sept.	98 1/2	92 1/2
100	2,746,695	1,959,455	2,541,300	76,700	Do, pref.	119 1/2	Jan.	100	Sept.	98 1/2	92 1/2
100	2,700,000	3,575,000	3,800,000	1,980,675	Can. Cottons, Ltd.	25	Nov.	23 1/2	Nov.	16 1/2	15
100	2,700,000	3,575,000	3,800,000	1,980,675	Can. Gen. Elec. com.	129	Feb.	104	Dec.	110	110
100	2,700,000	3,575,000	3,800,000	1,980,675	Do, pref.	129	Feb.	104	Dec.	110	110
100	565,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	City Dairy, com.	40 1/2	Aug.	29 1/2	Jan.	32	32
100	565,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	Crown Reserve	100 1/2	Aug.	96 1/2	Jan.	108 1/2	108 1/2
100	1,768,814	1,500,000	1,500,000	559,986	Dom. Steel & C. Corp.	4 1/2	May	60 1/2	July	52 1/2	52 1/2
100	35,000,000	1,859,630	6,451,058	565,780	Dom. Textile, com.	75	April	59 1/2	Dec.	66	65 1/2
100	5,000,000	1,859,630	6,451,058	565,780	Do, pref.	110	Jan.	97	Nov.	98	98
100	40,000,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,074,358	Lake Superior Corp.	153	Feb.	119	July	147 1/2	147
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,074,358	L. of Woods Milling	128	Jan.	121	Oct.	121	121
100	7,493,135	894,400	949,305	527,738	La Rose Cons. M. Co.	170	Dec.	128	Feb.	230	226
100	2,500,000	1,200,000	2,500,000	393,586	Laurentide, com.	135	Dec.	115	Feb.	147	147
100	2,500,000	1,200,000	2,500,000	393,586	Do, pref.	168	Nov.	130	July	147	147
100	2,500,000	1,200,000	2,500,000	393,586	Maple Leaf Mill. com.	57 1/2	Aug.	40	July	101	99
100	2,500,000	1,200,000	2,500,000	393,586	Do, pref.	99	Sept.	88 1/2	Jan.	98	98
100	700,000	800,000	700,000	393,586	Montreal Steel	11 1/2	May	9 50	May	850	850
100	6,000,000	1,020,000	5,600,000	2,286,839	Nipissing Mines Co.	91 1/2	Mar.	68 1/2	Jan.	97	97
100	4,000,000	1,030,000	4,500,000	2,286,839	N. S. Steel com.	125	July	119	July	129 1/2	129 1/2
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	723,742	Ogdive Flour	128	Feb.	119	July	129 1/2	129 1/2
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	723,742	Do, pref.	128	Feb.	119	July	129 1/2	129 1/2
100	650,000	650,000	650,000	723,742	Pacific	45	Dec.	39 1/2	Dec.	32	31 1/2
100	650,000	650,000	650,000	723,742	Do, pref.	128	Feb.	119	July	129 1/2	129 1/2
100	2,150,000	1,075,000	2,000,000	723,742	Pennams, Ltd., com.	63 1/2	April	61	July	84	81 1/2
100	2,150,000	1,075,000	2,000,000	723,742	Do, pref.	125	Dec.	101	Jan.	179	179
100	937,500	900,000	900,000	670,857	W. A. Rogers, Ltd.	205 1/2	Dec.	144 1/2	Jan.	179	179
100	937,500	900,000	900,000	670,857	Do, pref.	112	Feb.	104 1/2	Sept.	101	109
100	1,500,000	1,500,000	1,500,000	132,220	Sawyer Massey	35 1/2	Aug.	34 1/2	Sept.	31 1/2	31 1/2
100	1,500,000	1,500,000	1,500,000	132,220	Do, pref.	112	Feb.	104 1/2	Sept.	101	109



The Shepherd of the Lonely  
Islands

By W. LACEY AMY

FROM the first time I met him—a big, broad-shouldered, clean-faced, kindly-eyed, square-jawed man, whose dress betrayed his calling—to when I waved my hand to him on the wharf as the boat swung out into Pleasant Bay, I thought of him by no other name than the "Shepherd," a man to lead when it was not necessary to drive. His first words to me when the owner of the boat introduced me as a would-be delver into the Island life—"And you're coming to see our Islands"—were more a vehicle for the "our," an establishment at the start of his alliance with the unknown Magdalens, than a question. They were more a caress than a question.

There were three of us on the little boat that braves the Gulf storms seven months of the year to convince the lonely people of the Magdalen Islands of the interest of a paternal Government—Father Blaquiere, my wife and myself. And in the twenty-four hours' toss over the heavy swells I came to know him well—better than I know most of my best friends of many years.

In my ignorance of the Islands it did not occur to me to question his presence on the boat, but when I understood the magnitude of the cause that would take any Magdalener off his little world, except in a fish-boat, I discovered that the journey was left to the "Shepherd" because it was so unpleasant. All the way to Quebec he had gone alone with a fisherman who had escaped miraculously from the floating ice-cakes on which he had been lost during the spring seal hunt with his brain twisted into the belief that his wife was trying to poison him and that fish were the emissaries of Satan. I found out much about the big, stoop-shouldered man during the trip—but nothing about the awful week's trip he must have had to Quebec, and when I did get him to mention it he dismissed the subject with: "The Intercolonial Railway was so kind." But that was like him.

Sitting on the leeward side of the tossing boat, looking out at the receding lights of Prince Edward Island, he told me something of his life, simply, quietly, as if he were reflectively reviewing it for the first time and found it interesting enough to hope that it was worth telling.

Eighteen years before he had come over from Prince Edward Island, a young man full of the ardor that scorned physical suffering and personal discomforts. He had thrown himself into the work because he liked it and the people; and he had, I gathered, neglected himself to his own sorrow. He could not remember that the life of the Garden Province, although but seventy miles away, unfitted him for the brusqueness and cruelty of the Magdalen winters. And, of course, he fell an easy prey to the scourge of the Islanders. His lungs protested. For three years he fought it, and just when he was pulling himself through stronger than ever, a severe cold drove him back to his native province for a year.

"But I couldn't stay," he laughed, as if events had justified his determination. "My friends wanted me—I'm glad of that, you know—but I had a dream."

He paused and leaned forward on his knees looking down into the black water that swished back from us in loud splashes as the boat rose and fell from side to side. I was moved by the night scene—the twinkling lights dropping from behind us in the midst of a long, low blackness like a cloud, the gleam of the moon through a bank of real clouds just above the water, the rail of the deck rising into the brighter sky, and then dropping to the blacker water—and through all the steady wash of the broken swells and the simple story of an unselfish life.

"But you must come over and see the church," he broke in suddenly, touching me on the knee.

He laughed when he saw by the little light overhead that I could not follow his sudden tangent.

"My pet, you know," he exclaimed, smiling fondly as a mother. "But I'll show it to you, and that's better."

When he had shaken off the importunities of his friends he had returned to the Islands, stronger in body and in determination to follow out his dream. That, I found, was the church—so that the change in the conversation had not been so startling as it appeared. For another two years he lived with his dream quietly, eating and sleeping only as the cares of the Magdaleners allowed. In spring and fall and winter, when the icy winds of the wide Gulf raged unfettered across the little group of islands, he found the matter of food and bed a consideration that fitted ill with the watching and praying for the hundreds of sick that succumbed, temporarily and forever, to grip and pneumonia, or their slower mate, tuberculosis. But he was watching something else—his dream. He was waiting for the successful season that would make it possible for him to ask his fishermen to make that dream a reality.

The captain came up to take his turn on the bridge, and as he passed he stopped to speak the friendly word everyone had for the "Shepherd." One came to expect it as naturally as one looks for the raised hat to femininity.

"And we've got a furnace—the very best we could buy—and—" He had again come to his "pet."

I laughed indulgently, and he stopped speaking and joined in.

"But then you're coming over to see it as soon as you can, won't you?"

Then he followed through his struggle on the Islands and I found myself wondering how such a man in such a cause could be allowed to struggle. He carefully avoided the church, for he wanted to tell me of it when I could look on his grandeur.

"That's all," he ended simply. Then he went on: "I'm marrying now the babies I christened when I came first. And some of their babies I've christened," and he smiled slowly, as if at the remembrance of some little protesting tot that would soon love him as its mother did.

Later, we went below to see what the steward had to top off the day. And as I was turning away at the head of the stairs to bid him good-night he woke from his quietness.

"We're hoping to be able to buy the seats this year. You know we just have the seats from the old church yet."

I shook his hand at parting. "I hope your wife doesn't feel the motion of the boat," he called after me. "Tell her there's nothing like Mother-

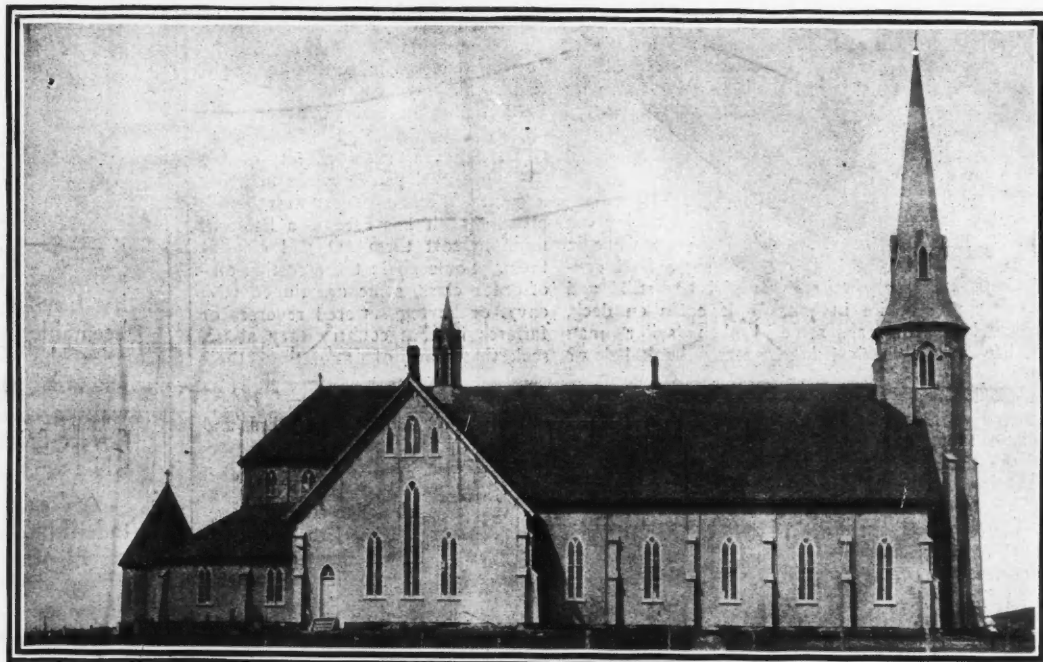
FATHER BLAQUIERE.  
The Shepherd of the Lonely Islands.

sill's Remedy. I've tried it; since then I've tried no other," he added laughing.

In the early morning light I looked through the port in time to see him sitting in the stern of a fisherman's dory setting out for the shore. His eyes were on my face as I looked out and I waved an arm to him.

"Don't forget. I'll look for you both to-morrow," he called through his hands, and the fishermen held their oars as he shouted.

Late in the afternoon we stepped down to one of the few wharves of the Islands, and one of the first things I asked of the pleasant English woman at whose house we had been accepted, was the distance across the Island to Father Blaquiere's. It was but two miles, and the next day found us on the winding roads. I think we would

FATHER BLAQUIERE'S CHURCH.  
The church which the brave priest finally managed to build for his hardy flock.

not have disappointed him whatever the weather had been.

We had seen his "pet" many times on the boat during our long sail around the Island. There was not much opportunity of missing that, for it stood on the highest point that was approachable with anything like ease, half way from shore to shore and providing ecclesiastical needs of the entire Island. But I did not want to conjecture what it was really like until my friend himself had shown it to me from top to bottom.

A large white house stood beside it, the home of the father. A rap at the door, and an inquiry for Father Blaquiere, brought from the French woman who answered, a pointed hand and "l'église, l'église!"

We turned to the church, where the scaffolding still stood at one corner, and broken, plaster-splashed boards on the ground told of work not long completed. Inside, a man who could not understand enough of my French to make conversation a pleasure, was carefully touching up the altar with gilt paint. He flew to find the father, and when he emerged from the back door of the church, by which I had entered, the woman joined him, and together they ran through the barn, the house and at last the church. The father came up hurriedly from the basement, brushing his clothes and smoothing his hair with a hand that had evidently been in work. And in the centre aisle, with the sun striking through the large windows to the west and setting off his figure to a supernatural size, he told us the story of his church.

St. Peter's—he called it—was worthy of his affection. It was the wonder of the Islands. For ten years he had been struggling to finish it. Seating its fourteen hundred people, its octagonal tower rose to view from any part of the Magdalens within ten miles. No bricks had entered its construction, but a design had been worked out on its long sides with shingles, and the row of wide windows looked out invitingly for the fisherman and his family. Inside the broad centre aisle was flanked by rows of old seats patched up to fit until a good season would bring money enough to the fisherman to pay the four thousand dollars needed for the new ones he had already planned. Around the back and both sides stretched a gallery; and at the front a high white and gilt altar blazed in the afternoon sun.

We stepped within the railing, and with a sweeping turn the father faced the seats and threw his arm aloft. Up above I could see what was the crowning detail of his architecture. Curve on curve, ran up gracefully to meet its fellow to complete the symmetry. I was amazed, and I am glad to think I showed it.

Nothing wonderful, you say! Well, I would like to take you away out into the middle of the St. Lawrence Gulf, where the storms strew the shores with wrecks that frown at the visitor, among a people who never leave the

Islands further than the fishing grounds and where the tourist is a spectacle; where the quaint life of centuries ago still invites to restful repose, where the inhabitant knows nothing but how to fish and raise a few vegetables, where the only steamer is the one sent by the Government—seven months of the year—I would like to feel that there is no man callous enough to stand in the midst of conditions like those and look unmoved on a beauty of architecture that would grace the greatest city church, feeling all the time that the whole scheme was the product of the brain of one man who knew nothing of architecture as it is taught, who had nothing but his own plans and unskilled workmen to bring it to completion. In Toronto it might not appear an unusual credit to a trained architect, but in the Magdalen Islands it was a miracle.

"It's too bad," he murmured apologetically. "I had to introduce the gallery to accommodate the people—and it spoils it. I didn't dare risk building the church longer than two hundred and ten feet; and it's ninety feet from there to there," he concluded, pointing from transept to transept.

When we tore ourselves away it was lighter themes we touched. Father Blaquiere had other pleasures besides getting the sides of an octagonal tower correct without any rule to guide. He had reared a race horse that he loved to tell of—how it went over to Pictou and beat them all, and how he was looking for greater victories from the animal whose picture he so fondly showed. There were other things to talk of, but in the midst of it a man drove up and said something in French to the father. At the end the latter turned excitedly to us.

"Will you excuse me?" he asked beseechingly. "The English church clergyman has broken his ankle. I must go to him. I'm so sorry," he called back as he ran to don another coat.

We saw him again, and at the last we waved to him from the deck of the steamer.

"I'd like to see you over there some time," I said from

friends to some wild part of the estate, when all at once a big drove of Highland cattle appeared over the top of a hill. Led by a magnificent bull, down they poured into the pasture below, a splendid lot of beasts, and the principal part of the property of the domain. The sight of the great bull, with his enormous horns and huge curly head and chest, was sufficient to put the whole party to flight; but Lady Menzies at once went in among them, called the leader by his name, and patted his shaggy neck, talking meantime in a way he seemed to understand.

## The Color of Alpine Flowers.

ALL who have climbed the Alps or the Pyrenees have noted the peculiarly vivid colors of the mountain flowers. On the heights white flowers are of a purer and more brilliant white; those that are rose colored or red on the plains are purple on the mountains; the lilac-blue of the campanula of the valley is a deep purple, almost black in the campanula of the heights.

Flowers which are pale yellow on the plains are deep yellow, orange, and copper red on the mountains. The coloring of the flowers and the foliage of plants and trees of Norway and Sweden is more intense than that of the same species in the Alps. The green of the Scandinavian fields and forests is so peculiar that when shown by the master painters of Scandinavia in pictures it is called untrue to nature by foreign critics. This increase of color is still more marked in the flora of the Arctic zone.

Alfred Russel Wallace favors the theory that the flowers are more highly colored in the high regions because there are few bees and other honey-seeking insects on the heights, and because such as are there require a stronger lure to draw them up the heights than the insects of warmer regions. Therefore the flowers put forth efforts to rival each other in brilliancy of coloring and succeed in producing more vivid color in their corollas.

Those who demand more practical reasons ignore the arguments of Darwin's disciple and attribute the excess of floral color to solar light. During the relatively short season in which the plants of the high regions flourish, measurements made on Mont Blanc with actinometers proved that the amount of light increased in length and intensity on the mountains. The high parts of the mountains are nearly always free from fog and less often covered by clouds than the valleys and the plains. More than that, there is less invisible water vapor above the ground in the high regions than in low regions. Plants on the mountains receive more light than plants on the plains. In the Arctic regions the difference in the intensity of light is notable. In summer the sun is visible nearly all day. Plants are in continuous light, and the light is received in a much greater quantity than in the lower latitudes. The measurements taken with the actinometer make it seem probable that the excess of vivid floral coloring is due to the sun, which, acting more intensely and for a longer time on the flora of the heights produces greater development of the green coloring of the leaves of plants and the grass of the fields and the various colors of the flowers.

In an experiment made to show the cause of color intensity, plants were carried abruptly from the plains to high Alpine regions and other heights. Most of the transported plants acquiring a deeper coloring than any flower of the plains. Similar experiments made with plants taken from the plains of France to Scandinavia gave the same results. The change could not be attributed to the selection of the flower seeds of successive generations, but as the experiments made did not give sufficient proof that persistent and intense light is sufficient to produce brilliant floral color other plants of the same kind were placed in the great market of Paris for experimental purposes. Some of them were given specially filtered electric light by day and night; others were given light comparable with the solar light received by the Alps. As the leaves of the plants developed, the plants receiving continuous light formed a more intense green pigment, and the flowers were of a much more vivid color than when the plants were grown in ordinary light.

It's a question whether a slip of the tongue is worth two on a banana skin.

Imitators are like parrots. They are not always as green as they look.

## A Highland Laird's Widow.

THE sale by Lady Menzies of part of the extensive estates left by her husband, the eighth and last Baronet of Castle Menzies, Perthshire, recalls another Lady Menzies who once reigned over the extensive family property. This was the wife of the sixth Baronet—Sir Neil Menzies, a Highland landed proprietor well known for his scientific knowledge of forestry—and the grandmother of the late Sir Neil Menzies, with whom the ancient line came to an end. The daughter of the Hon. Fletcher Norton, a son of the first Lord Grantley, she was married the year after Waterloo was fought, and died in 1877 at an advanced age. At eighty she personally looked after her domain, and was up and about everywhere in the early morning.

A most spirited old lady, she cultivated and improved her estate in a manner of which few farmers were capable. Lady Menzies lived at Rannoch, on Loch Rannoch, one of the estates in the market, and here she entertained frequently, devoting the afternoons and evenings to her guests, whom she took over moor and mountain to places of special interest, one of which is the cave wherein Prince Charlie lay so long concealed from the Duke of Cumberland's troops, though they searched high and low. In the morning, while she attended to estate matters, Lady Menzies wore a plain, short, black dress; on festive occasions she favored a girlish attire of white muslin; and on State occasions, such as an important ball, she was a splendid figure in white satin, with a very short petticoat, headdress of ostrich feathers, with handsome pearls adorning her bare arms and neck.

She was a famous dancer, and particularly fond of Highland reels. Though most kind and agreeable—to young people she was most charming and amiable—Lady Menzies never got on with her own family, and was on bad terms with them all, with the exception of her second son, the late Fletcher Menzies, of Ardgairney, Kinross, who had too kindly a disposition to live at enmity with anyone.

The old lady must have possessed a wonderful power over animals. One day she had been taking a party of



A STRIKING PICTURE.

In this picture, the camera has caught the hunter, Prince Henry, in the act of performing a mid-air feat that graphically illustrates the muscle-control of the highly trained jumping horse. The forelegs of the animal in their descent have struck and displaced the top bar of the barrier, and the incidental jar has caused Prince Henry's hind quarters to swing sharply over and has thrown his rider on his neck. Any horse but a blooded hunter would, in nine cases out of ten, have come to the ground with a sideways crash in consequence. But Prince Henry, while still in the air, recovered his balance, straightened himself and landed neatly and safely.

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It was such a small and woeful boy, with his tow locks smothered in a cotton "sou wester" and his voice choked with sobs, as he strayed aimlessly through the crowd on the shore of Long Pond on Regatta Day. And we, who had chuckled and laughed and cheered and chattered until our lungs stuck together and our throats were hard, were arrested by the mournful spectacle of the small boy. He was such a sturdy, manful, wee thing, with his fat calves in wide-knit black hose, and his feet in good solid brogues, the middle section of him being evidently home cut and of board-like tweed, that it was obvious his grief must have some deep-seated cause, to reduce his manhood to this woeful state of despair. And we cajoled him and encompassed him with sympathetic enquiries, to which he made answer in a hysterical scream of agony, "I've lost me mudder!" There was nothing left of us to laugh with, so we cheered him up with assurances that his mudder was just over there and would be back in two minutes, and we gave him five cents, which he received with diminishing sobs of mannerly thanks, and then he was snatched from behind by a brawny arm and shaken until his five cents went spinning through the sunshine, for mudder had really been where our hopes had located her, and was keyed up to great indignation over being "lost." When the lost mudder and the found and breathless man-child had disappeared in the throng we did manage to faintly grin and wonder at humanity!

THE "tags" and I and the prettiest girl on the Island had a grand day, yesterday, Regatta Day, the sacred festival twenty-four hours, in which labor or has no votaries in all the sweet little Island. True, people do work, the street cars run, the cab drivers reap glorious harvest of a dollar for a ride around the block, but the great strength of the land is at rest, and at play, around the shores of the lovely patch of water beyond the city limits. The day began for some of the booth-builders and swing-hangers twenty-four hours ahead of time, for me at three a.m., when the first early birds from some far out-port arrived in three carts with a concertina band, and aroused me to hanging out of window, which they obligingly sang me two songs, mainly about drowning, murder and such gay themes. From that time on there was something doing on the highway, until at nine o'clock a procession of cabs, vans, canopied wagons, old wheeled wonders in vehicular shape and granddads driving bony, shaggy, dogged old creatures, recalling horses we used to draw on our slates at school, motors of noisy voice and dusty transit, eternal admonitions to "Go on" from anxious drivers, howls from excited girls as granddad reck-

lessly guided his steed athwart a raging motor and a chauffeur emphatically convincing in diction; now a smart dogcart careering off the country coves with a couple of sportsmen or a wagonette brimming with beautiful children, off for a picnic, or a cab with nine men packed into its accommodating depths, or a couple of serving maids with wonderful hats and stiff laundered frocks, sitting up with great dignity in unaccustomed state, and being short and superior to the cabman, whom at other times they acknowledge as a man and a brother; all the horses very fresh and skittish on extra oats, unforeseeing their jaded and inevitable finish. Very gay are horses and very chatty are drivers at ten a.m., whom twelve hours later one scarcely dare glance at. Three relays of beasts, but only one man. Can one resent a sleepy, surly, stupid look or word from the exhausted driver who brings one home at midnight from the Regatta ball? Of course, "Everybody" goes out of town for regatta day—shaking the dust of St. John's off their shoes betimes in the morning, but equally, of course, everybody comes in from far and near, getting a phenomenal lot of dust all over them in the process. The weather was perfect, a cloudless sky and a cool breeze, a "fish day" if anyone had been working on the flakes, but who was? The deep blue of the sea and the sky, the soft thin green on the hills, the deep fragrance of the spruce and fir woods, the calm lakelet which we know as Long Pond, the hillside golf club house, with its red roof and quaintly pretty furnishings, the splendid links, the narrow grey ribbon-like roads, winding around the cliffs, the kaleidoscope of life and bunting and tents, and its fringe of carriages and motors along the highway, the band, never equalled for individuality and independent tone, in the annals of music, the signs over the small netted windows of booths such as "Mrs. Cooper—all kinds of sober drinks," which yearly arouses my covetous soul (although "sober" is, after all, much more descriptive than "soft"); the hapless orthographist who announces that you "Make no mistake if you by here," and the wag who inserts "go" before the "by," and has the thanks of mirth-loving spectators; the fussy committee men with their floating satin badges, and the charming and gracious lady who valiantly faces the task of pinning countless medals on best coat flaps, and smiling pleasantly as she says some appropriate word to the embarrassed victors; the devil's dancing point, a huge trunk of some giant tree projecting over the water, and annoiement with axle grease, out upon which daring urchins essay to walk, to the smaller end, where floats a gay flag, which, if one can but reach it, entitles one to a fat prize,

the swayings and balancings and contortions of the urchins, and their final inglorious plunge into the pond; the fat babies, the toothless men and women, boys and girls, from the outports, the pathetic little touches of finery and cheap little hats, half shading some sweetly pretty faces, all sounding commonplace to read of, without the flavor of this dear Island, and the sound of the Newfoundland tongue. "Yis bye, no bye, 'tis Tarbay I'll bet on. Sure there's nothin' else in it!"

EARLY in the morning a queer little rig goes by my window, a very small girl in a pink cotton frock, and sunburned hat, sitting in a tiny cart drawn by a busy Newfoundland dog. She is the milk girl, and her merchandise is in some sealed bottles tucked behind her in her tiny vehicle. Early on Regatta Day I got the touch of solemn pathos which always lurks near the life of the Island. I was dreamily gazing out upon the harbor in its dawn light and contentedly realizing the promise of a fine day, when, stealing meekly in from the sea came a little schooner, like the wraith of a ship, and at her mast, half way up, trailed a small flag. One felt like calling across to the silent creeping boat with her sorrow-signal. "Oh, I am so sorry," and one watched her, mournfully making her way, and wondered which of the many mishaps of the deep had overtaken her. Quiet, little freight ship of the dead, melting out of vision, scarcely leaving a wake in the still waters, did some frail consumptive smitten girl lie still and white in her simple coffin on deck, or was some broken sailor man stretched in a narrow bunk below? As I wondered, the hill on its outer edge grew slightly luminous, then faintly pink, then a gleam shot up—a living gleam of light that rippled on the sea between Lighthouse Point and Cabot Tower, and I crept back to bed and slept so well that I barely got down in time for breakfast.

SOMEONE suggested our possible interest in the Regatta Dance, which was held in the fine big roller rink on the hill, and we rose like trout to the new experience. Such a swarm of young folks, the working young folk of St. John's, as turned out to that dance did the sight good! And the jolly dances, the good behavior, the fun they had, the untiring feet of them, going until three o'clock with the same zest and delight, the occasional curiously assorted couples, a bank dude and a maid of all work, a baldheaded magnate and the wife of his chief truckman, a father of six and a giggling small girl in short skirts and pigtailed, swinging like animated teetotums, in the frequent "balance-all," or careering like insane meteors from end to end of the huge rink, in

the go-as-you-please farandole, which punctuates an Irish quadrille. The prettiest girl got the fidgets in her toes at the sight and a partner had to be secured for her, and the last I saw of her she was careering with the best of them, clinging to a huge rosy person of about two hundred and more weight. I fled away home before the mania got me. To-day, at high noon, while I am looking at the harbor, basking in a tropic heat, the p.g. is dead to the world in the arms of Morpheus. A cabman was enquiring a couple of days since, "Did any one of ye know of a light thin bye I could get for driver on Regatta Day?" A woman was "minding" and could not go out. There were twenty babies in her motherly care, two of whom had whooping cough! One nice looking girl was surrounded by her girl friends, who were lost in admiration of her false teeth. She was giving them their first use on the great holiday, and the envy of her luck in getting them was expressed in garbled accents by many almost toothless girls, and boys, too. I am wondering at this early toothless stage in this country. Is the diet responsible, or what may it be that decays and loosens the grinders? Doctors don't seem to know, or are not communicative. But it is a fact that in one nice little place I know of there is not a girl who has good teeth; some have none at all, and are gumming their way through life, and some, like the girl at the regatta, have the dentist's substitutes.

THEY are catching big fish this summer. A lucky angler, Peck by name, hooked a forty-pound salmon in Harry's Brook a couple of days ago and I remembered hearing a traveler who was in a grouchy mood coming across country last month telling the strangers with him on the back platform that never a fish remained in that particular water, and that they'd be fools to waste even one day in fishing it. I hone those listeners will see this paragraph and recall my contradiction of that blatant libel on Harry's Brook.

THERE are such a lot of disgruntled people ready to abuse a country and subvert a traveler's mind, that it has become a habit of mine to sort them out and classify them. Some go in the digestion-out-of-order class, some are tinged with envy, or having suffered reverses or failures in that country they abuse, seek that way of anointing their wounds. Some are purely mischievous, doing bad turns for the pleasure of hurting or hampering others, and some are paid knockers on one particular theme. I heard to-day that a party of tourists entering this country were advised not to stop at a certain place as the hotel there starved the guests. It will interest me to discover just why that falsehood was put into circulation. Not surely to make one hotter on a hot day! "The black flies will devour you," cried a traveler when she found out my intended route. "Oh, I don't know," was what I said, but I did, for in five days I got just two bites. There are people in Canada, not so far from the Eastern end either, who could never believe in the weather and the fun one has in Newfoundland. Charming houses with the refinement and tradition and customs of the best English life, and hosts and hostesses so bright and frank and gently bred as to recall one's dearest in the old land; simple, kindly, unsophisticated folk in the out parts, who are loyal and loving and patient and strong in a marvel of worth. Honesty in trade and self-respect in other intercourse that are invincible. There is very little money talk, for money is not the medium of supply. The catch balances one's store debts, not the cash; if it be a poor year, everyone feels the pinch, and the whole community is united in longing for a fine fish harvest. I have heard simple tales told of the bad years, both in the warehouse of the merchant and the hut of the fisherman, which wring the heart, even while their simplicity of cause and effect delight the lover of the direct and the primitive. Sometimes these talks over the ups and downs of the fishing are stored away in my mind to consider anew when life becomes complicated with many petty things. How different would be the Gospel if the apostles had been anything but fishermen. It is the one simple, unvarying, fascinating, uncertain and perilous way of getting a living, and it breeds and trains men with the three great virtues. Do you know just what those are?

*Lady Gay*

"You say he has untold wealth?"  
Hasn't filed a tax statement for years."

City Chap—Own this place clear?  
Suburbanite—There's a two-thousand-dollar automobile on it.

The fellow who is always on the fence doesn't carry much weight.

## Tide Fashions of Today

By FLEURETTE.

### Mid-Summer Dreams.

By river, lake or seashore the fortunate ones are spending these golden days, and before long they will be wending their homeward way to exchange summer experiences with interested friends. However, at present, every effort is being devoted to enjoying these halcyon days to the utmost, and time is passing all too quickly for many a sweet, happy summer girl. The mornings may be spent walking or fishing, and in the comfortable middy suit which so many lassies affect this season, she feels suitably garbed for any adventure. The afternoon may find her on the links, or tennis court or preferably in a canoe, for there, gowning in some simple, cool-looking frock, she seems to her chosen companion to blend in so exquisitely with the blue water and the soft, green wooded banks.

In the evening, when the loveliest of summer dreams often come true, for the twinkling stars and glorious moonlight cast a spell about us all, this girl in her filmy gown seems to represent the very spirit of summer, and the deepening shadows weave a charm about many a man and a maid who will look back on this holiday as the beginning of a future together which will prove as bright as the path of golden moonlight stretching out before them.

They will refer to this particular time, in years to come, as the evening when she wore the blue, pink or white gown, as the case may be, and a little smile will play about the mobile lips as she tells him that ever since she has pinned her faith to the Paris Gown Department of Robert Simpson's, for it was there she chose the summer dresses which he admired above all the others.

### Beautiful White Gowns.

Most maidens desire at least one white costume in their summer wardrobe, and this month, owing to the building of the new elevators, stock-taking and the prospect of a speedy arrival of new fall importations, the price on all the gowns has been reduced to a minimum, so that many a girl has been able to indulge in the luxury of a dress from Paris at a price she never dreamed of. An exquisite model is of white dotted Swiss, the yoke is hand-embroidered, and both waist and skirt have rows of cording. An orchid satin flounce finished with embroidery and cording trims the skirt, while an orchid cord finishes off the waist.

A dream of a gown, which, like all the others, is reduced to half price, is a white lingerie creation trimmed with heavy panels of Irish crochet lace in rose and shamrock design. About the skirt is a magnificent band of lace, while the pretty shirred sleeves, with the Irish lace cuffs, are a new feature. The very sight of this gown suggests a trousseau, and some happy bride-to-be would be wise to secure it now.

### Dainty Colored Frocks.

A very unique design is of pale green marquisette with applique of tan and embroidered in white. Touches of white lace and a black velvet girdle complete a charming effect.

A simple blue crepe has a hand-embroidered yoke and a satin girdle, while a soft pink mull with rose colored dots is adorned with Oriental embroidery on waist and skirt. The seams are all fagotted together, and in place of belt or girdle, is the stylish cord and tassel.

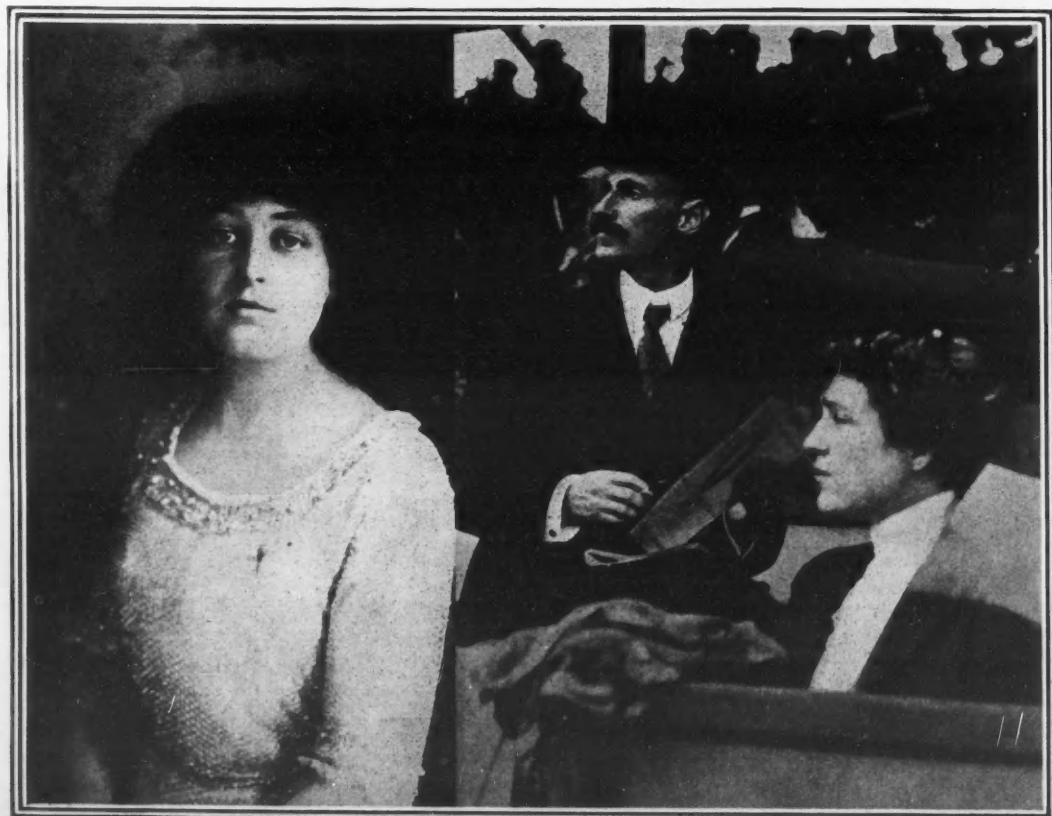
Another beautiful colored creation is of pink voile. It is elaborately inserted with Valenciennes and Cluny lace, and on waist and skirt are innumerable tiny tucks. These are all importations from the foremost Parisian houses, and may be purchased at genuine bargain figures.

### Other Fascinating Creations.

A very striking effect is secured by a white marquisette made on extremely simple lines. It is all in one piece, and is held in at the waist by a cord. The odd trimming consists of a bold design on the kimona waist and skirt of mauve ivy leaves and berries. This is an extremely original and Frenchy model.

Another pleasing marquisette dress, is also very simply made. The surplice waist is outlined by a wide band of hand-embroidery and colored beads, while a similar design, only wider, forms the trimming on the skirt. The whole effect is at once so dainty and so unusual as to be eloquent of the taste and skill of the Parisian designer.

A beautiful white dress is of marquisette, trimmed with Cluny lace, which comes over the shoulder and runs down the full length of the skirt. There is a panel of tiny tucks and hand-embroidery, and a wide band of lace on the skirt, while yoke and collar are composed of lace and insertion. Three rows of cording about the waist are finished off with a stylish buckle. These are only a few of the beautiful creations displayed in the Paris Gown Department of the Robert Simpson Co., and the visitor will be well repaid for the time spent in this beautifully furnished department, whether she be young or old, so long as she appreciates what is lovely in summer gowns.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR WITH THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.  
To the left is Miss Madeline Force, the 18-year old girl to whom Colonel Astor has recently become engaged. To the right is a picture of Colonel Astor and his divorced wife, the last time they appeared together in public.  
Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.



# LONDON LETTER



LONDON, JULY 29, 1911.

NEVER again can Canadian visitors who have spent this season in England make the time-honored remarks about the English climate during the summer months. Even the most hardened Canadians and Americans are groaning over the heat which has held with scarcely the smallest break for weeks. One small early morning thunder storm, one evening shower, and one half day drizzle, has lasted us until yesterday, when, with the thermometer in the late eighties, a violent thunder storm broke out, accompanied by rain. It ended in an hour and the sky hurried to regain its blue complexion, while the sun shone on the refreshed earth as cheerily as ever. It is a record summer, and the hottest since the first Jubilee year, when the Clerk of the Weather loyally arranged for perfect days in honor of the great little Queen. As the summer advances the heat becomes so stored in the pavements that it springs up to strike you in the face and causes you to murmur, in spite of thought control, Christian Science, or whatever you are doing to see you through sultry July. The neighborhood of Buckingham Palace is a serious offender in the way of heat. Besides the new memorial, all white and gold, which looks rather glaring in the brilliant sun, there are two hundred thousand scarlet geraniums planted in the beds, forming part of the National Memorial, surrounded by gates and balustrades. Probably whoever was responsible feared a dull summer and promised himself that the public should have one warm glowing spot at least. The result is dazzling.

Since I wrote last week of the heat I am pleased to report that sundry well-groomed smart-looking elderly men have appeared in white trousers, grey coats, grey hats and grey gloves, while a few are to be seen in fashionable quarters wearing cummerbunds. The effect is pleasing to the eye, but in one case was quite spoiled by a lady in the immediate vicinity who wore a fairly light dress, but carried a fur collar, just in case there should be a violent change in the weather. This is a very free country; no one interfered and begged her, for the sake of the general public, to conceal the offending fur. She was allowed to pass on in peace, raising the temperature of all who saw her by at least three degrees.

A NEW book on Canada may be expected next year, when Miss Pullen-Burby, of London, will have returned to this side to record her impressions of the country and its people. Miss Pullen-Burby's book, it is safe to promise, will not be the average globe-trotter's impressions, hastily gleaned from insufficient material, and therefore of no value to anyone. She is a great traveler, an authoress, a student, and takes a keen and intelligent interest in what is being done in the newer countries of the Empire. She is a Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, the honor being conferred upon her when she read a paper before the British Association a few years ago on "The Condition of the Blacks in Jamaica." Her book, "Jamaica As It Is," appeared earlier in the same year as a result of some time spent in the West Indies. A second book on Jamaica, called "Ethiopia in Exile," was published in 1905, in which the superior condition of the West Indian negroes, under British rule, was contrasted with that of the negroes of the United States, whom the writer has studied at close range, while in the South. When she was in South Africa in 1905 she read a paper on the negroes of America before the British Association. A few years ago this much traveled lady started for New Zealand, where she spent some months, then going to China and Japan, returning via Java and India. Going from Sydney to Hong Kong Miss Pullen-Burby visited the German colony of New Britain, and her book, "A German Colony," describes a visit of four weeks to that little-known settlement. Miss Pullen-Burby means to go from coast to coast in Canada, visiting in both town and country, to study the conditions particularly affecting women, and to learn what the women, as well as the men, of the Empire are doing. Canadians should find the book worth reading when it does appear.

SPEAKING of books, hardly anything gives one a better idea of how far we have traveled from strict conventionality and old fogey ideas, even in matters of

education, for example, than the new Kipling-Fletcher History of England. Those of us who learned history—what we did learn—from books which used so many hard words that one's childish intelligence was puzzled as to what in the world was meant, envy the children who are to study the story of England and the Empire from such a delightful book. It is written in the simplest language to suit the average boy and girl, and is far more fascinating than any story. All priggishness is eliminated from the history. If a king was a poor creature, why not say so? Consequently we learn that "Stephen was a kind-hearted fellow who would not rule too strictly; he was, in fact, just like his uncle Robert." We also discover that Matilda "was a horrid female into the bargain." It is quite refreshing to hear the plain truth about Henry III., i.e.: "He was frightfully extravagant and a natural, though not an intentional, liar," while all the other Kings and Queens are described in the same easy conversational manner.

No grown-up, and no child old enough to enjoy a book, can fail to be delighted with the typical Kipling verses which help to fix facts and incidents in the minds of the readers. "The River's Tale," in which the old Thames relates stories of the Age of Ice and the mammoth herds, "and the giant tigers that stalked them down through Regent's Park and Camden Town" will bring very very old England in close touch with this England of flying machines and motors. There is a charming poem about the Roman Centurion ordered back to Rome, who says that he "served in Britain forty years, from Vectis (Isle of Wight) to the Wall," while the work of William the Conqueror is epitomized in the verses beginning:

"England's on the anvil—hear the hammers ring—  
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne."

THE victorious "Beaumont," otherwise Lieutenant Conneau, of France, who won the Daily Mail prize of ten thousand pounds, for flying to Edinburgh and back, via the west and south of England, is to be dined to-night at the Crystal Palace by the Festival of Empire authorities. The Daily Mail's £1,000 prize for the best bunch of sweet peas grown in any garden has just been won by the wife of a Scotch minister, whose husband won the third prize of fifty pounds. To the average person this second competition was more interesting even than the flying, for it was open to anybody and everybody with a bit of ground in which to grow the blossoms. More than ten thousand bunches were received, and the judges had a hard time deciding to whom to award the prizes.

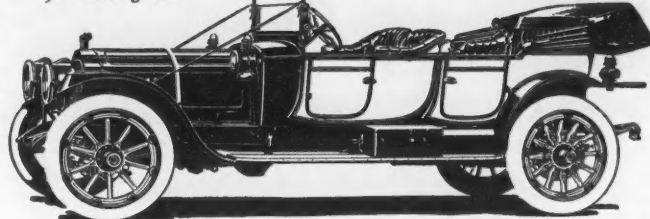
THE English school boy is beginning to pass through town on his way to the joys of holidays spent in country homes. Wherever you go you see taxis and cabs, piled luggage, and dignified school boys inside. Yesterday I saw a small and rosy Blue Coat boy, in his long blue coat, yellow stockings, broad shoes, and bare head, driving alone from station to station, and later foregathered with some Harrow boys. The English school boy is a delightful young person. He is healthy and manly, with tremendous respect for the traditions of his school, a contempt for "swank" and "side," and a patronizing attitude towards such persons as are debarred by sex and other disabilities from being pupils at his school, and living in his particular "house."

Everyone is thinking of holidays. The King and Queen, with the two elder children, left for Cowes today, where the fashionable people are assembling for the races in connection with the Royal Yacht Squadron, which begin next week. At ordinary times Cowes is a dull, rather uninteresting town, but August sees it in gala trim, its roads gay with yachts, and its shores crowded with interested visitors, watching the doings of the great people. Last year Cowes suffered from the absence of royalty, but this should be a record season. The King and Queen of Spain, who are both looking well, leave to-morrow for Cowes, having spent the last few days at the Ritz.

ENGLAND is passing through the greatest revolution since the Commonwealth, but as it is a bloodless revolution, unaccompanied by the noise of guns, it is diffi-

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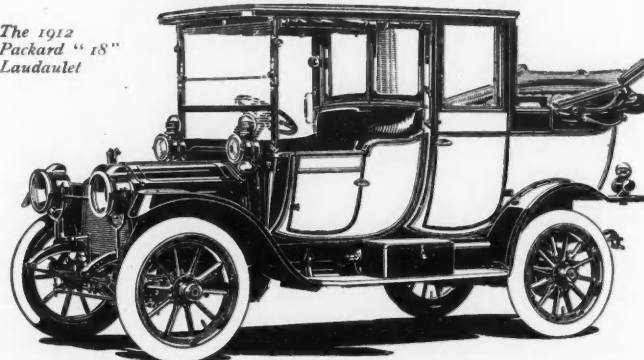
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Sweeten to taste.

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cult for the average person to realize how tremendous are the changes involved. The extraordinary scenes in the House last week, when Mr. Asquith was shouted down as he rose to speak—though curiously enough the real author of the situation, Mr. Lloyd George, seemed to attract no attention when he came in—the differences of opinion between the leaders of the Lords and Commons, on the Unionist side, and the members of the Unionist "No Surrender" party, who wish to fight to the end and defy Mr. Asquith to create the new peers to pass the Veto Bill must make strange reading to those who are not following the political situation carefully. They make remarkable reading for those who are on the spot.

"After all," said an optimist the other day, "England always pulls through, and we must have faith in her luck to do it this time, in spite of appearances."

MARY MACLEOD MOORE.

### Queer Ways of Courting.

THE way of a man with a maid" is always a thing worth noting; also the various methods of courtship which prevail in different parts of the world.

In Roumania once every year a fair of marriageable girls is held. The girl, with her relatives, gets into a wagon, which also contains her dowry—linen, furniture, and household goods—and all set off for the fair. When they arrive, the girls are drawn up in one line and the men in another, with their parents behind them. Then, if a young man likes the look of any particular girl, he steps out of the line, goes up to her and enters into talk with her, while his parents and her parents compare notes as to their possessions and their circumstances in life. If all is found satisfactory, the couple are married then and there, and the bride is driven away by her husband to her new home.

The custom in Russia is very much the same. On Whit Sunday afternoon the girl, dressed in her best clothes, is taken by her parents to the Winter Gardens in the nearest large town, where she meets a number of young men walking up and down on the lookout for wives. The girl carries in her hand a silver spoon, a piece of embroidery, or some other valued household possession,

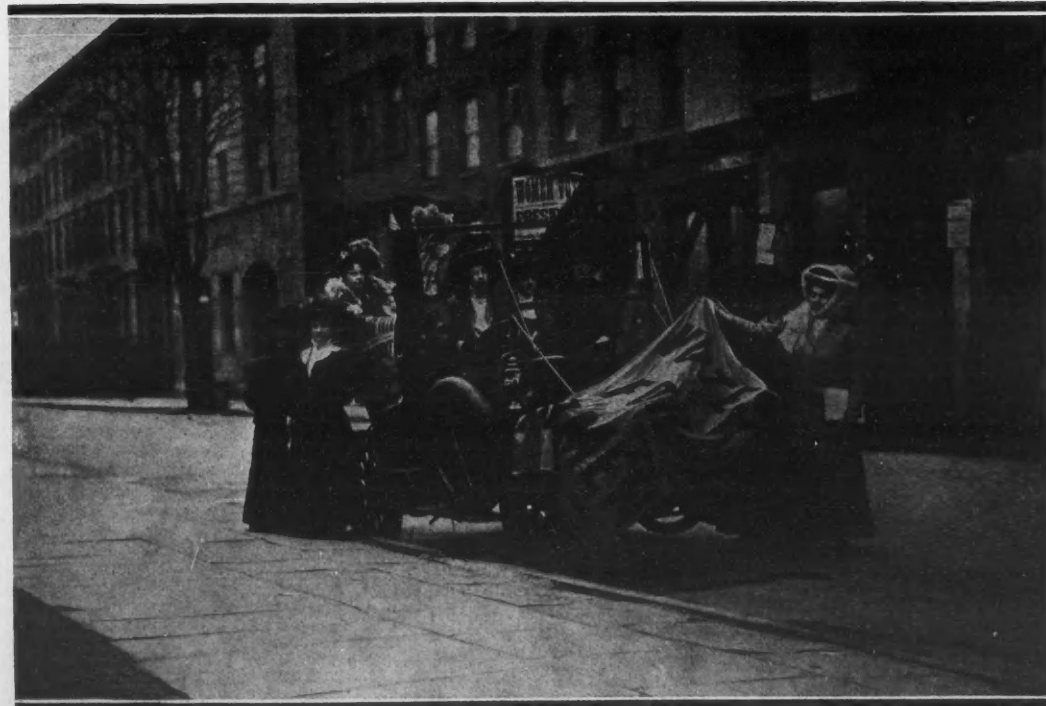
to show that she is a person of property, and the young man brings with him as many roubles as he has been able to save. If the parents see that a young man is attracted by a girl, she is promptly handed over to a woman who is a sort of marriage agent, and whose business it is to introduce the couple, and make arrangements about the dowry.

In Japan it is not wise for a young man to neglect the maid he is courting. When a Japanese girl has been slighted by her lover she revenges herself according to the following quaint custom: In the dawn of the early morning she rises, puts on a white robe and white clogs. Round her neck she hangs a small mirror, which falls to her breast, and on her head she puts a metal crown with three points, each point bearing a lighted candle.

In her left hand she carries a small figure of straw or rags—supposed to represent her unfaithful lover—and family shrine. She then prays for the death of the man, this she nails to one of the sacred trees surrounding the vowing that, if this comes to pass, she will pull out the nails which are hurting the sacred tree, and make offerings to comfort her family god. Every night she comes to the shrine, strikes in two nails, and makes the same prayer, her idea being that the god, to save his tree from further injury, will kill her lover.

John Gregory, the cobbler-poet of Bristol, England, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, is a dreamer of the practical sort, who works on committees, trades councils, and the platform. He wrote verse as a child, but not until he was forty did his first volume, "Idyls of Labor," appear, and then at his own expense. His gift has not been without its financial reward, however, as a state pension granted him several years ago contributes its share to the poet's present well-being and happiness.

Princess Patricia of Connaught is fluent with pencil and brush, and does not hesitate to record wittily her impressions of the highest in the land. In a more serious style she is a painter of more than average ability, and some specimens of her art are to be seen in the drawing-room of Queen Alexandra's villa at Klam-penbourg.



THE WIRELESS SUFFRAGETTE.

Mrs. Lee De Forest, wife of the famous wireless telegraph inventor, driving an automobile in a suffrage procession in New York. Mr. and Mrs. De Forest are bringing counter suits against each other, and the inventor recently issued a statement asserting his belief that the pursuit of "careers" by women is fatal to domestic happiness.

American Press Service.



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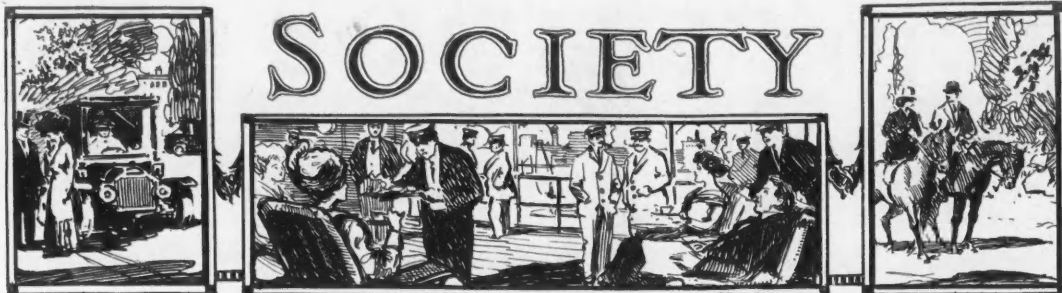
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"Yes, Charlie is as brave as a stack of lions. Did you hear about his daring a policeman to arrest him?" "No! Gee! What happened?" "He was arrested."

He—Money doesn't bring happiness. She—No—but how it does chase gloom!



THE Aviation meet at Donlands incited much interest, and each day many motored to the field and others less fortunate went out by train. The first day was a disappointment, as Mr. McCurdy had the misfortune to fall, but was lucky enough to escape uninjured. On Saturday, in spite of the heat, hundreds flocked to the scene of the flights and were well rewarded. Mr. Willard made some wonderful flights, and also took passengers up with him and gave exhibitions of bomb-throwing. Mr. McCurdy was unable to get his machine ready for flying on Saturday, but made an ascent in Mr. Willard's machine, going into the air to the height of about 2,000 feet, and made some extraordinary turns at this height. His performance was most wonderful and well worth the long wait in the heat and sun. A few of those present were Mrs. Willard, the wife of the daring young aviator; Mrs. Spain, Mrs. R. Kleiser, Miss Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Snively, Dr. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Parkyn Murray, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra.

Miss Dorothy Langmuir will spend the remainder of the summer at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. A. W. Austin, of Spadina, and her daughters leave for the sea as soon as Miss Adele Austin is able to travel after her operation for appendicitis.

The wedding was celebrated last week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff, on Farnham avenue, of their daughter, Miss Iva Louise, to Mr. Jay Alexander, of Cleveland, Ohio. The Rev. Dr. Griffen performed the ceremony under a canopy of simlax and sweet peas. Only the immediate relatives and friends were present. The pretty bride was given away by her father. She wore her travelling suit of white Shantung and white hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander left on the afternoon train and will in future live in Cleveland.

The Hon. Clifford Sifton has sold his house in Ottawa, and in future will reside in Toronto. Mrs. Sifton is at present at their beautiful home near Brockville.

Mr. J. J. McHugh, of Calgary, who has been in town for a few days left for the West yesterday.

Mrs. and Miss Keating have left to spend some time in England, and I hear Mrs. Garnet Denison is to join them in England.

Mr. Colville, of Campbellford, is in town for a few days on business.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock is sailing for England sometime next week and will be away a month or six weeks.

Miss Nora Gwynne has returned from a delightful camping trip in Muskoka. Miss Lena Coady has also returned to town.

Mrs. Douglas D. Young and Miss Adele Boulton motored to Jackson's Point on Friday last and were the guests of Mrs. Cawthra Mulock for a few days. Sir G. Falconbridge also spent the week-end with his daughter.

Mrs. Cosby and her daughters are spending some weeks in Devonshire, going on to Scotland a little later.

Dr. and Mrs. Mallory and Mrs. Alex. Henry have left for Jackson's Point, where they will spend the next few weeks.

Mr. Walter Duff spent the holiday in Montreal and Mr. Tom Anderson has returned to town from the north.

On Aug. 2, 1911, at St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Wellington, Ont., by the Rev. James O'Connor Fenton, assisted by the Rev. William Shaver, Alice Helen Maude, second daughter of G. H. Boyce, Esq., Wellington, Ont., was married to Mr. Frederick Harold Geddes, son of the late James Geddes, of Picton, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Small have returned from an extended trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gash are in New York and will not return to town for some little time yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Shutt announce the engagement of their daughter, Mildred Cawthorne, to Mr. William Henley Humphries. The marriage will take place about the middle of August.

For some years tennis lost its popularity and golf held full sway, but in the last year or two tennis has once more forged to the front, and the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club have found it necessary to enlarge their club, so they have bought grounds on Rowanwood avenue, where they are erecting a very fine building and making many new courts which the members hope to be able to play on by the end of September.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong have returned to town after spending a most delightful month at Brackley Beach.

The marriage is announced of Miss Alma B. Phillips, of Toronto, to Mr. J. Mortimer Paterson, B.A., Revelstoke, B.C. The wedding took place very quietly on Wednesday, August 2, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. George Wilson, Moorefield, Ont.

Mrs. R. D. Malcolm, of South Drive, accompanied by her two daughters, Mrs. Rex Nicholson and Miss Marjorie Malcolm, have gone to "Cape May" on the Jersey coast, where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Before the breaking of camp at Niagara, Major Carpenter was the host of one of the jolliest supper parties given at the headquarters of the R.C.D. The table was most artistically decorated with pink roses and ferns. Some of those who enjoyed this party were Mrs. Gilbert Fouquier, Mrs. B. Porter, Mrs. Carter of New York, Mrs.

Van Straubensee, Miss Garden, Miss Edwards, Major Lawless, Captain Brown, Mr. Porter, Mr. Morrison, Mr. D. Bowie, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Claude Memies.

Mrs. and Miss Nora Gwynne are leaving to spend a few weeks in Little Metis and Mrs. Douglas Young, of Kingston, is going with them.

Miss Gladys Jones is now well on the way to recovery after an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Van Straubensee has returned to town from Niagara-on-the-Lake, but will spend next week-end at the Queens Royal.

Mrs. Cameron announces the engagement of her daughter, Edith Ray, to Mr. Harry Stiles. The marriage will take place the second week of August.

Mrs. A. Kelley Evans spent the week-end at Niagara-on-the-Lake; also Mrs. Peabody, of Buffalo.

The Misses Pauline and Florrie Foy and Miss Parke are the guests of Mrs. Bruce Macdonald at her pretty cottage at Niagara.

Mrs. Nordheimer and her daughter, Miss Phillys, are at present in London and will sail shortly for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gilmour are at present at Ilfracombe and will shortly leave for London and Paris.

Mrs. Stephen Haas gave a most delightful bridge at Niagara last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frazer Macdonald have left to spend the next three weeks at Minnicog; also Miss Davidson.

The lawn of the Niagara Golf Club was crowded on Friday last, when a putting contest took place. Mrs. Barnard was successful in winning the prize that was given by Mrs. Bennett. Tea was served at the club house, where Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Thompson were the kindest of hostesses. Among those present were Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Bogart, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Violet and Gladys Edwards, Miss Heward and Mrs. Mossom Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. John Peace, of MacMaster avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Janet Mills, to Mr. John L. Thorne, of Kingstown, son of the late J. C. Thorne. The marriage will take place the latter part of August.

Miss Alyce Cooke is the guest of Mrs. Stewart Campbell, of New York, at her country home in the lovely Berkshire Hills.

The ladies' team of the Niagara Golf Club played a match at Lambton last week, in which they were defeated, but enjoyed the day very much. The Lambton team entertained the Niagara team at luncheon before the match.

Miss Vivyan Boulton, who has just recovered from a rather bad attack of diphtheria, is leaving for Minnicog for a rest before going on with her training in the Sick Children's Hospital.

Among those who spent the week-end at the Queens Royal are Mr. A. P. Burritt, Mr. Gilbert Fouquier, of Ottawa and Mr. Haas.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris, of Hamilton, and Mr. Gates motored to the Queen's Royal last week and spent a few days at Niagara. Others who have arrived at the Queen's are the Misses Gordon, of New York, Miss Strong and Miss Ffolkes.

Mrs. and Miss Headly have left for Gloucester, Mass., where they will be for a week or two.

A bridge tournament under the direction of Mrs. Virginia Meyer, the well-known expert, will take place at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, at the end of the week, when some handsome prizes will be given.



**SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.**  
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## A WORD ABOUT PLEASURE TRIPS.

Some people find it difficult to arrange for a vacation at this time of the year, when a relaxation from the daily grind would be most beneficial, but there are very few who cannot get away Saturday afternoon.

To use the week-end to the best possible advantage an outing should be taken to one of the many charming summer resorts so conveniently reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, where Saturday to Monday can be delightfully spent at moderate cost.

Return tickets are issued at single

fare, plus ten cents, to a great many points, good going Saturday or Sunday, valid returning Monday following date of issue.

Full information and tickets from C. E. Horning, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

"Clumsy of you to fall overboard," said the critical friend. "I didn't fall overboard," replied the man who never confesses to a mistake. "The biggest fish I ever saw swam alongside, and I couldn't resist the temptation to dive for him."



## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong were called home rather suddenly last week from Brackley Beach owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Armstrong's mother, Mrs. Robinson, of Rochester, who was spending the summer at the home of her daughter on St. Clair avenue. Mrs. Robinson's illness proved more serious than first thought and she passed away on Wednesday, August the 2nd. Mrs. Robinson was well known in Toronto as she frequently visited her daughter and was much loved by those who knew her. She possessed great charm of manner and had a most beautiful and sweet character. The news of Mrs. Robinson's death will be a great shock to her many friends both in Rochester and Toronto, and much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Armstrong in her sad bereavement. Mrs. Robinson was taken to Rochester where the interment took place.

Mr. Alan and Miss Mary Glasco have returned from a most delightful stay in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martens have sailed for England and will visit Paris and other Continental cities before returning home.

Among those who are summering at St. Andrews are Sir Thomas and Lady Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wood, Miss Raphale, Mrs. Hayden Horsey, and Mr. Charles Jerome Bonaparte.

Mr. Norwood McLeod and Mr. Kenneth McLaren spent the week-end at Roches Point. Mr. Charles Bath also spent the week-end at the Point.

Lady Falconbridge, who has spent some weeks at the Welland, St. Catharines, has returned to town.

The tennis tournament at Beaumaris, which will take place next week, will have an added interest as Miss Lois Moyes and Miss Florence Sutton will both take part, and some brilliant tennis will be seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Henderson are spending some time at the Caledon Club. Miss Helen Bankier has returned from a visit in Montreal.

The polo tournament at Cartierville begins on the 14th of this month for the Grenfell Challenge Cup. Teams from Boston, Toronto, and Buffalo will take part. The tournament, always a fashionable event, will attract many from Toronto, who will go to Montreal for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble are at St. Andrews, the guests of Mrs. Gamble's charming sister, Mrs. Willie Hope, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Worts Smart are spending some time in the Georgian Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bickford have returned from their motor trip to Kingston. Mrs. Alfred Wright and small daughter have returned to town from Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Lady Allan has returned from England on the Virginian. Mr. A. R. Creelman returned last week from a trip abroad.

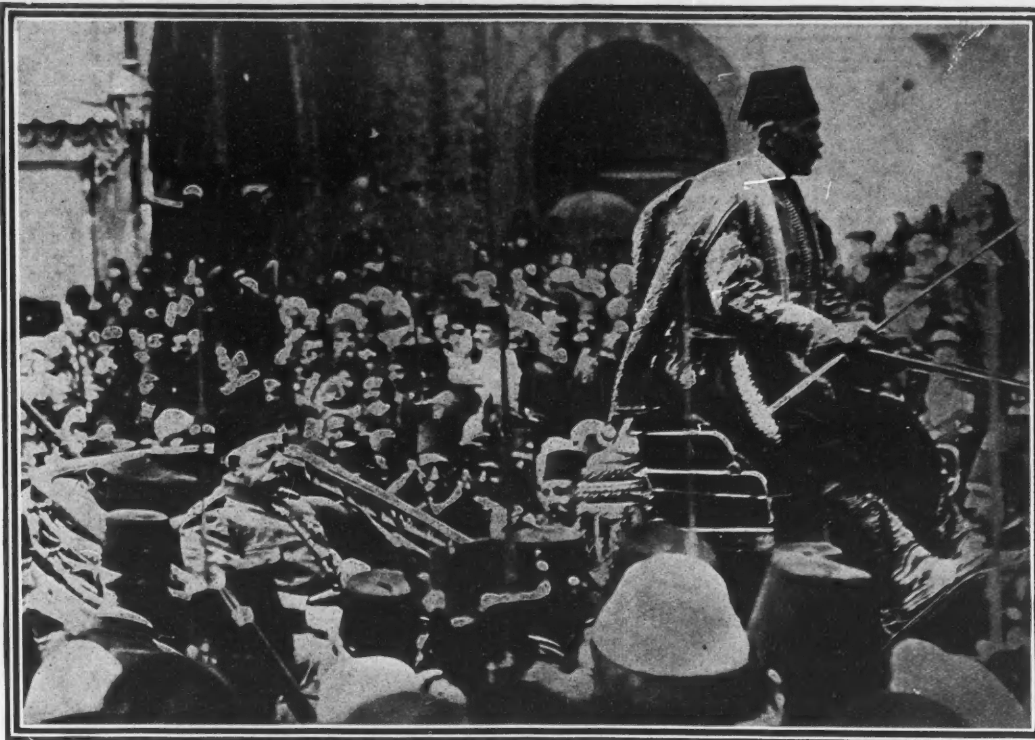
It has been announced that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught will sail for Canada on October the 6th, on the Empress of Ireland.

Mrs. Beardmore is in town with Miss Lemley for a few days from Lake Simcoe.

Mr. DeLeigh Wilson spent last week-end at Lake Rousseau with Mrs. Wilson and his children.

The Rev. Edward Cayley is in Muskoka visiting his father, the Rev. Canon Cayley, at St. Leonard Island.

The Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, gave their usual dance on Saturday at the pretty pavilion, and was one of the most successful of the season. Over the holiday came many young people who love Niagara and are always sure of a good time at the popular hotel. Some of those who enjoyed the dance on Saturday were



MOHAMMED V. AND HIS PEOPLE.  
The Sultan of Turkey driving in the streets of Constantinople. Recently he was reported seriously ill.  
American Press Service.

Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, the Messrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Weston, Miss Parke, the Misses Fary, Mr. Douglas Reid, Mrs. Godfrey, the Misses Langmuir, Miss E. Mackenzie, the Messrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mr. V. Nordheimer, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnston, Mr. Harry Patterson, Miss Violet Edwards and Miss Gladys Edwards, the Misses Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Jack Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam and Mr. James Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Miss Lozier, Mr. Carter, Mr. D. Kenefick, Lieut. Baker of Fort Wayne, Detroit, Major and Mrs. Syer of Fort Niagara, Mr. Allan Macdonald, Mr. Monahan, Mr. John Taylor, Mr. A. P. Burdett, and many others.

The Hon. F. H. Phippen and Mrs. Phippen will return home about the first of September.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and her daughter, Miss Jessie Johnston, who are at present in London taking many delightful motor trips, will shortly leave for Scotland, where they will be for a month before returning to Toronto.

Among those who were staying at the King Edward this past week were Baron and Baroness Antonin, Baron Von Colenz, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dymont.

Miss Tillie Spratt will be in Hamilton for some little time, the guest of her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Case have returned from Minnicog and will leave shortly for Hamilton.

The marriage of Miss Millicent Jones and Dr. Newbold Jones will take place on September 23rd.

Some who spent the holiday at the Queen's Royal were Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Victor Cawthra, the Messrs. Cassells, Miss Constance Henderson, and Miss Mackenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Force, of St. Catharines, Mr. Bud Davidson and Mr. Ivan McSloy motored to the Queen's Royal and spent the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gzowski motored to the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, and spent the holiday there.

Mrs. Fred Beardmore, who has been in Muskoka for the past few weeks, has returned to Montreal.

Mr. Albert Dymont spent the holiday at the Wawa Hotel in the Lake of Bays.

Mr. David Dick spent the holiday at Mackenzie Island in the Georgian Bay.

Mr. Percy Myles has returned from Winnipeg, where he has been on business.

An engagement of more than usual interest owing to the popularity of the young people is announced in Kingston by Colonel and Mrs. Syndham McGill of their youngest daughter, Beatrice Mary, to Mr. Morgan Jellett. Miss McGill is well known in Toronto, and has won the hearts of all who have met her. She possesses a charm of manner and a sunny disposition that endears her to all. Mr. Jellett is one of the most promising young business men of Toronto, and a well known yachtsman. Many years of happiness is the wish of their host of friends.

Mrs. Tarbox, Master Hugh and the Misses Bogart are spending the month of August on Canandaigua Lake, N.Y. Mr. U. P. Tarbox spent the week-end with his family at Canandaigua Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sylvester, Lindsay, announce the engagement of their daughter, Alda Ethel, to Mr. Charles Mortimer Squier, the marriage to take place quietly on the fifteenth of August.

### Short-Story Marriages.

FICTION drags a century behind life, says Florida Pier in Harper's Weekly, and so retains the atmosphere of preposterous romance expected of it. If it is of a time too far behind we call it dry or quaint. If it lags merely a generation or two in its fundamental ideas we adore it and read omnivorously. We like to think that we would choose to behave in the absurd manner of our short-story heroes and heroines, and it never upsets our enjoyment of a perusal that, if we knew anything about ourselves, we would, before all else, know the invariability with which we avoid imitating a single one of their ways.

Most strikingly contradictory is our contentment in reading hundreds of versions of what can be called nothing but immediate marriage. In this age, when marriage terrifies and repels us more than anything else, we read endless accounts of young people who meet without introductions, fall in love instantaneously, and marry on the third page. As most of us are unable to face matri-

mony until the advanced age of thirty, and then submit to it principally from exhaustion at weighing the pros and cons of the subject, it may be that nothing else strikes us as so daring and refreshingly foolhardy as marrying in this offhand manner. We go to fiction to have our jaded conception of life set tingling by pictures of people who do what we would never dare. Hairbreadth escapes, setting off to the wars, and encounters with wild animals are stale episodes, as we take expensive journeys every autumn for the express purpose of encountering wild animals, while setting off to modern wars is such a serious business that it is generally done under the protection of the Associated Press, and every act of our daily life has within it the elements of a miraculously hairbreadth escape.

If our taste is to be flicked sharply by a short story it must tell of something novel and unknown, something the existence of which we a little doubt and yet fear and long to encounter. There are so few subjects left that at all retain these characteristics. Arabian Nights Tales of great riches are boring things, as everyone knows two or three harassed millionaires to whom she occasionally tries to be nice. Eccentric uncles making demented wills, so that their heirs find themselves entangled in the meshes of an entirely mad situation, no longer enthrall us. We only feel irritated, for nowadays no one indulges the whim of any relative. We are sternly frank with them while they live, and we break their wills when they die. We, at least, contest to the bitter end of the amount willed. Mistaken identity, that venerable premise which has stoutly seen to a successful denouement hundreds of farces, mystery tales, and romantic dramas, has, of necessity, been discarded in the face of our modern scepticism. We never believe any one is what or who he says he is, and even though we are confronted with a king in all his splendor of his robes we snort our disbelief. We suspect reformers of being politicians, ideas of being affectations, and conversation of being a trap. We suspect everything, and so the possibilities of romantic fiction narrow down until there seems but the one marvel still left in the pack, and that is the marvel of people who marry with spirit, speed, and vim, as though it were a simple and natural matter.

The dash of the creatures takes our cautious breath away, and when two young things encounter in colliding aeroplanes and marry next day in the hospital our pulses throb beatifically at such inconceivable courage. We have been worried for years into a state of perturbed anæmia over the problem of finding some one who complements precisely our complex and sensitive temperament, who likes everything we do in the exact way we do, and dislikes with the identical shudder all that disturbs our calm. We read books on marriage, we discuss it with all but unmarried people of the opposite sex, we look with frightened eyes at the difficulties of feeding children hygienically, of educating them scientifically, of living with their other parent harmoniously, of furnishing one's home artistically and in "the period," of entertaining friends with no touch of dullness or banality. The whole thing is too appalling. The chances of not managing it perfectly are too great. The years spent in airing opinions regarding it are but one more thing which helps to jeopardize any attempt we make. Nothing but weakness, absent-mindedness, or a strong attack of atavism will ever accomplish the awful feat for us, and so, until one of these three things happens, we read wistfully, gloatingly, admiringly, and breathlessly of short-story marriages. We take them in little constant sips, ashamed of being so addicted to a habit which we feel may be a childish one, yet hoping that a continuance of it may in time so accustom us to the idea involved that we shall some day rise superior to our timidity.

Of course the great mistake was made and marriage endangered when writers of fiction gave up their time-honored habit of ending all at the altar. As long as the altar was a happy void that engulfed one, and going to it did not involve any mentioned consequences, people married, and stories dwelled for three volumes on the period before marriage. Then dreadful lurid lights were thrown on the state of marriage itself, and we were thrown into great agitation by definitions being made, finesse recommended, and the statement made that life and complications continued, if they did not actually increase, after marriage. The thing was naturally postponed by the majority and given up entirely by the few. The next stage was being told we ought to do it no matter what our private preferences. Now we spend our lives searching among second-hand data, hoping to find a precedence that we can follow in a way a little suited to the amount of daring we possess.

Dr. Charles H. Townsend, acting director of the American Museum of Natural History, has added to the cause of science by his recent deep-sea dredging expedition off Southern and Lower California and in the Gulf of California. He has returned to New York with a carload of rare specimens for the museum, the aquarium, and the zoological park. In some instances the dredging extended to a depth of over two miles and a half.

## Old Favorites

### Death the Leveller.

THE glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Sceptre and Crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.  
Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.  
The garlands wither on your brow;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon Death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley

### Armenian Lullaby.

IF thou wilt shut thy drowsy eyes,  
My mulberry one, my golden sun!  
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,  
My pretty cosset lambkin!  
And thou shalt swing in an almond-tree,  
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—  
A silver boat in a golden sea,  
My velvet love, my nestling dove,  
My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well  
All night, my sweet! my dimple-fee!  
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,  
My gentle rain-of-springtime!  
And for thy slumbrous play shall twine  
The diamond stars with an emerald vine  
To trail in the waves of ruby wine,  
My myrtle bloom, my heart's perfume,  
My little chirping sparrow!

And when the morn wakes up to see  
My apple bright, my soul's delight!  
The partridge shall come calling thee,  
My jar of milk-and-honey!  
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies  
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,  
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,  
You wakeful one, you naughty son,  
You cooing little turtle!

—Eugene Field.

### Two Gods.

A BOY was born 'mid little things,  
Between a little world and sky—  
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings  
Round which the circling planets fly.  
He lived in little works and thoughts,  
Where little ventures grow and plod,  
And paced, and plowed his little plots  
And prayed unto his little God.  
But as the mighty system grew,  
His faith grew faint with many scars;  
The cosmos widened in his view—  
But God was last among his stars.

Another boy in lowly days,  
As he, to little things was born,  
But gathered lore in woodland ways,  
And from the glory of the morn.  
As wider skies broke on his view,  
God gretened in his growing mind;  
Each year he dreamed his God anew,  
And left his older God behind.  
He saw the boundless scheme dilate,  
In star and blossom, sky and clod;  
And as the universe grew great,  
He dreamed for it a greater God.

—Sam Walter Foss.



PROFESSOR LOUIS TAILLON'S "AMAZON," WHICH BROUGHT HIM INSTANT FAME.

This remarkably fine statue is probably unique in that it is exhibited in two positions in one city, namely, in the courtyard of the National Gallery and in the Tiergarten of Berlin. It is the work of Professor Louis Tailon, who was born in Berlin in 1862. He became a student of the Berlin Royal Academy and was for some time under the famous sculptor, Begas. He sprang into fame immediately his first work, "The Amazon," shown here, was exhibited in Berlin. He was then little over twenty. It was purchased for the National Gallery and has its place in front of that building. A perfect rain of gold medals showered down on the sculptor owing to this work, one coming from Berlin, one from Dresden, and another the year after from Paris. Moreover, the Kaiser commissioned a larger replica of "The Amazon," which he placed in the Tiergarten. The sculptor has sought to increase the appearance of life in the horse by providing it with glass eyes. It is undoubtedly one of the finest pieces of modern German sculpture.

Published by arrangement with The Sphère.

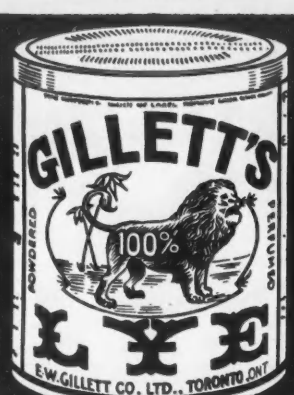


GOES SWIMMING AT AGE OF 102.

John Costigan has had one hundred and two birthdays, and the wrinkles on his face and body give token of his great age. All the same, he is hale and hearty, and the summertime finds him on the beach at Rockaway, Long Island, where, with his four-year-old grandson, and a multitude of young friends, he wades and swims with the zest of a boy.

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Many a boy has paid his way through college out of the money he has earned during his holidays, and the man who has had to pay his own way is, as a rule, a success in his profession.

The money that most boys waste would pay for an education—if deposited in the bank there would be no temptation to spend it foolishly.

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fastidious—but be quite sure  
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SHETLAND veils give a certain cachet to one's outdoor costume that can be produced in no other way. They are called Shetland merely because the weave is in imitation of the Shetland wools, but they are, in reality, very silky in finish. The mesh is either close or open, yet always soft and graceful in effect. They come in almost any color—blue, brown, wistaria, gray, champagne and black and white, with a plain narrow band border called "tape." The price is \$2.25 for several different patterns. A noticeable fine veil of this variety is in the *craquèle* mesh, with a double tape edge and a lacey border at either end. It runs from one and a half to two yards in length and is half a yard wide. Especially attractive and becoming to the complexion is a bright golden brown. A white veil in the Shetland style is covered with delicately woven flowers. Another shows a fine triangular weave, spotted with large, blurred dots and bordered with the regulation tape finish. For \$1 comes a serviceable and tasteful veil which is composed simply of a tiny hexagonal weave in a silky finish, with a plain tape edge.

The latest Chantilly veils are handsomer than ever before. One in white, with a mass of graceful flower sprays. This is amply wide to completely cover a large garden hat. A shadow mesh in a Chantilly veil is developed in a lustrous champagne, a color that is to the fore this season.

A novelty veil that comes in black only is both original and striking. Its heavy, square mesh is touched with big, square spots, also in black. The border consists of a broad fillet lace band.

ONE must not ignore the hat, for it is a late arrival in the field, and late arrivals are always interesting when a season is past its youth. It is of a fine hemp straw with the tall crown sloping ever so gradually into a brim that flares almost imperceptibly and is faced with blue velvet a shade or two darker than the satin of the dress trimming.

On one side the line of this newest of hats is straight, but the other tilts toward it in a peculiar curved line. About the crown is a band of fillet lace and at the back, upright, is a single ostrich tip.

There is nothing that works in so attractively or shows so advantageously as the eyelet embroideries, and this year they seem unusually effective in themselves, whether on the various grades of linen or on the more filmy batistes, with which latter one frequently sees a handsome silk velvet combined to give the color note.

LILAC is a faint color which is returning to fashion, and it is very much approved by a number of women. It is not always becoming, but this is offset by draperies of gray and silver or white. The combination of gray and lavender or lilac is very much in vogue, and some of the best house gowns are made of the two colors.

Whether all this points toward an outgoing of brilliant colors and an incoming of the negative ones is difficult to tell at the present moment. Prophets say "Yes." The dressmakers will not be sorry to see the gorgeous reds and blues, greens and purples vanish for a while, for it has taken no little skill on their part to keep such colorful gowns on this side of the grotesque.

Amateurs in color, who thought they could put any shades together and be in the fashion, were a serious stumbling block to good clothes in the mass.

BEADS continue to appear in many of the handsomest costumes. A white pin-spotted lawn has a tunic nearly to the skirt hem embroidered near the bottom with an intricate design that is stitched over Sevres blue silk, and below the tunic fall two lace ruffles which are held in by the closeness of the tunic. A flat fichu which goes with the gown is one of its best details. The fichu is of Sevres blue silk embroidered with the white beads, which are netted into a fine trellis which serves as a border all around the fronts and pointed back, and bead fringe edges it. At the front the ends of the fichu are drawn up under a bow of blue velvet below a slightly full white tulle chemisette. The lace frills on this gown are worthy of notice, since one of the greatest makers in Paris in the face of dissimilar styles has been foisting ruffles and frills patiently for weeks. But the ruffles, as has been said often before, are scanty and accentuate rather than otherwise the slender lines of a gown. The use of velvet is increasing and it looks as though a strong velvet season were ahead.

IN the morning one sees a good many waist and skirt costumes of linen, or the skirt is very likely of pique or repp, both of which have come back to favor. The skirts are made with the corselet top and show the perfection of fit and finish. There is, however, a great difference in cut among them. Some are made with many gores, the two side front ones trimmed in some way, while others are in the two, three, or four pieces that skirts of other material assume. One particularly trig-looking model having the narrow gores is furnished with a patch pocket at either side front. It is rounded and has a flap that buttons down securely. Sometimes one of the pockets is real and the other simulated, and it were just as well they both were simulated, for usable pockets are apt to be utilized, and then they soon cease to be ornamental as well, as it is intended, in this case, they shall be.

THE outdoor season invites, and the important question of being fitly clothed for all such exigencies are demanded by motoring and yachting, and similar events, must be promptly met and decided. Hot weather is an inevitable fact, and to be prepared for it requires both forethought and discrimination. For motoring, there is a wealth of models for choice, and the smart touring coats, sans seams, and of adorable softness of texture, present attractive elements of good style. The polo cloth, so favorably received last season for coats of this character, has the merit of possessing warmth without weight, and the double advantage of extreme width, one length of it sufficing for the garment, with the allowance of a good double-breasted fold-over in the front. These cloths are procurable in desirable colors, too, those with the plaid reverse introducing a contrast charmingly; one of tan

color, for instance, showing a plaid of lavender and white and tan. Such a coat will prove especially valuable as a "throw-over," when one is heated after tennis and other sports requiring exertion.

Another exceptionally smart model is reversible and may be worn on either side with equal propriety, according to necessity—the outside shows white "sweater cloth" (one of the new woollens, having a square-figured surface that resembles a waffle-iron), and the reverse black-and-white checked serge. This garment, unlike the former, is made with seams, and its stunning cut and smart combination of color have insured its fashionable acceptance, particularly for steamer trips.

FROM the latest gowns the Mandarin sleeve has quite disappeared, but the long-shouldered effect is retained by means of bretelles, fichus and berthas. I wrote long ago of new chemisettes worn under low-cut corsages, having a front closing under ornamental buttons and recently I have seen transparent over-blouses closed diagonally in the back under small ornamental buttons. This, with other visible closings noted in recent gowns, seems



THE "LIBERTY BELL."  
This new hat is made of a rich brown plush, and the willow plume is white on top, shading down to the color of the hat.  
Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

significant. An odd lace cape, furnished by Redfern, seems also to point a finger prophetic of coming modes. It appears made of a strip of white point d'esprit looped in the middle of the back to shape a hood weighted by a long silk tassel. All the edges are trimmed with a delicate ruching of raveled or pinked silk, or tiny, overlapping frills of Valenciennes lace. It reaches a little below the waist-line in the back, considerably longer in front, and is, of course, transparent, the beauty of the corsage showing delicately through. A new evening mantau of unlined tulle is embroidered in beads and shining tubes of the same color. The loose coat sleeves are trimmed half way with a wide band of cream Venise lace, and a deep Capuchon hood of the same lace covers the shoulders and drops to the belt line in the back.

FEW women, leaders in the grand French world, seek always something unusual. One of this set was so captivated on the opening day of this exposition of Dutch paintings by the corsage depicted in a certain picture that she brought her couturiere to see and sketch it, to be embodied in a new gown and, on the next reserved Wednesday, she appeared in it at the exposition. From the throat to the tops of the arms the shoulders were covered with plain, thick, white linen fitted smoothly. Ending in a round, just at the hollow of the neck, a line of a *four work* finished it. More of the same linen folded the shoulders with a berthas effect, falling over the tops of the sleeves. The little gown of which this was the sole ornament, save for an inch-wide belt of white suede buckled with gold, was of white silk with inch-wide pompadour flowered stripes, and worn with it was a dear little Dutch bonnet of fine white straw. It is quite probable that, had it not been for the fact that this special sort of shining white linen is used in combination with hand-some silks and velvets this season by the great designers, this clever woman would have failed to take advantage of her opportunity to secure a novelty.

We have not made half enough over here of the fashion for transparent topcoats. They are more economical than extravagant if the world of women only saw the idea right. They obviate the use of trimming, they give distinction to a slip so simple that it looks as though it might be a lining, and they serve admirably as a charitable covering for a gown that has seen its best days.

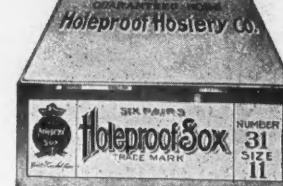
When belts are worn on frocks they are arranged on an entirely different line. They are slipped through slides that are slightly high-waisted and they fasten rather snugly in front. Gray parasols are also used with white costumes, as well as black ones. The fashion for this color evidently came about through the styles for men, which call for gray waistcoat, gray socks, and gray ties for the majority of the formal social affairs.

A splendid khaki suit I saw the other day has many uses. For horseback and mountain use it is ideal. The skirt is a divided one, simply unbuttoning front and back, with elastic bands inside to hold it down. The coat is a Norfolk with comfortable pockets. To accompany it are khaki breeches which are well and comfortably made.

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We pay for yarn an average of seventy cents per pound. Common yarn sells for thirty cents.



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### Get This Mark



light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$2.00. Light weight in black, tan, and gun-metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in pure thread-silk \$3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsize in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$1.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$1.00. Children's—Size 10½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$1.00. Infants' Socks—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-lee stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 8 to 9½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Don't wait. Save the next six months of darning. Send in order now, while you think of it. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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accept no substitute.

It entirely removes and prevents all Roughness, Irritation, Tan, Etc. Invaluable for preserving the skin and complexion from the effects of the Sun, Winds and Hard Water.

### Insect Comedians.

SOME of the most ephemeral of insects show a genius for taking advantage of their coloring. One of the most beautiful of the butterflies of India when pursued curls his wings and clings to the stem of a leaf so as to appear part of the bush or tree. On the upper side his wings are very brilliantly colored and beautifully marked. The lower side of his wings is the color of the bark of a tree. He knows that he is in danger from both birds and naturalists. When in danger he seeks refuge in a bush or a tree, clinging to the stem of a leaf so narrow, so elongated, and so still that the sharpest eye fails to recognize him as a living creature. In that position he hangs for hours. Not a tremor of antennae, thorax, or abdomen betrays him.

When sure that his enemies are not near he leaves his hiding-place with the utmost prudence, and, letting himself drop as a leaf drops, abandons himself to the wind to be carried some distance from his first shelter. He is rarely caught, because his strategy makes it impossible to distinguish him from the dead leaves.

In Brazil there is a butterfly which escapes capture by assuming the ap-

pearance of the head of an owl. His enemies, the night birds and the serpents, fear the owl above all creatures. If by chance they catch a glimpse of the butterfly in time to chase him, they are suddenly stopped at the place of his disappearance by the ferocious head of the creature they fear most. In time of peril this butterfly insinuates himself into a mass of leaves, where he accomplishes his transformation immediately and peers out upon his enemy with wings so folded as to present every appearance of the head of an owl. Confronted by the brown head, the pursuers turn and fly with all haste, glad to escape from their worst foe.

The butterfly waits. When sure that he is safe he soars, and gambols in the air and sunshine until again forced to transform himself.

Dr. Edward Grace, said to be the greatest cricketer the world has ever seen, who died recently at his home in Gloucestershire, England, had been actively engaged in the English national game for nearly sixty years. He was the oldest of the Grace brothers, all noted cricketers. So popular was he when he retired that his countrymen gave him a benefit which netted about \$30,000.

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## Lady Sarah Lennox

From "Modern Society"

If ever woman was born to romance it was surely Lady Sarah Lennox, whose beauty and witchery nearly won for her a crown as England's Queen a century and a half ago; and who, after ostracising herself from Society by a flagrant lapse from virtue, lived to become the mother of heroes, and to end her days in blindness and a tragic loneliness.

There was both passion and a love of adventure in Lady Sarah's blood; for had she not for great-grandfather that most fascinating and philandering of monarchs the second Charles, and for great-grandmother the lovely and frail Louise Renee de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, the most seductive of the beautiful trio of women—the Duchesses of Portsmouth, Morland, and Mazarine—who spent their days in "open dalliance" with the "Merry Monarch," and their nights at the basset-table, winning or losing guineas by the thousand?

As an infant, too, she drank in romance from her mother's breast, a mother whose marriage is surely the most romantic in the annals of our Peerage. One day, so the story runs, the Duke of Richmond, when playing cards with the first Earl of Cadogan, staked the hand and fortune of his heir, the Earl of March, on the issue of the game, which was won by Lord Cadogan. On the following day the debt of honor was paid. The youthful Earl was sent for from his school, Cadogan's daughter from the nursery; a clergyman was in attendance, and the

had together! "On one occasion," says Captain Napier (Lady Sarah's son of much later days), "after a romp with my mother, the King suddenly snatched her up in his arms, and, after depositing her in a large china jar, shut down the cover to prove her courage; but soon released her when he found that the only effect was to make her, with a merry voice, begin singing the French song of Malbrue, with which he was quite delighted."

But these happy times of romping with a King came too soon to an end. On her mother's death Lady Sarah, then only five years old, was carried off to Ireland to the home of Lady Kildare. There she remained for eight years, when she returned to England and the guardianship of her eldest sister, Lady Holland. As soon as King George heard of the return of his little playmate he sent for her, hoping to resume the romps of early years. But Lady Sarah, though prettier than ever, proved so shy and so embarrassed by the King's familiarities that at last he exclaimed in disgust, "Pooh! She has grown too stupid!"

But if Lady Sarah's shyness had cost her the King's favor, her beauty and girlish grace quickly won for her another Royal friend—none other than George's grandson and heir to the throne, then a handsome boy little older than herself, and at least equally shy. Every time the young Prince saw her he became more and more her slave.

Lady Sarah was now blossoming into young womanhood. Every year added some fresh touch to her beauty and grace. She was the pet and idol of the Court, captivating young and old alike by her charms and winsomeness.

Although the Prince's passion for her was patent to

face as she led her son away. "I felt many a time," she said in later years, "that I should have loved to box her ears." But Lady Sarah, who seems at last to have awakened to the attractions of the alliance offered to her, was not the girl to sit down tamely under such interference with her liberty. Her spirit was aroused, and she brought all her arts of coquetry to her aid.

If she could not see the King at Court she would see him elsewhere. When George took his daily ride he was sure to overtake Lady Sarah, attired in some bewitching costume; or to see her daintily plying her rake among the haymakers in the meadows of Holland House, a picture of rustic beauty well calculated to make his conquest more complete.

Once, it is said, when she had not seen her Royal lover for some days, she even disguised herself as a servant, and intercepted him in one of the corridors of the Palace. The coy and cold maiden who had told the King that she "thought nothing" of his advances had developed into the veriest coquette who ever set her heart on winning a man. Such is the strange waywardness of woman.

That King George still remained as infatuated as ever is quite probable. Had it been possible for him to have his own way, Lady Sarah Lennox might still have worn a crown as Queen of England. But the forces arrayed against him were too strong for so pliant a monarch. In a weak moment, probably despairing of winning the girl he loved, he had placed his matrimonial fate unreservedly in the hands of the Privy Council; and from this surrender of his liberty there was no escape.

An emissary had been despatched to every Court on the Continent in quest of a suitable bride for him, and his verdict had been given in favor of Charlotte Sophia,

heard of it he observed, "Oh, you know he always loved Pretenders."

Such is the most romantic incident in the life of Lady Sarah Lennox, who, after this elusive vision of splendour, went through many strange vicissitudes before her chequered life closed, nearly seventy years later, in blindness and tragedy.

## The Tsar and Tsarina at Home.

THE Tsar for many years has been known as "the Hermit of Tsarskoe Selo," owing to the extraordinarily secluded life which he leads at that Palace; and it is at Tsarskoe Selo that he is most at home, his domesticity being somewhat tempered by occasional discoveries of Nihilistic literature and a constant fear of daggers and dynamite. It must not be supposed, however, that the place is open to anyone like the Tower of London in the play. More than five hundred secret police agents are on watch within, a cordon of sentries keep guard without, and the whole of the demesne in which the Palace stands is surrounded by a high fortified wall, which is guarded by a strong garrison, just as if it were the defence of a besieged town. Alexander III. spent his reign at Gatchina thus protected. Nicholas II. would not risk an hour at Tsarskoe Selo without his walls and his guards. Truly the Tsar's "At Home" is not a completely happy one.

Tsarskoe Selo was due to the extravagant and barbaric taste of the Tsarina Ekaterina, whom we call Catherine II., and Voltaire described as "*Penfame catin du Nord*." In the midst of a large and well-wooded park she built at vast expense a regular village of Chinese and Tartar pavilions somewhat in the style of the Pavilion at Brighton. Each member of the Court was allotted one of these as a residence, and special abodes were reserved for the Tsarina and her favorites. The Tsar Alexander added and improved the Palace, and the present Tsar early in his reign built a large additional structure, carefully maintaining the style. The decoration is essentially Oriental. Chinese lacquer and the Celestial yellow are largely used. Souvenirs of the great Catherine, portraits of bygone celebrities, enormous vases of green malachite, and huge jars of the best Chinese ware are seen on all sides. On the other hand, the whole range of buildings is now lighted by electricity and heated by steam. And so East meets West.

In spite of his secluded life the Tsar is a very busy man, and works hard. Every morning he receives in audience a number of officials who have important communications to make, and these interviews all end in his signing hundreds of papers. It is true that many important documents remain unnoticed, and the country cries out because its petitions for redress are disregarded; but this is because, by skilful jugglery, the latter are passed through unseen, or are simply "buried" by the official whose interest it is to suppress them. Other kinds of jugglery are also at work on occasion, and now and again, on taking up a pile of official-looking documents, the Tsar has been furious and panic-stricken to find himself face to face with an offensively-worded Nihilistic proclamation. Yet he is surrounded only by men of proved worth and loyalty, bound by the strongest oaths and subject to the most dreadful penalties, who are apparently all above suspicion. But the paper must have been brought in through the walls and guards to his private room by one of those chosen ones.

When the business of the morning is done, the Tsar turns to exercise and recreation. Very often he takes a walk with the Tsarina and the children, or drives in a Russian "troika" round the park. He learnt to box as a boy, by his father's orders, but he never took kindly to the pastime. He also studied fencing, but he lacked the presence of mind and quickness of eye which are necessary to excellence with the foil or *l'epée*. He shoots, of course; but his shooting excursions are hedged about with so many precautions and limitations, that no other European Sovereign could stand them. Both the Tsar and Tsarina are devotees of photography.

When they visited the Castle of Friedberg, last September, they spent hours in the grounds taking sun-pictures of the castle and the picturesque spots in the park. It would be the greatest delight to them both to be able to go free and untrammelled on an automobile tour through the Russias, and bring back photographs of the places which struck their fancy; but they are told that it would mean certain death. Even when they remove to Livadia, in the distant Crimea, they are preceded and accompanied by a regular army of police agents and soldiers. Fortunately the Tsar is very fond of yachting, and he can enjoy this sport with more freedom. Every year the Tsar and Tsarina spend a portion of the summer afloat on their magnificent yacht, the Standart. Usually their voyages are limited to cruises in the Baltic, the Gulf of Finland, and the Gulf of Bothnia. In August, 1909, they extended their tour, and visited this country at the time of the Cowes Regatta. The Tsar is a born sailor. He follows everything that occurs on board his yacht with the closest attention, and is fully qualified to take command himself. He knows every member of his crew by name, and all about them, and has again and again shown his interest in their well-being. His sailor-like qualities are thoroughly well known to sea-faring men, and when he was put up for election to the Royal Yacht Squadron in August, 1909, he was elected by general acclamation.

The Tsar in early youth suffered a good deal from ill-health, shyness and nerves. His son seems to have inherited the shyness, though, luckily, not the ill-health. The Tsarina has been a constant invalid since her marriage, and her health was not improved by the difficulties and dangers of her married life and the repeated disappointment of her hopes of a son. Her visits to Livadia and to Hesse do not seem to have done her very much good, and she is often too weak to take her walk with her husband. It is hoped that a prolonged cruise in the Gulf of Finland and adjacent waters during the summer may effect some real improvement in her health.

Ambergris, the valuable substance used so extensively in the manufacture of perfumes, is the product of the sperm whale, and is found only in "sick" whale—that is, its presence is not normal, but is caused by a pathological condition of the intestines. It has been found floating upon the water, and is also taken from the intestines themselves after the whale has died or has been killed. It is used as a vehicle for perfumes and not as an odor itself.

It is a severe test of a man's Christianity to have the minister call on him during business hours.

No matter how bad general business conditions are the moving-picture industry is never at a standstill.

When we think of a man as not listening to reason he is probably thinking the same thing about us.

He who fights and runs away doesn't always have to buy a return ticket.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X. SEES A VISION OF SEPTEMBER 20, 1870, AND THE PRECEDING DRAMATIC EVENTS IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

It is interesting to remember in this year of Italian national celebration that Pius X. from the windows and balconies of the Vatican can see the statue of Garibaldi, the liberator of Italy, on the far-away Janiculum. Our artist has enlarged his vision, and here conceives the Pope as seeing also all the steps that led to the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy—the rush of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel through Italy inspired by Mazzini that made Italy a nation exactly fifty years ago. King Victor Emmanuel was declared King of Italy with his capital at Florence, on March 17, 1861. It was on September 20, 1870, that the Italians under General Cadorna entered Rome, and the temporal power of Pope Pius IX. had vanished.

Published by arrangement with The Sphere.

two children were told they were immediately to be made husband and wife.

At sight of the plain, awkward, shrinking girl who was to be his bride the handsome schoolboy exclaimed in disgust, "You are surely not going to marry me to that dowdy!" But there was no escape; the demands of "honor" had to be satisfied. The ceremony was quickly performed; and within an hour of first setting eyes on each other, the children were separated—Lord March being whisked back to his school-books and his bride to her nursery toys.

Many years later Lord March returned to London after a prolonged tour round the world—a strikingly handsome, cultured young man, by no means eager to renew his acquaintance with the "ugly duckling" who was his wife. One evening when he was at the Opera his eyes were drawn to a vision of rare girlish loveliness in one of the boxes.

Turning to a neighbor he asked who the lovely girl was. "You must indeed be strange to London," was the answer, "if you do not know the beautiful Lady March, the toast of the town!" Lady March! Could that exquisite flower of young womanhood be the ugly, awkward girl he had married so strangely as a boy! Impossible! He proceeded to the box, introduced himself, and found to his delight that the beautiful girl was indeed none other than Lady March, who he had every right to claim as his wife. A few too brief years of happy married life followed; and when the Earl died his Countess, unable to live without him, began to droop, and within a few months followed him to the grave.

Such was the singular romance to which Lady Sarah Lennox owed her being. As a child in the nursery she gave promise of charms at least as great as those of her mother. And she was as merry and full of mirth as she was beautiful.

One day (it is her son who tells the story) she was walking with her nurse and her aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, in Kensington Gardens, when George II. chanced to stroll by. Breaking away from her guardian, the pretty little madcap ran up to the King and exclaimed, in French, "How do you do, Mr. King? You have a beautiful house here, *n'est-ce pas?*" George was so delighted with the child's *naïveté* that he took her up in his arms, gave her a hearty kiss, and would not release her until she had promised to come and see him.

And how the King and his "little sweetheart," as he called her, enjoyed these visits and the merry romps they

all the Court, she seems either not to have seen it or to have been indifferent to it—an indifference which naturally only served to feed the flames of his love. One day, shortly after he had succeeded to the throne, George, the shyest of Royal lovers, determined to unbosom himself to Lady Sarah's friend, Lady Susan Strangways, since he could not summon up courage to declare his passion to the lady herself. After turning the conversation to the Coronation, "Ah," he exclaimed, with a sigh, "there will be no Coronation until there is a Queen!" "But, why, sir?" asked Lady Susan, in surprise. "They want me to have a foreign Queen," George answered. "But I prefer an English one, and I think your friend is the fittest person in the world to be my Queen. Tell her so from me, will you?"

A few days later, when the King met Lady Sarah, he asked, "Has your friend given you my message?" "Yes, sir." "And what do you think of it? Pray tell me frankly; for on your answer all my happiness depends. What do you think of it?" "Nothing, sir," Lady Sarah answered, demurely, with downcast eyes. "Pooh!" exclaimed the King, as he turned away in high dudgeon. "Nothing comes of nothing."

Thus foolishly Lady Sarah turned her back on a throne which, there is little doubt, might have been hers for a word. Why that word was not spoken will always remain a mystery. It was said that her heart had already been won by Lord Newbattle—a handsome young gallant of the Court—but what was taken for a conquest seems to have been but a passing flirtation. How Lord Newbattle's heart was involved was shortly proved, when, on learning that Lady Sarah had been thrown from her horse and had broken her leg, he made the heartless remark, "That will do no great harm, for her legs were ugly enough before!"

The news of this accident, however, had a very different effect on the young King, who was consumed with anxiety about the girl he still loved passionately, in spite of her coldness. He promptly sent the Court surgeons to attend on her; kept couriers constantly travelling to and fro to bring him the latest bulletins, and knew no peace until she was restored to health again. When she was able to return to London he was constant in his attentions to her.

At last orders were given that the young people were never to be allowed to be together. The Princess, indeed, carried her interference to the extent of breaking in on their conferences, and rudely laughing in Lady Sarah's

the unattractive daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The die was cast; and George, just when happiness was within his reach, was obliged to bury the one romance of his young life and sacrifice himself to duty and his Royal word. To Lady Sarah the news of the arranged marriage was no doubt a severe blow—to her vanity, if not to her heart. It was a bolt from the blue for which she was not prepared. But she was too proud to show her wounds.

"I shall take care," she wrote to her friend, Lady Susan, on the very day on which the blow fell, "to show that I am not mortified to anybody; but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved, cold manner, he shall have it, I promise him. Now as to what I think about it myself, excepting this little revenge, I have almost forgiven him. Luckily for me, I did not love him, and only liked, nor did the title weigh with me. So little, at least, that my disappointment did not affect my spirits more than an hour or two, I believe. I did not cry, I assure you. The thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool, as I shall, for having gone so often for nothing; but I don't much care. If he was to change his mind again (which can't be, though), and not give me a very good reason for his conduct, I would not have him; for if he is so weak as to be governed by everybody, I should have but a bad time of it."

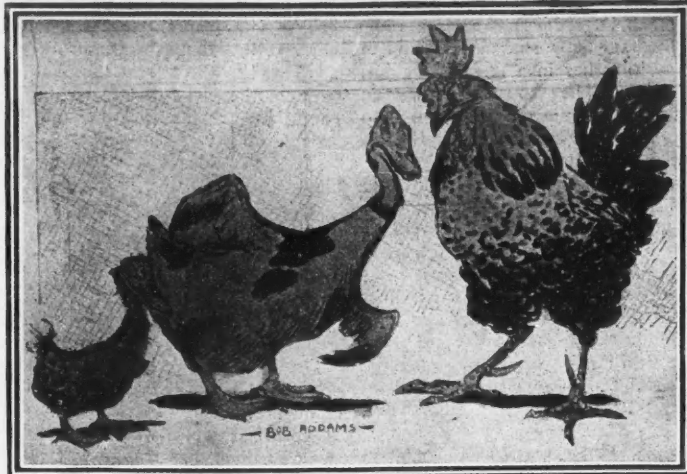
A few days later the Royal betrothal was made public. At the wedding Lady Sarah tasted the first fruits of revenge, when she was, by common consent, the most lovely of the ten beautiful bridesmaids who, in robes of white velvet and silver, and with diamond-crowned heads, formed the retinue of George's homely little bride. During the ceremony George had no eyes for any but the vision of peerless beauty he had lost, who, compared with his ill-favored bride, was "as a queenly lily to a dandelion."

The ceremony was marked by a dramatic incident which crowned Lady Sarah's revenge, and of which her son tells the following story. Among the courtiers assembled to pay homage to the new Queen was the half-blind Lord Westmoreland, one of the Pretender's most devoted adherents. "Passing along the line of ladies, and seeing but dimly, he mistook my mother for the Queen, plumped down on his knees, and took her hand to kiss. She drew back startled, and, deeply coloring, exclaimed, 'I am not the Queen, sir.' The incident created a laugh and a little gossip; and when George Selwyn





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MATERNAL PRIDE.

"Swim! Will you believe it, that child never had a lesson!"  
—Harper's Weekly.

Edward VII. visited King Victor and Queen Elena in April, 1903, and was lodged in a fine suite of apartments looking over the terraces and gardens.

It is not, however, at the large and somewhat garish palace itself that the King and Queen have their home. That is in the small palace which stands at the far end of the garden, and was built by Pope Corsini for his own privacy. It was set aside by both King Victor Emmanuel I. and King Humbert for the use of Royal Princes visiting Rome, and had not many occupants. This Palazzo is not large nor grand, but is fitted up in a simple and thoroughly comfortable manner in what is really more the English style than the Italian. The drawing-room is decorated in large panels, two of which are filled with life-size portraits of King Humbert and Queen Margherita. The dining-room is not intended for large dinner parties. The latter are held in the big State dining-room of the Palazzo.

King Victor receives his Ministers in the drawing-room of the Palazzo, and on these occasions he wears undress military uniform. He transacts business with the assistance of his secretary in the study, which is fitted up very much like an English library, but with a somewhat different selection of books. Cabinet Councils are held in the council chamber of the Palazzo. According to the strict etiquette, the King must open the conversation, and the other person may only reply; but Victor Emmanuel very early realized that one cannot learn much if one does all the talking, and it is his habit to put his visitor at his ease very soon, and encourage him to converse freely and naturally—even to "hold forth," so that he may have an insight into the real nature and opinions of the man.

He rises early—too early in the opinion of some of his household—and attends to the continual business connected with his coins and seals before the day is well in. Then comes the business of the State, at which he is an indefatigable worker, and it is during this period that he gives audiences. When he can spare the time, he devotes several hours to varied study, especially of history and geography.

In the Queen he has found a wife exactly suited to him. She was very simply brought up, and spent her youth mainly in outdoor pursuits, including shooting, riding, and cycling, so that though she thoroughly appreciates the dignity and state, the magnificent dresses and costly jewels of a Queen, she likes also to put them off at the end of the "show," and retire into private life at the Palazzo with her husband and their children.

Nothing do the couple enjoy more than to go about in real incognito and see life as it is. One result of this was that not long ago a motor-party was stopped just over the Franco-Italian frontier for furious driving, and would have been detained for a tedious investigation had not the chief of the party raised his

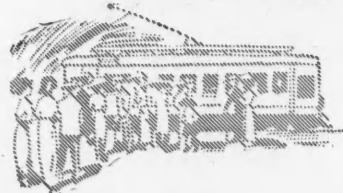
goggles and explained that the Carabinieri were inconveniencing King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena of Italy.

On another occasion when the King was driving the Queen in an unostentatious carriage through the spacious demesnes of the Castle of Racconigi, he stopped the vehicle in order to ask the way of a fisherman. The latter told him the way, and also that the King was there now. "They say he is not much to look at—a poor, small fellow, but a good one for all that. He will not see us abused."

The King has shown himself much interested in aviation. He has a fleet of motors, including English makes as well as Italian. He has shot game in the Alps and Apennines, in Spitzbergen and in Windsor Forest. Those who have seen the Queen of Italy will not easily forget her. She is tall and majestic, and is remarkably handsome, with fine features, raven hair, and dark, flashing eyes—in short, possesses to the full the beauty of her race. It is easy to imagine that the King fell in love with her, and that their marriage was a true romance.

Excited Author (rushing behind the scenes)—Why are you cutting out the second and third acts of my play? Manager—I am not cutting anything out; I'm merely varying the order of the acts. Several influential persons in the audience have asked me if it would not be possible to have the hero die in the next act.

Naturally the doctor likes his patients to be well heeled.



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you go  
home



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A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
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C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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## The King and Queen of Italy at Home.

DURING the greater part of the year King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena are to be found at home, within the precincts of the Palace of the Quirinal. This building, which corresponds to our Buckingham Palace, was built about 1574 by Pope Gregory XIII., the Pontiff who reformed the calendar from old style to new style by cutting out eleven days at one stroke. It remained a Papal palace until 1870, when King Victor Emmanuel I. and the armies of Italy stormed and entered Rome in triumph. It was then adopted as the chief residence of the Italian dynasty.

The rooms were partially redecorated. The ceiling of the banquet hall was adorned with a fresco representing the presentation of the plebiscite by the united provinces of Italy. The Council Chamber was decorated with large panels exhibiting symbolical presentations of all the Ministries of the Government—very difficult for the visitor to "spot" without help. What was once the Chapel of the Conclave was converted into the Chapel Royal, and here the King, the Queen, the Prince of Piedmont, and the little Princesses perform their devotions within view of the famous panels of Gobelins' tapestry, with which the walls are hung. The palace was begun by Flaminio Ponzio, by order of Pope Gregory XIII., and gradually completed by Fontana and Maderno, under his successors. It must be added that all this concentration of Popes and architects did not succeed in making it handsome. It stands on the highest point of the Quirinal Hill, one of the seven hills of ancient Rome, on the very site of the Baths of Constantine. The front faces southeast, towards the Viminal Hill, and opens on the Via Quirinale, a continuation of the Via Venti Settembre (September 20th Street), which runs past the English Embassy to the Porta Pia.

At the back of the palace large grounds extend over the top of the hill and down its northern slopes. From the terraces a beautiful view of the wooded heights of the Pincian Hill and the Gardens of Sallust can be obtained. At this palace King



"GATHER YE ROSE-BUDS, ETC.

"Don't you think perhaps we're a little indiscreet? Supposing the Vicar—" "I shouldn't care! Besides, he can't expect old heads on young shoulders!" —The Sketch.

"Well, Hawkins, old man," said Witherbee, "has your wife decided where she will spend the summer?" "Yes," said Hawkins. "She's going abroad." "So? And how about you?" "Well, I don't know yet," sighed Hawkins. "I haven't decided whether to stay in town or go into bankruptcy."